Nov. 4, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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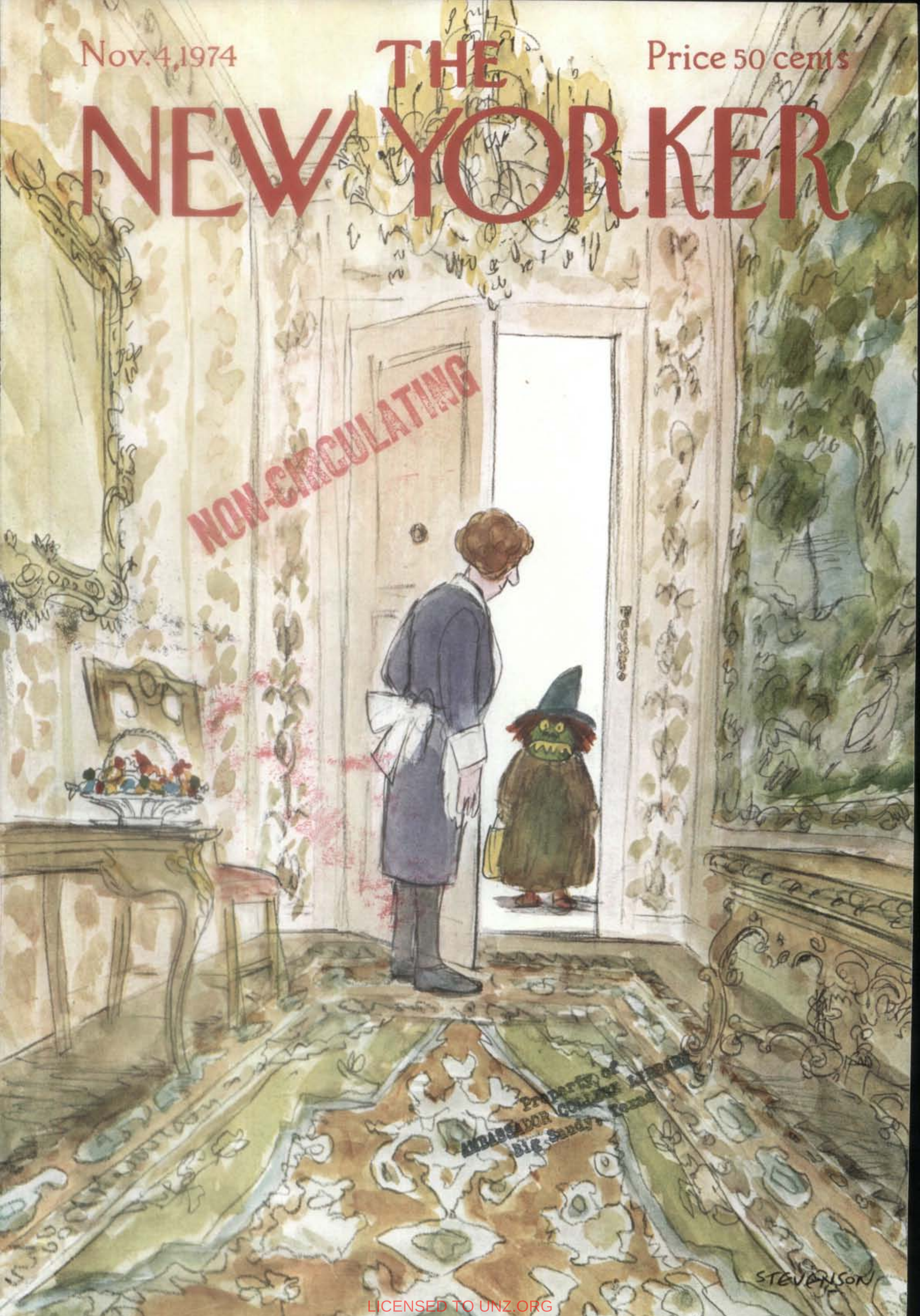

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All My Sons—Beatrice Straight and Hugh Marlowe in a revival of the Arthur Miller play. Gene Feist is the director. (Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

As Long As You're Happy, Barbara—A play by Gary Lasdun. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 3. Free.)

The Beauty Part—A revival of S. J. Perelman's 1962 comedy, with Joseph Bova, Ron Faber, and Cynthia Harris. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Brief Lives—Roy Dotrice in an uncanny re-creation of the life and times of that crotchety antiquary John Aubrey, whose head was full of gossip about Shakespeare, Elizabeth I, and other worthies. The astonishing set is by Julia Trevelyan Oman, and can be touched and, in part, eaten. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bullshot Crummond—A parody of the Bulldog Drummond novels and movies, created by and starring Ron House, Diz White, Alan Shearman, John Neville Andrews, and Louisa Hart. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Candide—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A superlative revival of Tennessee Williams' preposterous and yet immensely entertaining Gothic romance. Elizabeth Ashley is a superb Maggie, and Fred Gwynne's Big Daddy is on a par with Burl Ives' unforgettable original. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 16.)

Equus—A brilliant psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Roberta Maxwell. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gypsy—Pretty, jolly Angela Lansbury feverishly impersonating a shrew. The Jule Styne-Stephen Sondheim songs stand up well after fifteen years, and Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book, has directed the show with spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hosanna—A Canadian play, by Michel Tremblay, about two unhappy homosexuals, who would be just as unhappy if they were heterosexual. The moral of the play is obscure, and this may be because the play is said to be an allegory about the cultural and political gulf that yawns between French-speaking Canadians and English-speaking Canadians. "Yawns" is it. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-3194. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Hothouse—A play by Megan Terry, directed by Rae Allen. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 10.)

Lorelei—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

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COVER: *James Stevenson*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 3.)

Mack & Mabel—Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters in an attractively tenderhearted musical about Mack Sennett and his star, the comic actress Mabel Normand. The book is by Michael Stewart, the songs are by Jerry Herman, and the direction and choreography are by Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays and Election Day, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Election Day.)

La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—A trilogy of plays conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the originals of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca, in ancient Greek, Latin, and other languages. With music by Elizabeth Swados. **ELECTRA** and **THE TROJAN WOMEN**: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1; Thursday, Nov. 7; and Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **MEDEA** and **THE TROJAN WOMEN**: Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **MEDEA** and **ELECTRA**: Sunday, Nov. 3, and Friday, Nov. 8. (La Mama Annex, 66-68 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 8.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mert & Phil—A play by Anne Burr, with Estelle Parsons and Michael Lombard in the title roles. Directed by Joseph Papp. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 30, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 15. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

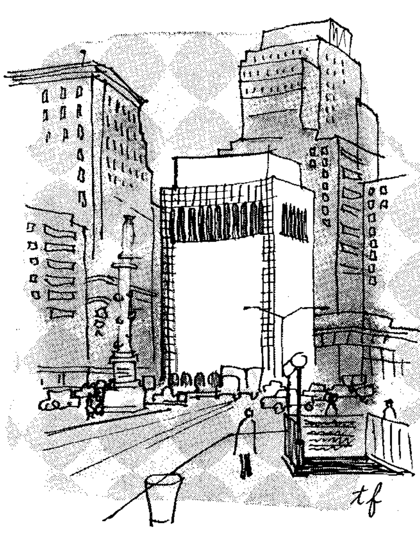
Mourning Pictures—A play by Honor Moore, with music by Susan Ain. Leora Dana, Kathryn Walker, and Donald Symington head a cast directed by Kay Carney. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 5. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 6. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

My Fat Friend—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naomi Court—Two bogus one-acters, by Michael Sawyer, about (a) a middle-aged spinster and (b) an aging homosexual, both of them tenants of an old brownstone that is about to be demolished. The first play is a fantasy and the second a thriller, and while each is at times insufferable—pat or condescending or hand-me-down—neither is boring. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 249-9214. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The National Health—From the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, Arvin Brown's faultless production of a sad-funny play by Peter Nichols. The large cast is impeccable. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Over Here!—A musical that claims to tell us what is was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Richard III—Michael Moriarty's cool, dead-eyed, delinquent Richard may not be entirely successful, theatrically speaking, but it is a fascinating characterization all the same. In spite of the presence of a number of good actors, the production could be a lot better. With Marsha Mason and Paul Winfield. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

El Teatro Campesino—A group from California in "The Tent of the Underdogs," a play with music. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, Nov. 18.)

Thieves—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner, and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:30.)

Tubstrip—A comedy by A. J. Kronengold. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 31, at 7. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman, John Heard, and Linda Cook. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Where Do We Go From Here?—Gabriel Dell in a comedy written by John Ford Noonan and directed by David Margulies. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,041 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GOOD EVENING**: Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA**: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE**: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PIPPIN**: A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN**: Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30 and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

American Mime Theatre—A company of eight in a program of old and new works, directed by Paul J. Curtis. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 7-9, at 8.)

BALLET AND DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Trinity," "Remembrances," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Evening Dialogues," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Evening Dialogues," "Monotones," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Pulcinella," "Parade," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Evening Dialogues," "Secret Places," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:30: "Pulcinella," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Agnes de Mille—And her Heritage Dance Theatre in a lecture-demonstration entitled "Conversations About the Dance," with Gemze de Lappe, Elaine Bauer, Jeremy Blanton, Hortense Kalooris, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

Carolyn Brown—Four performances of "House Party." (Brooklyn Academy of Music. 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

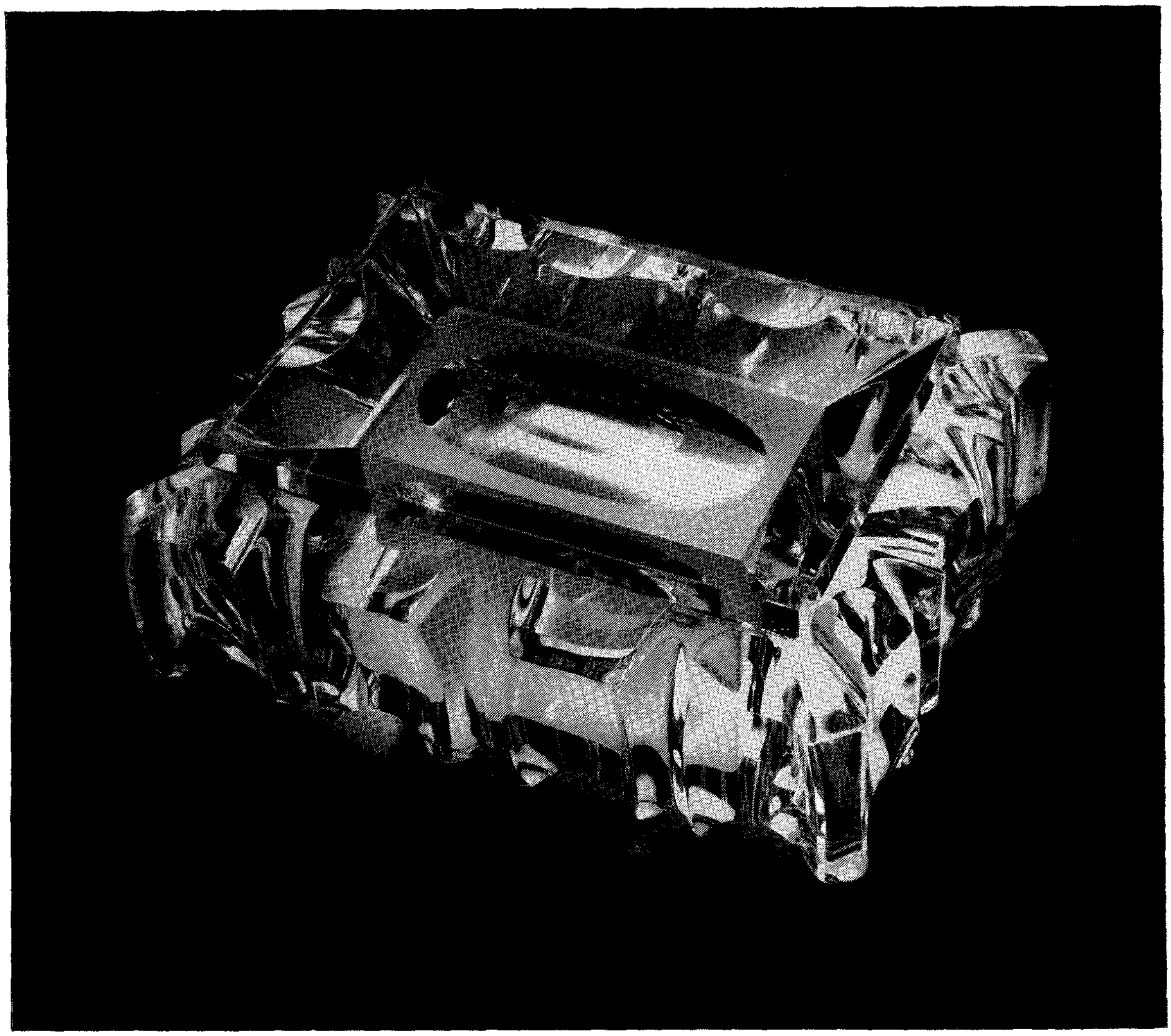
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, with the current messengers, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, at ten.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-



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6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet at ten, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 5.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, from ten until three.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, leading a trio, from nine-fifteen to one, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 5.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Charles Mingus—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Bass, leading a quintet, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at ten.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine to one.

Irene Reid—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Vocals, with a quartet, from nine-forty-five to three, through Saturday, Nov. 2.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, beginning Monday, Nov. 4.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Zoot Sims and Dave McKenna—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Tenor sax and piano, respectively, with drummer Ray Mosca and bassist Major Holley. From nine-fifteen *to one, through Saturday, Nov. 2.*

Sylvia Syms—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Vocals, backed by a trio, through Saturday, Nov. 2.

Buddy Tate—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a sextet, through Saturday, Nov. 2.

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Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

●

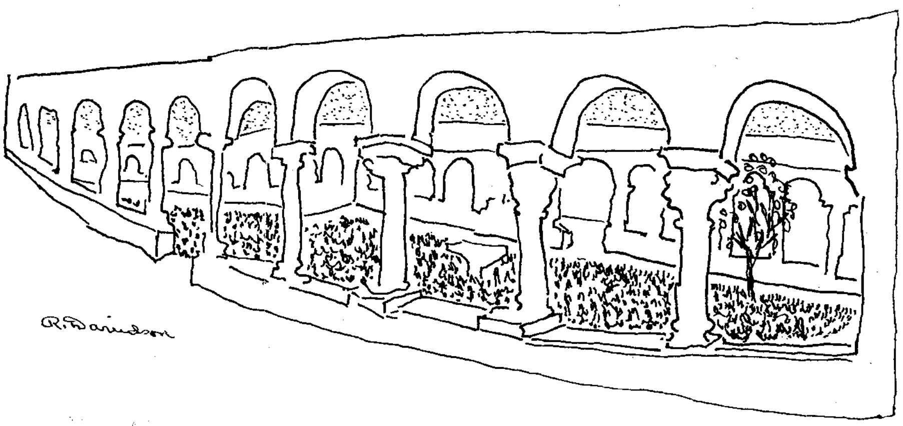
(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew is the John Lewis Sound, a trio skippered by drummer and pianist Lewis. Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm into this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and a jukebox stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Although Irene Reid (who will stay on through Saturday, Nov. 2) no longer sings with the Basie band—she was with it in the sixties—her powerful, expressive voice and her capable quartet compensate for the absence of a big-band sound. Miss Reid more than does justice to popular varieties of contemporary music, but she is at her best in blues and rhythm-and-blues. She is also adept at delivering rhyming, rhythmic, droll, seemingly improvised ten-minute harangues that concern vanity and appearance versus reality and that she accusingly but amiably dedicates to young men, to street-corner studs, to, as she puts it, "all you hot-dog Blimpie pimps." Some of her didacticisms: "My mama always told me, if you're not bad enough to do it, be bold enough to try" and "A star don't need no polish because it shines by itself." Miss Reid is a star. Starting Wednesday, Nov. 6, bassist Buster Williams will head up a quartet. Music from nine-forty-five to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club, on occasion so clamorous before and between shows that one walks out feeling exhausted and hoarse. But however congested, this mini-concert hall boasts ample seating and a simple, pleasant décor, and its commitments to the sound system and the lighting are admirable indeed. The diverse and imposing roster of performers is often staggering. The Committee, an improvisational comedy troupe from San Francisco, finishes up on Thursday, Oct. 31. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, a wagonload of Tennessee musical sharpies takes over the stage under the guidance of singer and guitarist Jerry Reed. Linda Hargrove, a young singer who also calls those green hills home, opens the shows with her band. Guitarist Jerry Garcia and organist Merl Saunders arrive from the Coast with their band to tackle some blues, reggae, and rhythm-and-blues. Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 5-7, at eight and midnight. Other shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Jimmy Rowles and his bassist Bill Takas provide the music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whiz-bang drummer Buddy Rich's club is a most agreeable spot: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. Singer Sylvia Syms, often regarded as the female counterpart of Sinatra, ends this rare New York club appearance after Saturday, Nov. 2. On Monday, Nov. 4, Rich himself returns, along with his exciting and talented septet. Two shows Mondays through Thursdays; three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Singer and pianist Bobby Short, the prized fixture here, vigorously pays his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ellis Larkins, a subtle, facile pianist, manages to subdue even the most dedicated of diners in this busy restaurant. Bassist Benny Moten helps him out. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes here is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Pianist and singer Onzy Matthews is in charge of a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays from six to nine, and Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. The usual double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall. Buddy Tate, a long-venerated tenor saxophonist and one of the last of the great Southwest and Kansas City reedmen, leads a sextet through Saturday, Nov. 2. On Monday, Nov. 4, Betty Carter begins singing jazz fantasies with her backing trio. The hours run from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty to three-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays, different jazz groups play from eight-thirty to two-thirty.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is seated in the corner at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays, and on Sundays, Jane Valentine sings along. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis,* it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, the Gene Roland quintet holds forth from eight to two.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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St. (777-7870)—Now under new ownership, this famous food-and-music emporium has switched its menu offerings from "Steak, Lobster, and Chick Peas" to "Steak, Lobster, and Lasagne," but its entertainment offerings remain basic rock and roll. Two rock outfits—Elephant's Memory and Hidden Strength—trade sets through Saturday, Nov. 2. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round, Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Zoot Sims' dancing tenor saxophone satisfyingly interacts with Dave McKenna's relaxed, percussive piano, as both receive admirable support from Ray Mosca's drums and the bass of Major Holley, who plucks, strums, slaps, bows, and vocally accompanies. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. On Tuesday, Nov. 5, the very fine Marian McPartland takes her seat at the piano. On Mondays, a Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Junior Mance, a forceful, jaunty, entirely likable, bluesy pianist, heads up a trio through Saturday, Nov. 2. Sundays through Tuesdays are given over to Esther Marrow, who sings low-keyed but compelling rhythm-and-blues with her soul-disposed combo. Music from ten until three. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A speakeasy during the twenties, this lively West Village cabaret is now a pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. Shows are presented at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays in the Paradise Room, a roofed-over brick-walled garden, with mammoth potted palms, a campy neon sign, and a black-and-white-tiled stage. Deadpan humorist and hefty-voiced singer Baby Jane Dexter alternates with put-down parodist Bruce Vilanch. On Sundays, Dolly Jonah delivers songs at nine and eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

ST. REGIS ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who is on intimate terms with several hundred songs, performs her recitatives with accompaniment supplied by her pianist, Jimmy Lyon. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Other points of interest include recessed yellow ceiling lights and a flamboyant bartender. Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his trio. David Friedman, on vibraharp, works with a bassist on Wednesdays and with a trio on Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, guitarist Attila Zoller and his lively quartet perform; and on the following Friday and Saturday (Nov. 8-9), pianist Steve Elmer's trio drops in. Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

STUDIO 77/ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor Soho loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful paintings and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty, free-form music of drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilson, saxophonist James Vass, and pianist Sonelius Smith. Ali and Wilson, who doubles on frying pan in the course of his duties as soul-food chef, were responsible for much of the decorating and remodelling of the room, which also serves as a recording studio. Music Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soft drinks.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—A modest (three nights a week) jazz program has been reinstated at this rambling, tri-level downtown institution. On Thursdays, harpist Daphne Hellman plays with bassist Lyn Christie and guitarist Mike Gari from nine to midnight. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers work through some mainstream arrangements, beginning at ten. Bassist Charles Mingus will be present, inspiring his quintet, on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. The Joe Farrell-Joe Beck quartet—led by a vigorous, multi-talented reedman and a deft, wawa-pedalling guitarist, respectively—features Herb Bushler, who is equally capable on Fender and acoustic, upright bass, and Jim Madison, a worthy young drummer. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. On Tuesday, Nov. 5, powerhouse drummer Elvin Jones returns with his quintet. Mondays, the fifteen-member Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation blasts off. The entertainment begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Nat Jones and his bassist perform Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and a bassist. Dinner.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, and pianist Sir Robin Clark (subbing for regular Brooks Kerr), and George Kelly on tenor sax. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 4-5. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, glides along with his trio. Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price works out with Ed Lewis on trumpet, Paul Quinichette on tenor sax, and a drummer named Ditto on Fridays and Saturdays. Pianist Mabel Godwin plays and sings with her trio on Sundays. All this and student food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** pianist Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Steven Weltner plays solo piano Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** there are song recitals by Jean-Paul Vignon at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the **PLAZA RESTAURANT,** from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the **PALM COURT,** from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while Ruth Andrews provides the piano music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does an additional stint on Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting comedian Jack Carter and vocalist Tony Darrow through Saturday, Nov. 2. Beginning Monday, Nov. 4, film actress Sally Kellerman will take on the job of singing. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by singer Freda Payne. The dance band is Anthony Terini's quartet. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gladys Knight & the Pips are carolling and careening in unison in the **EMPIRE ROOM** at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CHARLES ADDAMS—Cartoons and cover paintings from 1935 to the present; first one-man show in New York. Starts Thursday, Oct. 31. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

THELMA APPEL—Paintings of fields and moors. Through Thursday, Nov. 7. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—One large canvas and several related pastels. Through Nov. 16. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

WILLIAM BAILEY—Still-lifes and figures. Through Nov. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAMUEL BAK—Skillfully executed Surrealist works concentrating on the horrors of war, by a Polish-born Israeli artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BARDAZZI—Large, commanding abstract paintings, reminiscent of the Vorticists, and smaller, quieter collages with an Italian flavor. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID BURT / RUTH LERMAN—Metal sculptures. / Sculptures in alabaster and something called African wonder stone, which is black with blue highlights. Through Wednesday, Nov. 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Three-legged, pumpkin-headed witches abound in this Halloween surprise that the sculptor has sprung on his fans. Through Nov. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JON CARSMAN—Vistas of small country towns, done in acrylics, in which menacing shapes crop up in otherwise innocent foliage. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—Drawings, collages, lithographs, and etchings in the usual elegant groove. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAIRE FEJES—Genre paintings of Eskimo life and wild Alaskan landscapes, plus some Eskimo sculptures and artifacts. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN—Paintings of bridges, rivers, and roadways of New York, and landscapes of the South of France. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—The artist has shifted his attention from those cotton-fields-down-home

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to urban blight, and his palette has taken on new color. Through Nov. 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Hirsch—Drawings in pen, charcoal, chalk, and pastel by this social realist. Through Nov. 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Lithographs hand-colored with pastels, watercolors, and gouache. Through Nov. 16. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—Abstract paintings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Through Nov. 30. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1959 and 1971. Through Nov. 22. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics that show how the artist's work changed during various periods. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Lesieur—Paintings and drawings by a French painter. Through Nov. 16. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Janet Liebowitz—Abstract oils. Through Nov. 16. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Lobdell—Abstract paintings and drawings by a Californian prominent since the fifties. Through Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

John MacWhinnie—Figure paintings and landscapes. Through Nov. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brice Marden—Abstract drawings (1964-74). Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Alden Mason / Michael Beresford—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Sculptures of bicycles and tricycles, which the viewers are requested not to ride. Starts Saturday, Nov. 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann McCoy—Four large colored-pencil drawings, mostly of underwater scenery, plus a group of smaller ones. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Niizuma—Marble sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Penney—Figurative, architectural, and landscape paintings, some done during travels in Greece and Italy and others in upstate New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figurative drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hector Poleo—A retrospective of paintings by a Venezuelan artist. Through Dec. 29. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Larry Poons—Recent paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 2. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A benefit showing of about sixty paintings on loan from museums and private collections. Through Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Bevlyn Simson—Geometric paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hyde Solomon—New Mexico and Maine are the subjects of these abstract landscapes. Through Nov. 16. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Tillim—Three large paintings. Through Tuesday, Nov. 5. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Walasse Ting—Flowery abstracts not far removed from peach- and cherry-blossom reality. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Mark Tobey—Paintings. Through Nov. 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Carroll S. Tyson (1878-1956)—A retrospective of oils and watercolors, many of them of Maine. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Group Shows—At the **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by, among others, Dubuffet, Reinhardt, and Agnes Martin. Through Thursday, Nov. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **far gallery**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics of animals or birds by such contemporary artists as John Groth and Jane Canfield, as well as by Audubon, Bierstadt, Bonheur, and others. Through Nov. 29. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Original drawings of early comic-strip characters—Winsor McCay's Little Nemo, Rudolph Dirks's Katzenjammer Kids, George McManus's Maggie and Jiggs, George Herriman's Krazy Kat, and Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff. Through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures done by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries while living, travelling, or studying abroad. Artists included are Bierstadt, Prendergast, and Hiram Powers. Through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, French furniture, and other pieces, to complement the art dealers' exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Nov. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Drawings by such Americans as Gorky, Pollock, Avery, and Pearlstein. Starts Saturday, Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Miki Benoff—Sculptures done in translucent polyester resins. Through Thursday, Nov. 7. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

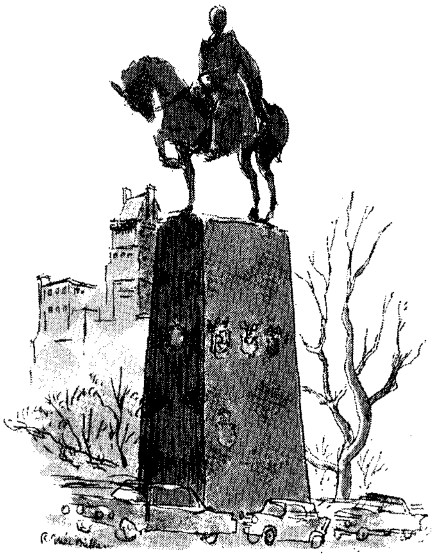
Power Boothe—Large abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Botkin—Semi-abstract collage paintings, primarily done with cloth. Through Nov. 16. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Roberto Crippa—A retrospective of paintings by this Italian artist, who died in 1971. Through Nov. 16. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Susan Eisler—Collage drawings, nearly all of them involving screening of various materials and gauges. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—New paintings, almost Japanese in composition, by this veteran New York artist. Through Nov. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)



James Juszczyk—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 21. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Lenor Larsen—Woven murals, quilted wall hangings, and other pieces based on textiles. Through Tuesday, Nov. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings of immense flowers—roses, tulips, jonquils, orchids—shown against a black-and-white-striped background. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—Black ripples on a brown field, giving the effect of deep striations. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Archie Rand—Abstract paintings, with a shimmering, gold-flecked surface. Through Nov. 14. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Sivard—Genre paintings of Portugal, Haiti, Cyprus, and France. Through Nov. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eric Sloane—Rural landscapes, mostly. Through Nov. 16. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

H. C. Westermann—New constructions and drawings. Starts Friday, Nov. 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Prendergast, O'Keeffe, and Marin (downstairs). Through Saturday, Nov. 9. Marine paintings by such nineteenth-century artists as Robert Salmon, Samuel Walters, and T. E. Buttersworth (upstairs). Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Realist drawings, mostly in pencil and all of top quality, by ten Spanish artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—At **lever house**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: The thirty-seventh annual of the Sculptors Guild, this year honoring one of its founders, José de Creeft, and including work by him and by other members in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 17. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Among the sculptors represented are James Rosati, David Smith, and Beverly Pepper. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Helmut Amann—Large paintings. Through Nov. 13. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Rachel bas-Cohain—Four large plasterboard constructions. Through Nov. 13. (A.I.R. 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Bell—Photo-realist paintings, mostly of outsize bubble-gum dispensers. Through Nov. 14. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Joan Bono—Large, haunting abstracts, one called "The Saga of Patty Hearst," and smaller works in watercolors and pastels. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Patrick Caulfield / Jorge Stever / R. J. Kreznar—Large paintings of interiors, mostly, done in acrylics with a stencilled effect. / Canvases, some of them shaped, that resemble heavy slabs of black metal. / Sculptures done in geometrically ordered assemblages of small glass panels. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

Carmen Cicero / Gary Hill—New abstract acrylics. / Wire sculptures. Through Nov. 13. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jim Dine—Incisive, life-size drawings of familiar tools—hammers, saws, clippers—and a spirited full-length portrayal, in oil, of a crosscut saw. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John Fekner / Robin VanArsdol—Off-white canvases, with hairline flecks of color, which resolve themselves into dim portraits if stared

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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at long enough. / Abstracts, made with bright crayons, thumbtacks, nails, and so on, which sometimes escape their frames and infect the wall around them. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Robert Gordon—Installations. Through Thursday, Nov. 7. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Joseph Greenberg / Robert Sievert—Paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

William L. Haney—This accomplished painter makes free with the work of his heroes (Matisse, Ingres, Botticelli, for instance) in assembling large compositions of his own. Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Yu, in a new location, at 393 West Broadway.)

Peter Hutchinson—Twenty-six pieces in a show called "Alphabet Series." Through Nov. 20. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Brian Kazlov—Six large abstracts, perhaps inspired by the sweep of a windshield wiper. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Benedek, in a new location, at 145 Spring St.)

Frances Kuehn—Realistic figure paintings of a competence not frequently encountered in this part of town. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Sol LeWitt—Wall drawings, incomplete open cubes, and other works. Through Nov. 20. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Vincent Longo—Paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 13. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Passlof—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 7. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Alan Shields—Paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Tran Tho—Large abstracts, some incorporating motifs found in Malaysian carvings, by this Vietnamese artist now resident here. Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Lawrence Weiner—Two new Conceptualist pieces. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Williams—Abstract sculptures. Through Wednesday, Nov. 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Sharon Wybrants-Lynch / Cynthia Mailman—Realistic portraits. / Realist landscapes and small portraits. Through Wednesday, Nov. 6. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Paintings by Alan Cote, Harvey Quaytman, David Diao, and John Walker. Through Nov. 27. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

George Cherepov—Landscapes of New England. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

José de Creeft—A retrospective of sculptures, paintings, and drawings to mark this artist's ninetieth birthday. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (New School Graduate Faculty Center, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Oto Logo—Bronzes by a Yugoslavian sculptor; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Richard Serra—Drawings by an artist better known for his sculptures. Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alan Dennis / Nathan Farb—Dye-transfer photographs. / Photographs of his family. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. (Midtown Y Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

P. H. Emerson (1856-1936)—Platinum prints and gravures. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Walker Evans—Work from all periods, including some vintage prints, by this well-known photographer. Starts Saturday, Nov. 2. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Factory children and immigrants are two of the subjects of these photographs, taken between 1905 and 1932. Through Nov. 16. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Duane Michals / James Newberry—Images in sequence, with handwritten captions. / Nudes and landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Steiner—A retrospective of the work of this seventy-five-year-old photographer. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibition of photographs in which billboards and signs figure, by (among others) Atget, Evans, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassaï, Abbott, Siskind, Frank, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Anthony Leale showing views of bicycle racers, plus eighteen other Italian photographers. Starts Thursday, Oct. 31. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in an exhibit aiming to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Nine lithographs by the Japanese artist Shusaku Arakawa. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by the Russian-born artist Ilya Bolotowsky. Through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of Al Held's work, from early pigment paintings of the fifties to more recent geometric black-and-white canvases. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A hundred years of American genre painting by seventy-one artists, including Krimmel, Eakins, Cassatt, Bellows, and Sloan. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Fantasy paintings by Joan Moment, a young California artist who works on black latex. Starts Friday, Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program of music by [and with commentary by] Elliott Carter, performed by the Composers String Quartet; Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; Ursula Oppens, piano; Michael Rudiakov, cello; and the Speculum Musicae, conducted by Gerard Schwarz. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Abstractions by younger artists, among them David Diao, Joan Snyder, and David Novros. Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. . . ¶ A new gallery is showing a survey of the entire history of Japanese art, including pottery, ceramics, and prints, plus a small selection of Korean objects. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—About fifty works, mostly landscape paintings, by four Japanese painters who lived in the late eighteenth century. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Medieval manuscripts and letters, printed books, autograph manuscripts, watercolors, and drawings—all gifts made or promised since the spring of 1973—exhibited in honor of the library's fiftieth anniversary. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, as well as Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-first annual exhibit of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Starts Thursday, Oct. 31. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of drawings and paintings by Leonid, plus a selection of works by his fellow-Neo-Romantic artists, among them Christian Bérard, Eugene Berman, and Pavel Tchelitchew. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ A mishmash of seldom shown minor treasures from the reserve vaults of fifteen institutions, including the Museum of Primitive Art, the

Metropolitan, the New York Botanical Gardens, and the American Numismatic Society. Through Dec. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—More than four hundred paintings, drawings, and prints focussing on New York in the post-Revolutionary period when the society was founded by John Pintard. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit in honor of the hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Astor Library—part of *this* library since 1895—with some examples of its rarest manuscripts and books (Alexander Hamilton's handwritten proposal for the Constitution, a first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and a copy of Audubon's "The Birds of America" among them). Also on view are items dealing with the library's history—original card catalogues, rules and regulations, and such. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ "Am I in It: Gertrude Stein Is 100," a small display of the author's letters, manuscripts, plays, and operas, with some photographs by Carl Van Vechten. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Election Day, 9 to 9.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Photographs, letters, and other memorabilia tracing the career of theatrical producer Leland Hayward. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Election Day, 10 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

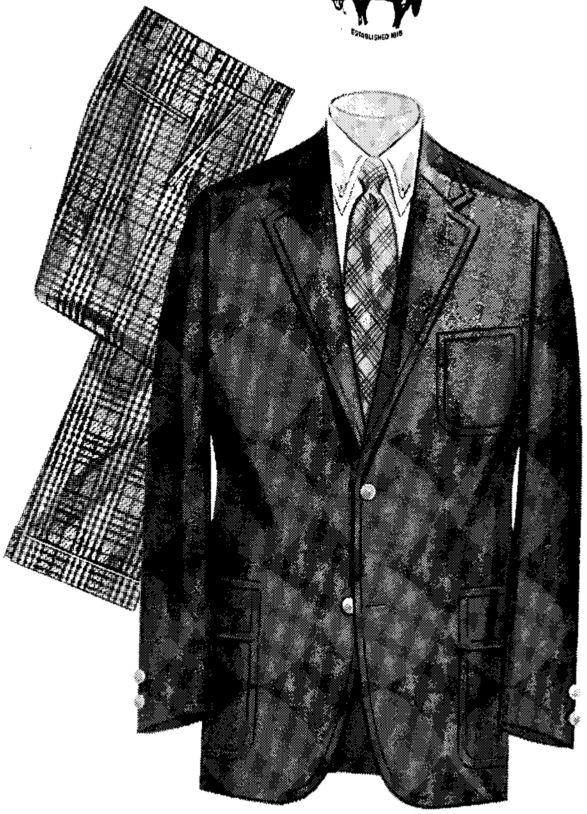
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Oct. 30: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 31: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 1: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Robert Nagy, Lawrence Shadur, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 2: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Janis Martin, Joann Grillo, Peter Glossop, William Lewis, Paul Franke, Donald Gramm, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 2: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Franco Tagliavini, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 4: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 6: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Franco Tagliavini, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 7: "Don Giovanni," with Rachel Mathes, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 9: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 9: "Tosca," with Rachel Mathes, Franco Tagliavini, Robert Merrill, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. (Evening at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Noelle Rogers, Luciano Rampaso, and John Darrenkamp; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Richard Stilwell, and Michael



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Devlin; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Marisa Galvany, Carolyne James, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Pamela Hebert, Esther Hinds, Richard V. Taylor, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "The Mikado," with Diana Soviero, Betty Allen, David Griffith, and Jack Eddleman; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 1: "Faust," with Patricia Brooks, Hilda Harris, Melvyn Poll, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Glenys Fowles, Herman Malamood, and Michael Devlin; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, John Stewart, David Holloway, and Charles Roe; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Faust," with Patricia Brooks, Hilda Harris, Kenneth Riegel, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Ruth Welting, Johanna Meier, Gary Glaze, and Charles Roe; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Pamela Hebert, Esther Hinds, John Stewart, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Patricia Craig, Herman Malamood, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Betty Allen, David Griffith, and James Billings; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—James Conlon conducting, with Radu Lupu, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 6-7, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 8, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 7:30.)

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano; Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8, with Ilana Vered, piano; and Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8, with Michel Beroff, piano, and Ron Golan, viola.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8:15.)

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan conducting the first in a series of four concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, with Philippe Entremont, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 5:30, with Zino Francescatti, violin. All seats have been sold for both concerts, and only standing room is left.)

Toho String Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama and Tadaaki Otaka conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Piedmont Chamber Orchestra—Nicholas Harsanyi conducting, with Erick Friedman, violin; Paul Doktor, viola; and Claude Frank, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the violinist Henryk Szeryng as both conductor and soloist, in the first of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Terrill Jory conducting. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Royal Uppsala University Chorus of Sweden—Eric Ericson directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing an all-Bach program. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

RECITALS

Richard and John Contiguglia—Duo piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

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Cleveland Quartet—The fourth and fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 30, and Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York—Chamber music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Music from Marlboro—Lydia Artymiw, piano; Felix Galimir, violin; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.) . . ¶ Miss Artymiw; Mr. Galimir and Peter Zazofsky, violin; Kim Kashkashian and Nancy Ellis, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Rudolf Serkin, piano; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 5.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Playing Handel's "Water Music." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Christoph Eschenbach—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Peter Pears and Julian Bream—Tenor and lutanist-guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider and Jean-Bernard Pommier—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

André Watts—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Eugenia and Pinchas Zukerman—Flute and violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2:15.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

Peter Serkin—Piano, along with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Ida Kavafian, violin; and Fred Sherry, cello, who play together as the Tashi Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony Orchestra—Joel Thome conducting a program of twentieth-century music performed by principal players from the orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano; Alexander Schneider, violin; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Bach Collegium of New York—The first in a series of three all-Bach programs performed by Judith Hubbell, soprano; Yuval Waldman, violin; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Sergiu Luca—In the first of two programs presenting the Bach cycle of sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Yehuda Hanani—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Benita Valente and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Manolo Sanlucar—Flamenco guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Andor Foldes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Antonio Barbosa—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music called "The Year 1492: Spanish Music in the Age of Exploration." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Herbert Tichman and Ruth Tichman—Clarinet and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Note—Carole Bogard, soprano; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; John Hsu, viola da gamba; and Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin, will give a recital of baroque music ("Music from Aston Magna") at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Nov. 4, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 5:45: A TRIBUTE TO ANNE SEXTON. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 5:45: OSCAR BRAND.

Tony Bennett and Lena Horne—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday, Oct. 30, through Sunday, Nov. 17. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30.

Anthony Newley and Henry Mancini's Orchestra—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday, Oct. 30, through Sunday, Nov. 10. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.

David Bowie—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 3, at 8.

Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8 and 11.

Loggins & Messina—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8 and 11.

Van Morrison—With the Persuasions. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 1, at 7 and 11.)

Shawn Phillips and Quatermass—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Morgana King—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.

Focus, Gentle Giant, and John Martyn—Academy of Music. Friday, Nov. 1, at midnight.

Aerosmith and the James Montgomery Band—With Mahogany Rush. (Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge—With Barbara Carroll and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, at 8.)

Hawkwind—Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 11:30.

Ellis Larkins Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The second in a series of four programs in which lyricists (in this case Howard Dietz) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band—With Vassar Clements, John Hartford, and Steve Martin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Richard Betts—Radio City Music Hall. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8.

Linda Ronstadt and Livingston Taylor—With

Flora Danica from Royal Copenhagen:

We have had a waiting list for this dinner service for 183 years. Starting with King Frederik the Patient who had to wait 13 years.

A history of the early years of Flora Danica.

In 1761 the first volume of a Danish botanical study was published. It was called, "Flora Danica" and contained, among other things, exquisite water color reproductions of the country's wild flowers.

These illustrations so stirred the artists at the Royal Copenhagen factory that they proposed a dinner service with the same motif and the same name. The owners of the factory agreed. And that's how it all began.

The first Flora Danica dinner service was ordered in 1790 by Frederik, Crown Prince of Denmark, as a gift for Catherine II, Empress of Russia. But the Empress died in 1796, before the service was even half finished.

The Prince pondered this matter for a while. And then he decided that if Flora Danica was good enough for an Empress, it was probably good enough for him. So the work continued.

On January 15th, 1803, 13 years after Flora Danica was first ordered, the service was finally completed. And on January the 31st, the birthday of King Christian VII, Flora Danica was used for the first time. (It was probably at this dinner that Frederik was first called, "Frederik the Patient").

How Flora Danica is made.

We have been making Flora Danica in exactly the same way since the very first set. Specifically, we shape each piece by hand, hand carve the intricate lace patterns, sculpt each porcelain flower individually, hand paint the wild flowers (each piece has its own individual flower which is never repeated on any other piece in the service) and then hand decorate each piece with gold.

Two ways to collect Flora Danica.

We make only about 52 Flora Danica services a year. For the whole world. Which means, regretfully, that if you want a complete service you must be prepared to practice a bit of patience.

But there's no law that says you have to buy the whole service at once. You can pick up your first two or three pieces without waiting any longer than it takes to wrap them. And every now and then, as the spirit moves you, you can pick up another two or three pieces.

Of course, if you would rather add your name to our waiting list for the complete Flora Danica service, we will do everything we can to deliver it to you at the earliest possible moment.

We have been asked on numerous occasions during the past 200 years why we don't shorten the waiting period by working a little faster. The answer is that if we started to work a little faster, Flora Danica might then no longer be worth waiting for.

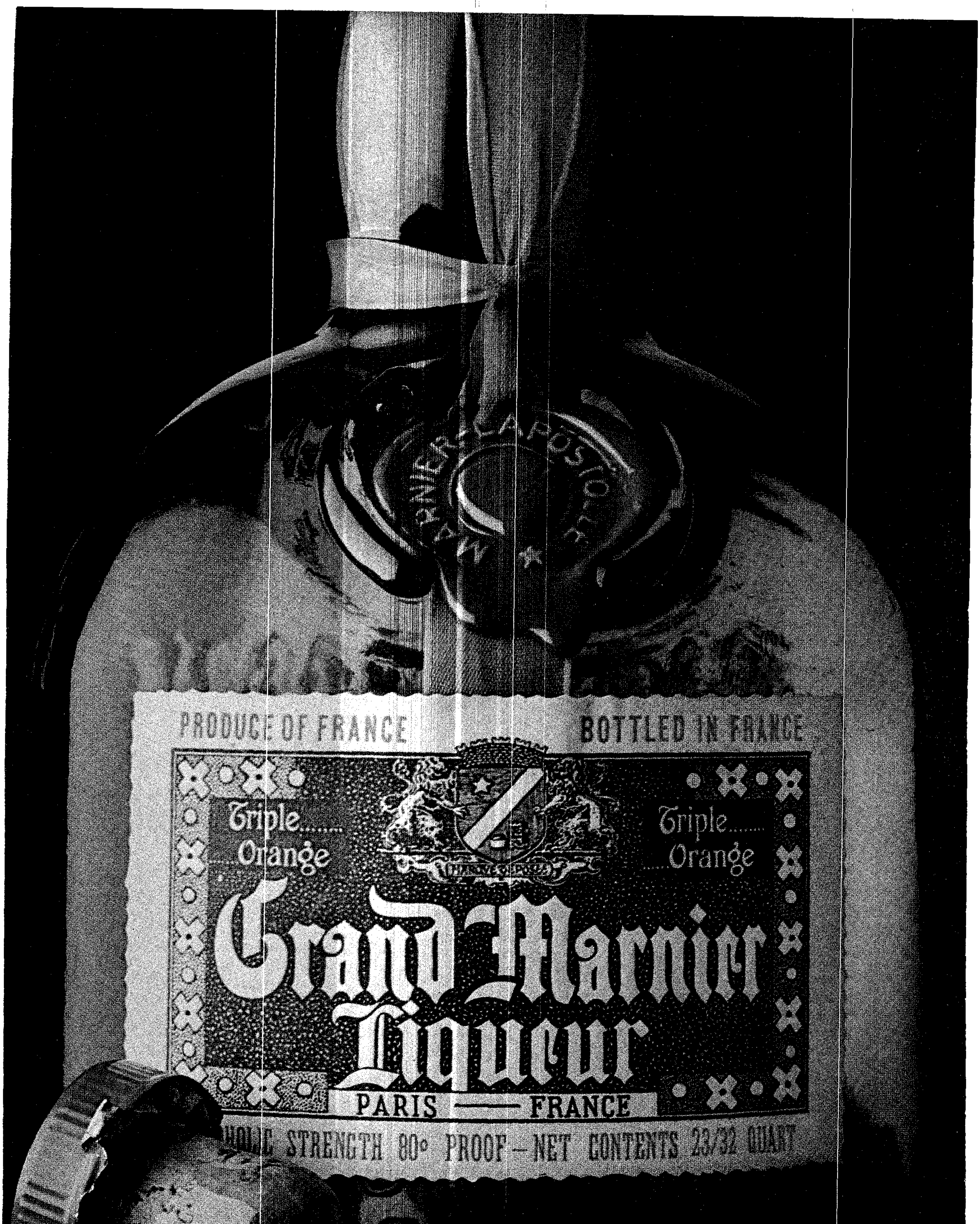
Prices of individual pieces of Flora Danica range from $55.00 *to* $1,950.00. *A standard dinner service for 8 costs* $5,900.00

Available at fine stores everywhere and from our shop:

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN

573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

This is ad No. 6 in a series. Prints on glossy paper are available upon request.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"I've got the idea, and you've got the $8,000,000. We'll merge."

More good things have been decided over Grand Marnier than any other drink in the world.

For free recipe booklet, write Carillon Importers, Ltd., 745 Fifth Ave., NYC 10022. Product of France, made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wayne Berry. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Electric Light Orchestra—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.

Peter Frampton & Frampton's Camel and John Sebastian—Academy of Music. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8 and 11:30.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The first of two concerts devoted to the music of Louis Armstrong, this one with Dick Hyman, Mel Davis, Joe Newman, Pee Wee Erwin, Vic Dickenson, and Ray Nance. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Climax Blues Band and U.F.O.—Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Oct. 31, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2:35.

College Football—**saturday, nov. 2:** Army vs. Vanderbilt, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, nov. 9:** Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hamilton, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. North Carolina A. & T., in a benefit game, at Shea Stadium, at 3. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 3: Jets vs. Houston Oilers, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:05. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8:05.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 5, through Tuesday, Nov. 12. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. The Knickerbocker Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 2, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays; last day Tuesday, Dec. 31. Through Friday, Nov. 8, post time will be 1; after that, it will be 12:30. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 9.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **poko puppets:** A program demonstrating the history of jazz, done in conjunction with the New York Jazz Museum. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 765-2150.) . . . **light opera of manhattan:** "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, at 4. . . . ¶ "Princess Ida," Saturday, Nov. 9, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . **tom glazer:** Folksinger. (Central Children's Theatre, 128 E. 55th St. 838-5122. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2.)

Play—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

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Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Milky Way." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and on Election Day from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 5; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry Readings—Octavio Paz reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Walking Tour—Brendan Gill and Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of the New York Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Cooper Union, Colonnade Row, and Grace Church on Saturday, Nov. 2. It will meet inside the New York Shakespeare Festival Theatre, 425 Lafayette St., at 2. No tickets necessary.

Bus Tours—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, *objets de vertu,* and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century portrait miniatures; from the collection of Jack Goetze and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 2: Gothic, Renaissance, and later bronzes; tapestries; and other works of art. From many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: English and Continental furniture and decorations and Oriental rugs; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 10:15 and 2:30, and Friday, Nov. 8, at 10:15 and 2: Prints by such artists as Braque, Chagall, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Kandinsky; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 31.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **madison square garden:** Nov. 14 (Cleveland), Nov. 16 (Seattle), Nov. 19 (Washington), Nov. 23 (Milwaukee), Nov. 26 (Detroit), Nov. 30 (Buffalo), Dec. 3 (Los Angeles), Dec. 7 (Portland), and Dec. 10 (Kansas City). . . . ¶ The Nets at the **nassau coliseum:** Nov. 20 (St. Louis), Nov. 24 (Denver), Nov. 27 (Virginia), Nov. 29 (Kentucky), and Dec. 6 (San Diego).

College Football—**saturday, nov. 16:** Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, nov. 23:** Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; and Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . **saturday, nov. 30:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, and Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill.

Professional Football—**sunday, nov. 10:** Giants vs. Jets at the Yale Bowl, New Haven. . . . **sunday, nov. 17:** Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro, and Giants vs. Detroit Lions, at Detroit. . . . **sunday, nov. 24:** Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at the Yale Bowl. . . . **sunday, dec. 1:** Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Chicago Bears, at Chicago. . . . **sunday, dec. 8:** Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at the Yale Bowl.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Ranger games on Nov. 13, 17, 23, 24, and 27, and Dec. 1, 4, and 8. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islander games on Nov. 19, 22, and 23, and Dec. 5, 7, and 10.

Music—**metropolitan opera** (799-4420): The season continues through April 19. . . . **avery fisher hall,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 20 and 22. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 4. . . . **carnegie hall** (CI 7-7459): Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 10, 11, and 13. . . . ¶ I Solisti di Zagreb, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Abbey Simon, piano, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ National Arts Center Orchestra of Canada, Dec. 5-6. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Peter Pears, tenor, and Murray Perahia, piano, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 17 and 19 and Dec. 6 and 8. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Sergiu Luca, violin, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Rodrigo de Zayas, lute, and Anne Perret, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Dec. 10. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Kyung-Wha Chung, violin, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Janos Starker, cello, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Peter Pears, tenor, and Murray Perahia, piano, Dec. 9. . . . **town hall** (JU 2-4536): Evelyn Mandac, soprano, and Theodor Uppman, baritone, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ John Shirley-Quirk, baritone, Nov. 21. . . . **hunter college** (535-5350): Lorin Hollander, piano, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Phyllis Curtin, soprano, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ James Buswell, violin, Dec. 8.

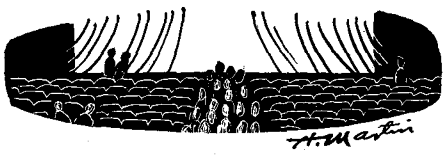
Ballet and Dance—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 12-Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Royal Swedish Ballet, at the City Center, Nov. 19-24. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Dec. 3-22.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: William Congreve's "Love for Love" and Luigi Pirandello's "The Rules of the Game" will be the first two offerings of the season by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Mary Ure and John McMartin head the casts. . . . ¶ A London import, the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "Sherlock Holmes," based on the Arthur Conan Doyle-William Gillette 1899 play. John Wood has the title role. . . . ¶ Two South African plays, "Sizwe Bansi Is Dead" and "The Island," devised by Athol Fugard, John Kani, and Winston Ntshona, and imported from London. . . . ¶ A play by Anthony J. Ingrassia, "Fame," in which Ellen Barber will appear. . . . ¶ Eli Wallach and Sada Thompson in "Saturday Sunday Monday," a London comedy by Eduardo de Filippo. . . . ¶ Still another London import, "London Assurance," written in 1841 by Dion Boucicault, and adapted by Ronald Eyre. With Donald Sinden and Elizabeth Spriggs. . . . ¶ A revival of the 1927 musical "Good News" (book by Laurence Schwab, B. G. DeSylva, and Frank Mandel; words and music by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson). Alice Faye, John Payne, and Stubby Kaye have the leading roles. . . . ¶ The National Theatre of Great Britain production of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," with an all-male cast. . . . ¶ Rex Harrison and Julie Harris in Terence Rattigan's play "In Praise of Love." . . . ¶ A new Neil Simon comedy, "God's Favorite," starring Vincent Gardenia, Charles Nelson Reilly, and Maria Karnilova.

Other Dates—National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 22-24. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 28.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Chinatown."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 2: "Freaks," "Mark of the Vampire," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
Nov. 3: "The Whole Town's Talking" and "Lost Horizon."
Nov. 4: "You Were Never Lovelier" and "Gilda."
Nov. 5: "It Happened One Night" and "Lady by Choice."
From Nov. 6: "The Emperor Jones" and "Mädchen in Uniform."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 5: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."
From Nov. 6: "11 Harrowhouse" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 5: "The Longest Yard."
From Nov. 6: "Gone with the Wind."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Airport 1975."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Gold."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 31: "Cabaret."
Nov. 1-5: "The Family" and "Big Bad Mama."
From Nov. 6: "Gone with the Wind."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Abdication."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Oct. 30: "11 Harrowhouse."
From Oct. 31 at 7: "Phantom of the Paradise." (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Gold."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Law and Disorder."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Longest Yard."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Oct. 31: "Juggernaut."
From Nov. 1: "Amazing Grace."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Odessa File."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Oct. 30: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 31: "Fear Eats the Soul-Ali."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 31: "And Now for Something Completely Different."
From Nov. 1: To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Oct. 31: "The Last Detail" and "The Lords of Flatbush."
From Nov. 1: "Open Season."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"8½" and "La Strada." (No evening performances on Monday, Nov. 4, and Thursday, Nov. 7.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Gambler."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Oct. 30: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
Oct. 31-Nov. 5: "11 Harrowhouse."
From Nov. 6: "The Seduction of Mimi."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Cabaret."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Longest Yard."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 2: "Giuseppe Verdi."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 31: "The Groove Tube."
Nov. 1-5: "The Family" and "Big Bad Mama."
From Nov. 6: "Gone with the Wind."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Odessa File."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Airport 1975."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 31: "Chinatown."
From Nov. 1: "Open Season."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Oct. 31: "Juggernaut."
From Nov. 1: "Amazing Grace."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Oct. 31: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Nights of Cabiria."
Nov. 1-3: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "The Ruling Class."
Nov. 4-5: "Ulysses" and "Passages from Finnegans Wake."
From Nov. 6: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Longest Yard."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 5: "The Groove Tube."
From Nov. 6: "That's Entertainment!"

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Juggernaut."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 5 at one or another of the theatres: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly"/"The Seduction of Mimi" and "Fellini's Roma"/"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "Catch-22"/"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."
From Nov. 6: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 30: "The Wild Child" and "Murmur of the Heart."
Oct. 31-Nov. 2: "Women in Love" and "The Music Lovers."
Nov. 3-4: "The Devils" and "Billion Dollar Brain."
Nov. 5-6: "La Femme Infidèle" and "Les Biches."
From Nov. 7: "And Now for Something Completely Different" and "Dr. Strangelove."
Note: Sunday, Nov. 3, one performance, at noon: "Our Hospitality."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Harry & Tonto."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 5: "The Widow Couderc."
From Nov. 6: "The NADA Gang."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Law and Disorder."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 30: "Grand Illusion" and "The Elusive Corporal."
Oct. 31: "Burn!" and "The Battle of Algiers."
Nov. 1: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Silence."
Nov. 2: "Holiday" and "It Happened One Night."
Nov. 3: "Twelfth Night" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Nov. 4: Theatre closed.
Nov. 5: "The Last Hurrah" and "The Best Man."
Nov. 6: "Ashes and Diamonds" and "A Generation."
Nov. 7: "Casque d'Or" and "Le Jour Se Lève."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Juggernaut."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 5: "The Conformist" and "The Conversation."
From Nov. 6: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 5: "Going Places" and "The Two of Us."
From Nov. 6: "The French Connection" and "The Seven-Ups."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Oct. 31: "The Last Detail" and "The Lords of Flatbush."
Nov. 1-5: "Open Season."
From Nov. 6: "Confessions of a Window Cleaner."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 5: "Chinatown" and "Gumshoe."
From Nov. 6: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" and "Children of Paradise."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Longest Yard."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Nov. 5: To be announced.
From Nov. 6: "The Girl from Petrovka" and "The Sugarland Express."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 5: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "Sleuth."
From Nov. 6: "The Tamarind Seed" and "Travels with My Aunt."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 30 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes....¶ Oct. 30 at 5:30: "Father of the Bride" (1950), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor....¶ Oct. 31 at 2: "Dr. Kildare: Tyger, Tyger" (1964), directed by John Newland, with Richard Chamberlain, Yvette Mimieux, and Raymond Massey; from the television series....¶ Oct. 31 at 5:30: "Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant" (1942), directed by Willis Goldbeck, with Lionel Barrymore and Van Johnson....¶ Oct. 31 at 8: "Young Dr. Kildare" (1938), directed by Harold Bucquet, with Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore....¶ Nov. 1 at 2: "Edge of the City" (1957), directed by Martin Ritt, with John Cassavetes and Sidney Poitier....¶ Nov. 1 at 5:30: "Ben-Hur" (1926), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy, and Francis X. Bushman....¶ Nov. 2 at noon: "The Nibelungen, A German Epic" (1924), in two parts—"Siegfried's Death" (German inter-titles only) and "Kriemhild's Revenge" (English and German inter-titles)—directed by Fritz Lang....¶ Nov. 2 at 4:30: "Ben-Hur" (1959), directed by William Wyler, with Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins, and Stephen Boyd....¶ Nov. 3 at 12:30 and 3: "On the Town" (1950), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Mr. Kelly and Frank Sinatra....¶ Nov. 3 at 5:30: "Bad Day at Black Rock" (1955), directed by John Sturges, with Spencer Tracy and Robert Ryan....¶ Nov. 4 at 2: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint....¶ Nov. 4 at 5:30: "Small Town Girl" (1953), directed by Leslie Kardos, with Jane Powell and Farley Granger; and "Flying High" (1931), directed by Charles F. Reisner, with Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood....¶ Nov. 5 at 2: "Bright Road" (1953), directed by Gerald Mayer, with Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte....

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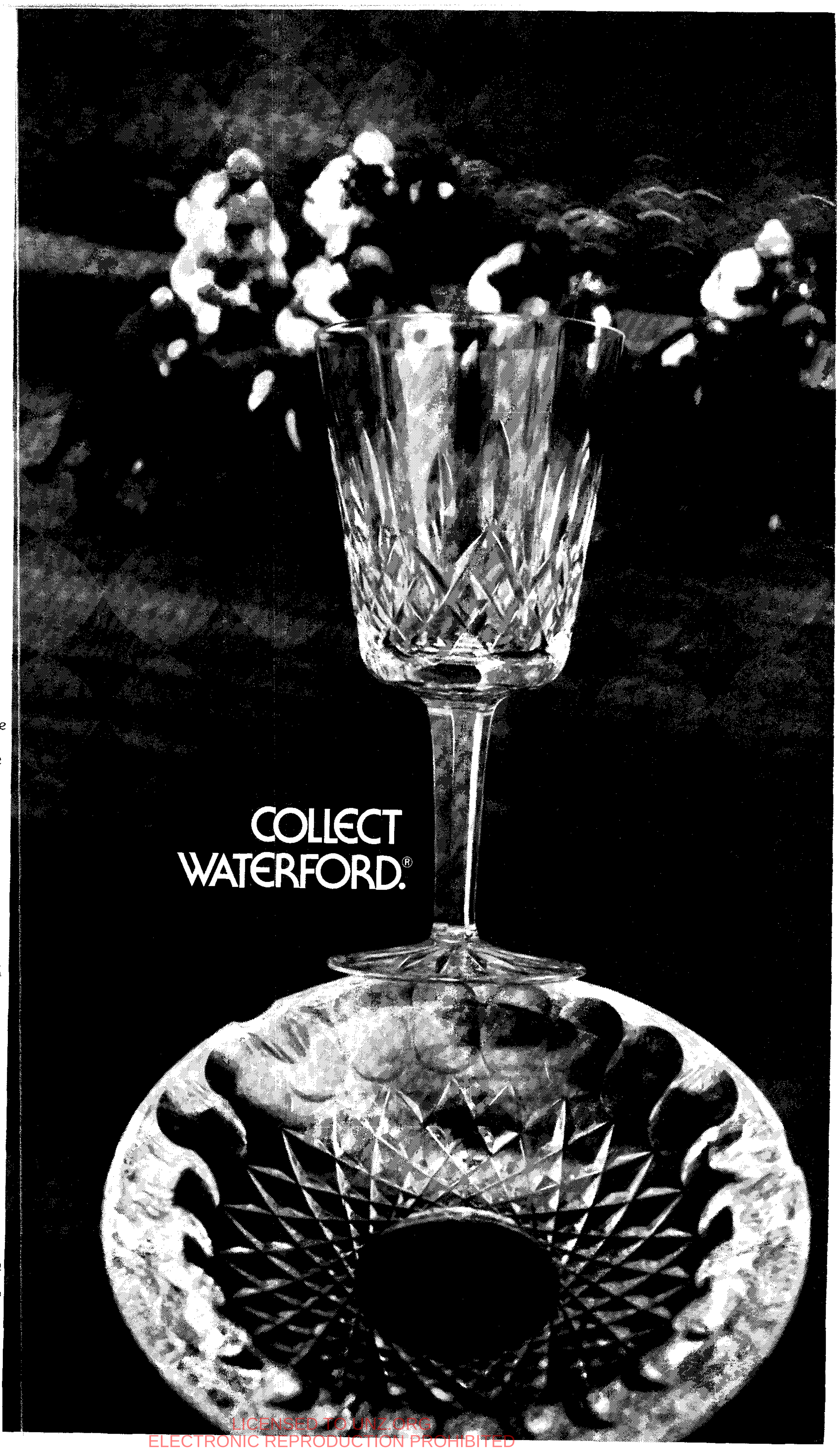

¶ Nov. 5 at 5:30: "Terror on a Train" (1953), directed by Ted Tetzlaff, with Glenn Ford. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at noon: M-G-M cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 5:30: "7 Faces of Dr. Lao" (1964), directed by George Pal, with Tony Randall and Barbara Eden. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8: Three programs of animated films called "Zagreb '74 in New York." (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 30: "Artists and Models" (1955), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ Oct. 31: "The Secret Life of an American Wife" (1968), directed by George Axelrod, with Walter Matthau and Anne Jackson. . . . ¶ Nov. 1: "Wings of Eagles" (1957), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne and Dan Dailey. . . . ¶ Nov. 2-3: "Ladies' Man" (1961), directed by, and with, Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ Nov. 6: "Champagne for Caesar" (1950), directed by Richard Whorf, with Ronald Colman and Celeste Holm. . . . ¶ Nov. 7: "Man's Favorite Sport" (1964), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rock Hudson and Paula Prentiss. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 3:15 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 5: "Rivers of Sand," directed by Robert Gardner. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 6: "Horizons," directed by Larry Gottheim. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Sutton.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (10/28/74) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. People who blamed him for taking a false route in one or two of the last films that struck them as epicene frescoes might have trusted him to get onto his own track again. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Amazing Grace—With Moms Mabley and Slappy White, directed by Stan Lathan. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Nov. 1.)

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the B.B.C.-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Columbia I; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Nov. 7.)

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month, though she can only get engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. We see her at her most bashful when she—who has taken on difficult classics without thought of herself—wants to crawl under the piano when she is asked to play pop music. Gamely, she goes into "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." (9/16/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw in the months during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing one of two patriots of the Warsaw uprising who arrive at a banquet with orders to kill. When he is killed himself, in a chase that leads through a yard full of laundry, he looks like a child playing ghost wrapped in a sheet. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

The Best Man (1964)—Gore Vidal's political melodrama is about a convention at which the two chief contestants for the party's nomination for the Presidency are an Adlai Stevenson type (Henry Fonda) and a Joe McCarthy type (Cliff Robertson). The film has a lot of verve, thanks to Haskell Wexler's black-and-white cinematography and Franklin Schaffner's clean direction, but Vidal sets the issues in terms of a slick, simplistic ends-and-means morality play, and throws in the kind of clever, self-congratulatory topical jokes that sound dated the first time you hear them. With Lee Tracy as the hard-bitten old-pro ex-President, Kevin McCarthy, Gene Raymond, and Shelley Berman, as an obsequious weakling. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Les Biches (1968)—St. Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 5-6.)

Big Bad Mama—With Angie Dickinson and William Shatner, directed by Steve Carver. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; Nov. 1-5.)

Billion Dollar Brain (1967)—Ken Russell's second picture. (The first was "French Dressing," which didn't open here.) It stars a wearily nonchalant Michael Caine, as the seedy spy Harry Palmer, and it was a sequel to "The Ipcress File" and "Funeral in Berlin." Russell finished off the series; he hurled the audience from one crisis to the next, and things went by so fast that the story line got befuddled and nothing at all seemed to be happening. It was the late Françoise Dorléac's last role; though part of the film was shot in Helsinki in winter and she's all bundled up, she looks lovely. The cast includes Oscar Homolka as the Russian Colonel Stok, Karl Malden, Ed Begley, Vladek Scheybal, and some lively Honeywell electronic calculators. (Elgin; Nov. 3-4.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Oct. 31.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 6.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Art. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Nov. 5.)

Confessions of a Window Cleaner—With Bill Maynard and Dandy Nichols, directed by Val Guest. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 6.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, land-

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scapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Regency; through Nov. 5.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Regency; through Nov. 5.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; Nov. 3-4.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 1-3.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for a hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Rouben Mamoulian directed this version; he rather overdoes the pseudo-science at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed wih sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 2.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Elgin; starting Nov. 7.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Beekman. No evening performances on Monday, Nov. 4, and Thursday, Nov. 7.)

11 Harrowhouse—An awkward, harmless, small-time American (Charles Grodin) tries to rob the international diamond syndicate, based in London and headed by John Gielgud. This lackadaisical caper comedy is inoffensive, but the comic ideas don't build or erupt, and since the director, Aram Avakian, fails to get any suspense going, it becomes a bumbling and stupid romp. The cast includes Candice Bergen at her most beautiful (she's so consistently gorgeous that she looks like a science-fiction creation); Trevor Howard, waving his arms a lot in a helpless attempt to earn his salary; Helen Cherry; and James Mason, who provides the only two good scenes in the movie. Playing an underling of Gielgud's, he shows the sly, almost dirty sense of farce that he demonstrated in "Lolita." (10/21/74) (Trans-Lux East; Oct. 30. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Oct. 31-Nov. 5. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 6.)

The Elusive Corporal (1962)—Jean Renoir returns to the prison-camp setting of "Grand Illusion" and treats the themes of war and survival in a more comic and matter-of-fact mood. The sad-eyed young hero (Jean-Pierre Cassel) has an infectious grin; he knows only that he wants to escape from the camp and live. With Claude Brasseur, O. E. Hasse, and Claude Rich. In French. (9/2/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with some ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 6.)

The Family—With Charles Bronson, Telly Savalas, and Jill Ireland, directed by Sergio Sollima. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; Nov. 1-5.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Paris.)

Fear Eats the Soul-Ali—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Oct. 31.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol shows how to make a civilized (though conventional) thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 5-6.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 2.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 6.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Loews Tower East.)

A Generation (1954)—Directed by Andrzej Wadja. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4.)

The Girl from Petrovka—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet class, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Thalia; starting Nov. 6.)

Giuseppe Verdi—A musical biography, with Tito Gobbi and Mario Del Monaco. Directed by Raffaele Matarazzo. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 2.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 5.)

Gold—A recycling of the old straightforward adventure films: the musty plot is about an international syndicate that floods a South African mine in order to drive up the price of gold. The picture is mindlessly passable, largely because it was shot on location in South African mines and in and around Johannesburg. The director, Peter Hunt, can't be much more than efficient with this material, but at least he doesn't try to squeeze us emotionally on behalf of the stock characters, played by bland, dimply Roger Moore, Simon Sabela, Susannah York, Bradford Dillman, John Gielgud, and Ray Milland, who manages to inject the only note of personality. (10/21/74) (34th St. East, and Fine Arts.)

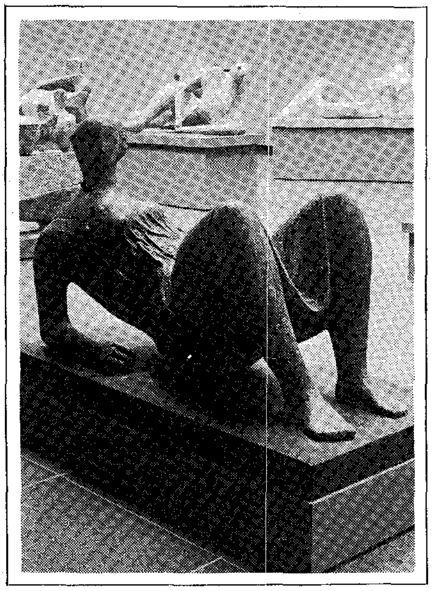
Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; starting Nov. 6.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

The Groove Tube—A collection of twenty sketches satirizing American television and culture. Directed by Ken Shapiro. (U. A. East; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 5.)

Gumshoe (1972)—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. (New Yorker; through Nov. 5.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his



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one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Guild.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 2.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 5.)

Le Jour Se Lève ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Greenwich, and Paramount. . . . ¶ East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Oct. 31.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 31.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, sets up his wartime situations and casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as the Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Lady by Choice (1934)—An inexplicable resurrection. It's about the idylls and ideals of a fan-dancer, and May Robson and Walter Connolly turn up along the way. David Burton directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 5.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 31.)

The Last Hurrah (1958)—John Ford turned into a sentimental faker whenever he got near the Blarney Stone, and Edwin O'Connor's novel about the final campaign and last days of Frank Skeffington, an old-style Boston mayor (Spencer Tracy), gave him an opportunity he couldn't resist. The subject is richly comic, and the picture has its moments despite the sprightly foolery, but Skeffington is so full of the milk of human kindness that he almost moos. The extraordinary cast includes James Gleason, Pat O'Brien, Ricardo Cortez, Edmund Lowe, John Carradine, Basil Rathbone, Jeffrey Hunter, Donald Crisp, Anna Lee, and Jane Darwell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (New Yorker; starting Nov. 6.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (East 59th Street I, Juliet 2, Waverly, and Symphony. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 5.)

The Lords of Flatbush—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 31.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-la, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (72nd Street East; Oct. 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Nov. 5.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A sensitive young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 6.)

Mark of the Vampire (1935)—Uninspired and choppy, this is a lesser effort of Tod Browning's, though it's handsomely staged and well photographed (by James Wong Howe). The cast includes Carol Borland as an amusing female vampire, Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 2.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 3.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 30.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Elgin; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

The NADA Gang—With Fabio Testi, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy; starting Nov. 6.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Baronet.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 31.)

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milian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II, and Loews Orpheum.)

Open Season—With William Holden, Peter Fonda, and John Phillip Law, directed by Peter Collinson. (Columbia II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; Nov. 1-5.)

Our Hospitality (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife) and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. (Elgin; Sunday, Nov. 3, one performance, at noon.)

Passages from Finnegans Wake (1967)—Not great, certainly, but a pleasant and inoffensive attempt to convey the fun of the jokes and enigmas and metamorphoses of the Joyce dream book. Martin J. Kelley is Finnegan, Peter Haskell is Shem, and Jane Reilly is Anna Livia Plurabelle. Mary Ellen Bute directed; based on the play version by Mary Manning. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 4-5.)

Phantom of the Paradise—With Paul Williams and William Finley, directed by Brian De Palma. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 31 at 7.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 1-3.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Cinema I.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Nov. 6.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 6.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 1.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (12/23/72) (Olympia; through Nov. 5.)

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La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Beekman. No evening performances on Monday, Nov. 4, and Thursday, Nov. 7.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (3/31/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

The Sugarland Express—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is in his twenties and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Thalia; starting Nov. 6.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (86th St. East.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Olympia; starting Nov. 6.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Festival. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 6.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Olympia; starting Nov. 6.)

Twelfth Night (1956)—The Russians sometimes bring an epic sweep to Shakespeare's tragedies, but the comedies don't fare too well. This attempt, in color, to capture the charm and delight of Shakespeare's Illyria, gets heavily frolicsome, and the whole crew of dukes, clowns, and countesses who are entangled in his folly of mistaken sex and identities looks a little overweight. The picture isn't terrible, just very literal-minded. Klara Luchko plays Viola-Sebastian; Yakov Fried directed. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 3.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artless. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 5.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 4-5.)

The Whole Town's Talking (1935)—Early John Ford melodrama-comedy about a toughie girl called Bill (Jean Arthur) whom a mild clerk dotes on. Edward G. Robinson is in the picture in a double part, playing both the clerk and a twin-faced gangster. Like many of Ford's movies, the film sweetens the air with its lack of violence and its feeling for human detail. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3.)

The Widow Couderc—With Alain Delon and Simone Signoret, directed by Pierre Granier-DeFerre. In French. (Playboy; through Nov. 5.)

The Wild Child (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 30.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 1.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Elgin; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

You Were Never Lovelier (1942)—Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, who is played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4.)

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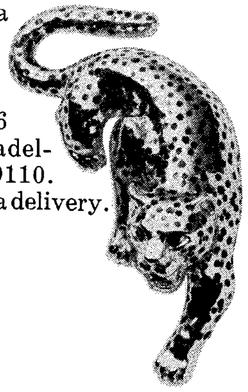

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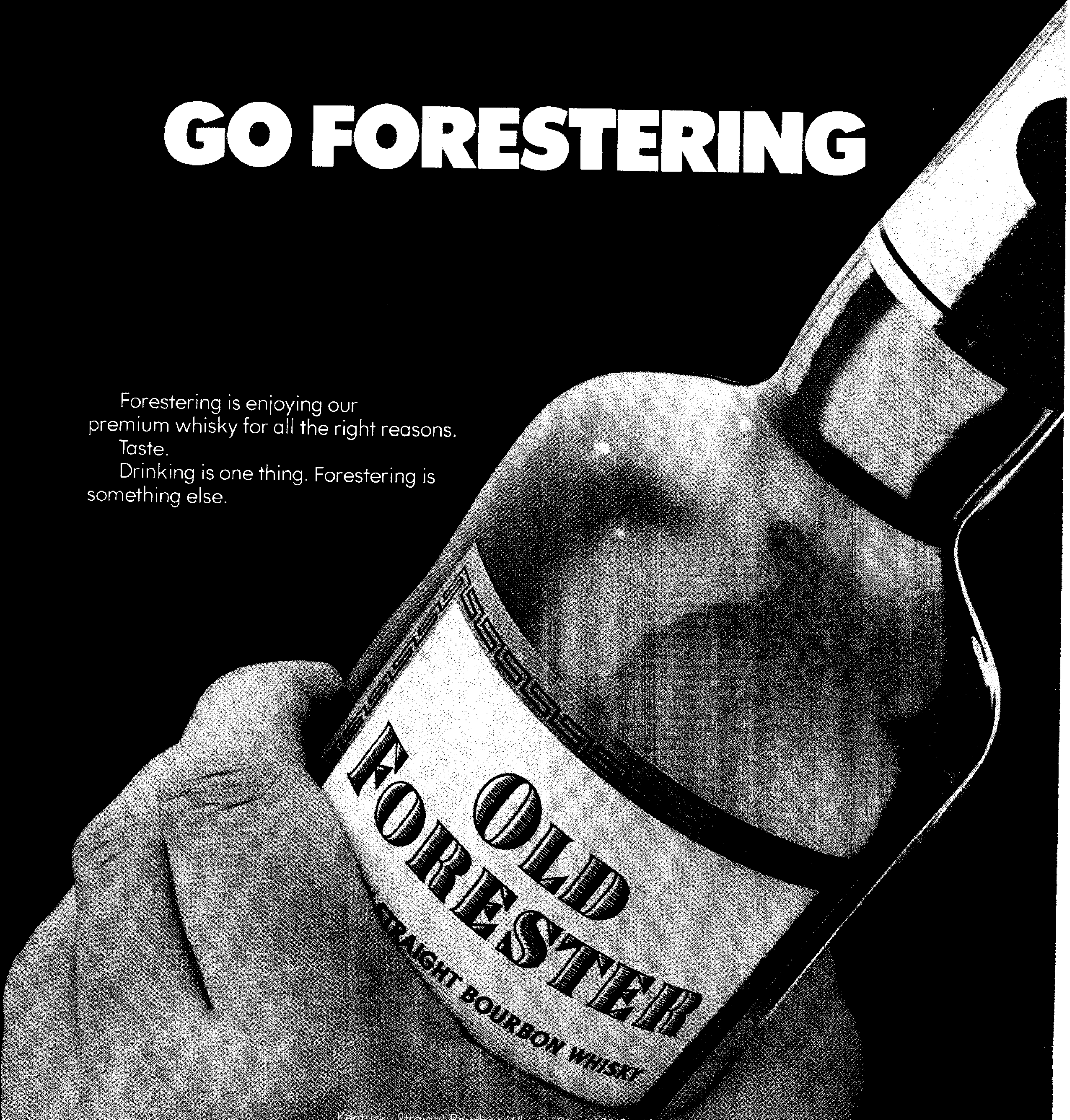

OLD FORESTER
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky 86 or 100 Proof. Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. Louisville Ky. © 1974

"At Bonne Bell we've built our cosmetic business on quality, not quantity."

Bonne Bell, Executive V.P., Bonne Bell Cosmetics.

Every single product we make must be of impeccable quality, and it must always do what we promise.

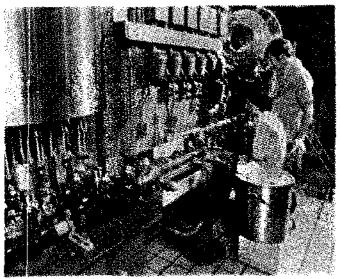
For example. Our Good Nature line.

That now consists of Good Nature Moisturizer, Cleanser, Cream, Lip Gloss and Good Nature Glo.

We created these especially to fulfill the needs of anyone who loves to be outdoors, loves active sports, but believes skin should always look fresh and pretty.

Good Nature helps a lot because it is formulated with so many natural things that we know are scientifically beneficial for your skin.

However, like all good things, Good Nature didn't happen by pushing a row of buttons.


Modern technology and quality control in use in high-speed filling equipment.

We had to have the perfect blend of the most effective ingredients and ingenuity. All materials had to pass through a series of physical and chemical approvals for purity and compatibility.

Rigorous testing was conducted to achieve the highest degrees of safety as well as allergy resistance.

Controlled temperature and mixing procedures were cautiously regulated to insure uniform quality, time after time.

(Even packaging must go through stringent tests.)

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Every Bonne Bell cosmetic we sell you goes through similar hypercritical validations. And we'd even like to show you. The next time you're in Cleveland come by at 10 a.m. or 2 p.m. on Tuesdays or Thursdays.

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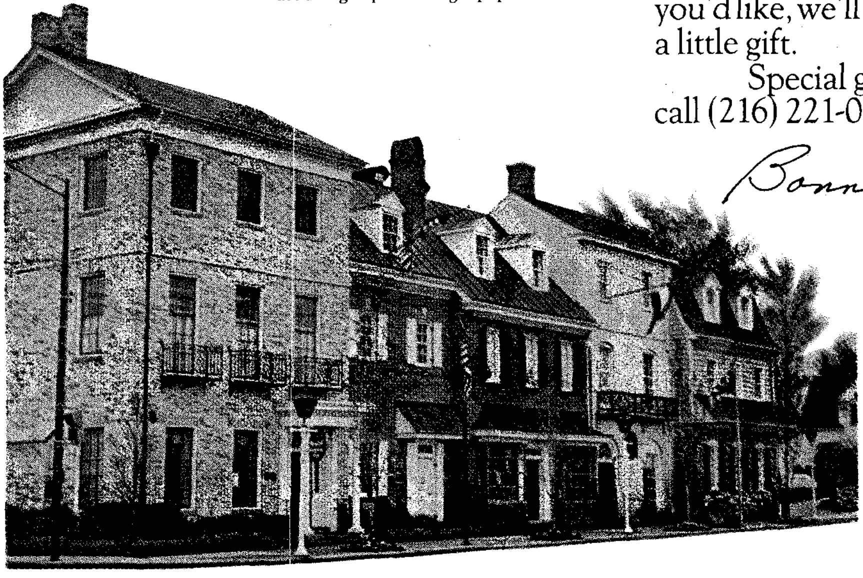
GOOD NATURE
Good Nature Cleanser and Good Nature Moisturizer, made with all the good things of Nature, to benefit your face and body.


Our Plant—"Georgetown Row"—Behind this authentic Georgetown exterior are the production and office facilities.

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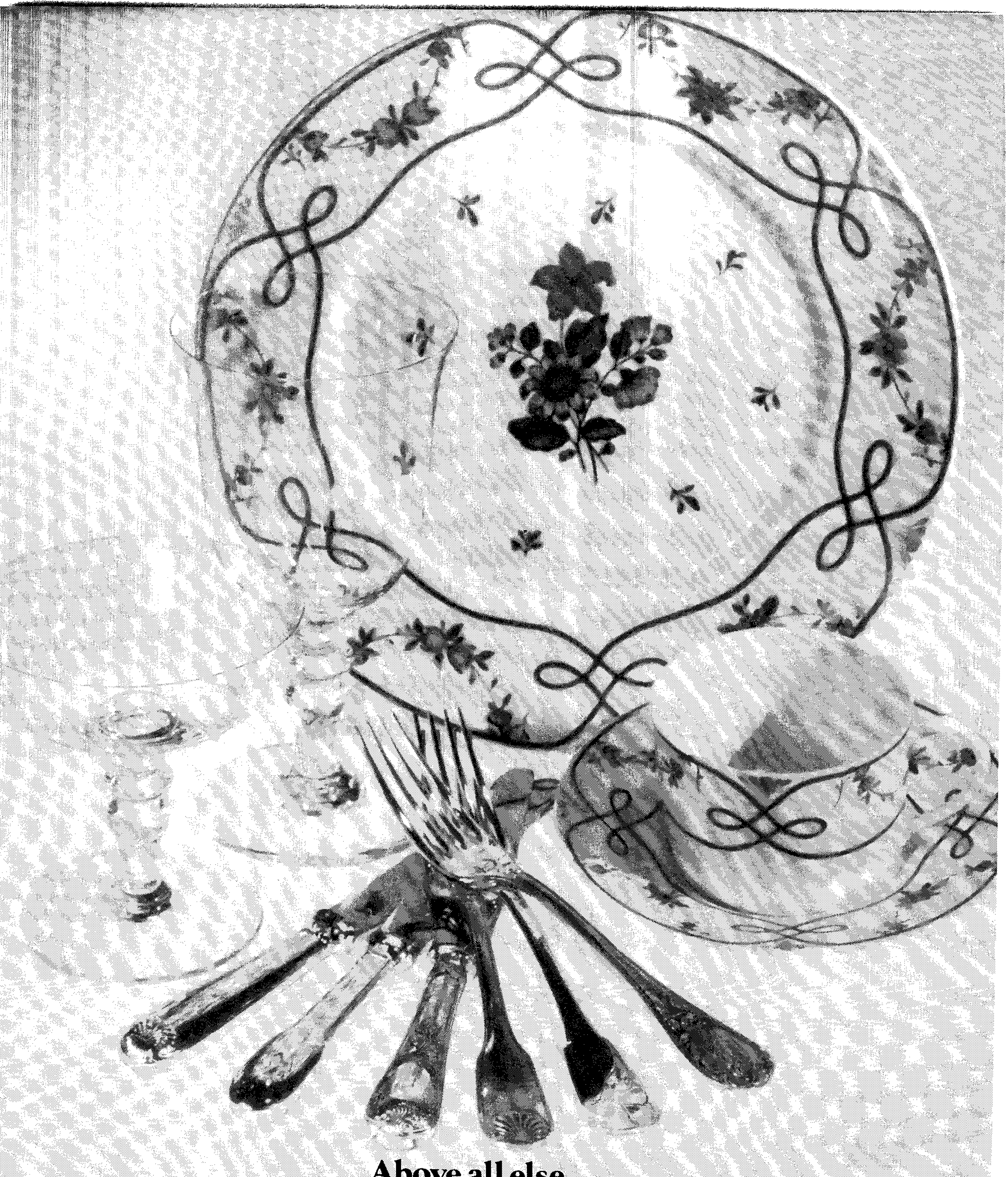
Bonne Bell wants to hear from you. If you have a question, a suggestion or a complaint, call toll free 1-800-321-9985. In Ohio call collect 221-9191.



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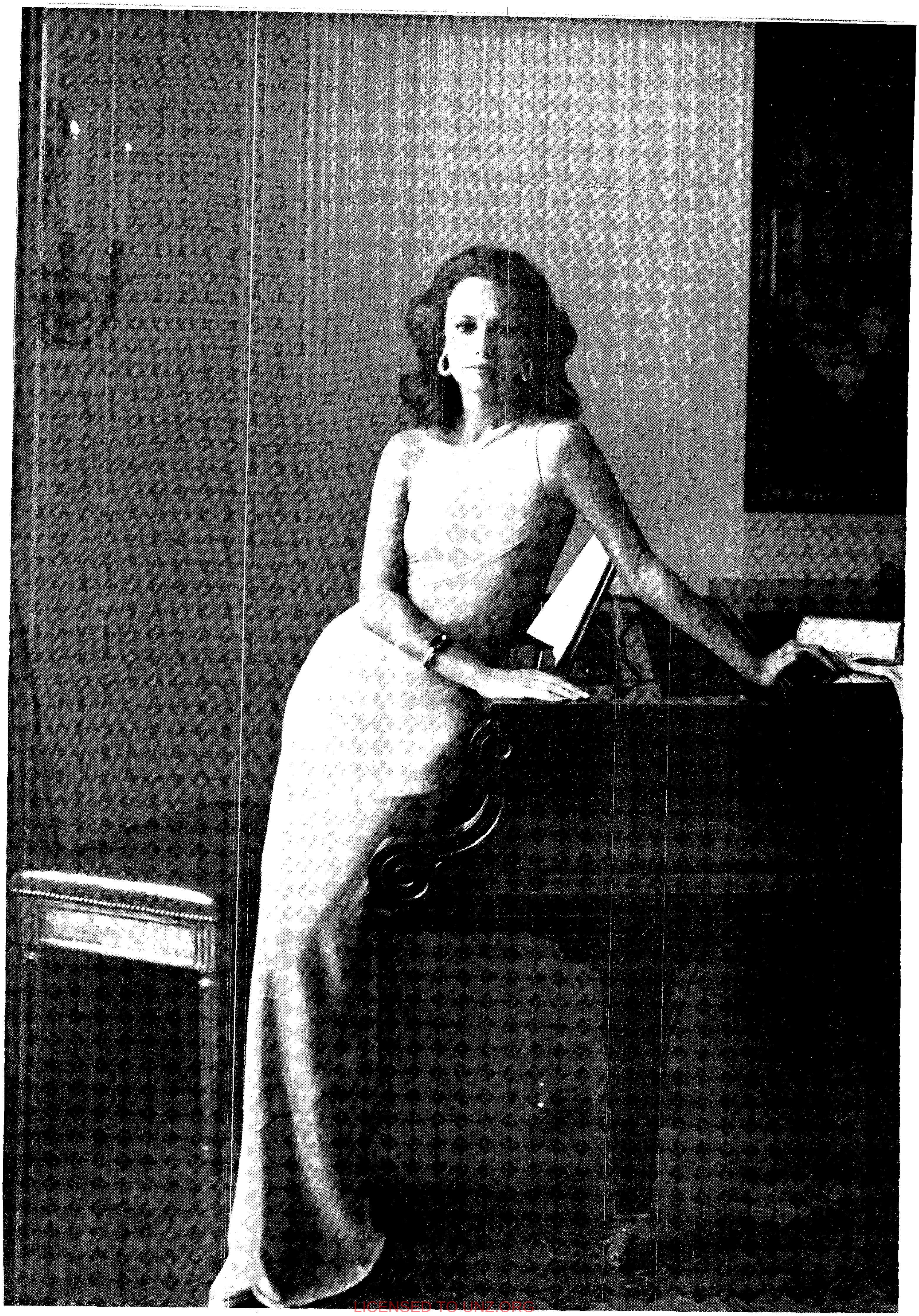
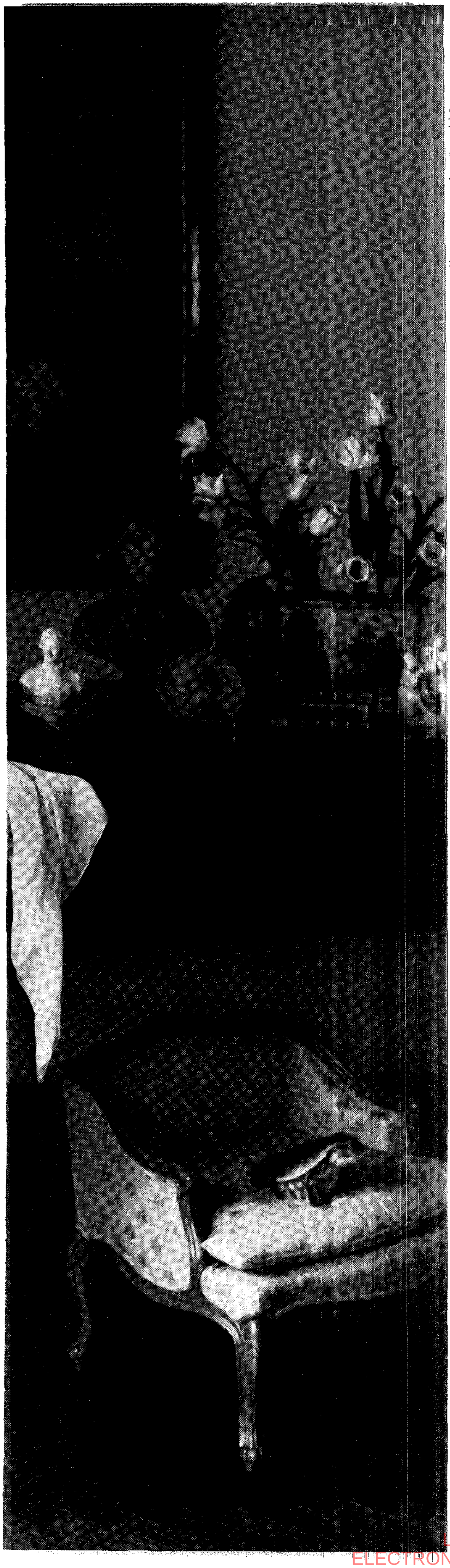
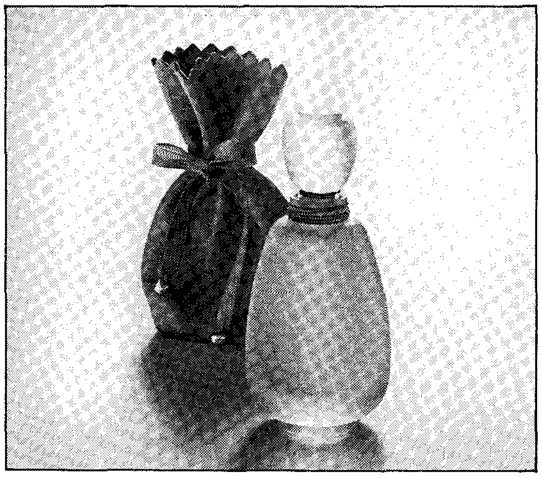




Gown: Bieff-Herrera/Jewelry: Ronald Stone

All you need is
one beautiful drop
to know why Estée Lauder
was keeping

Private Collection Perfume
for herself.



Estée Lauder

©1974 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

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Q. Who's got the freshest fleet?

Q. Who's got the only fully computerized reservation system?

Q. Who gets you a car fast?

Q. Who gives you the fastest completed rental agreement at turn-in?

Q. Who's got the most accurate, legible rental agreements?

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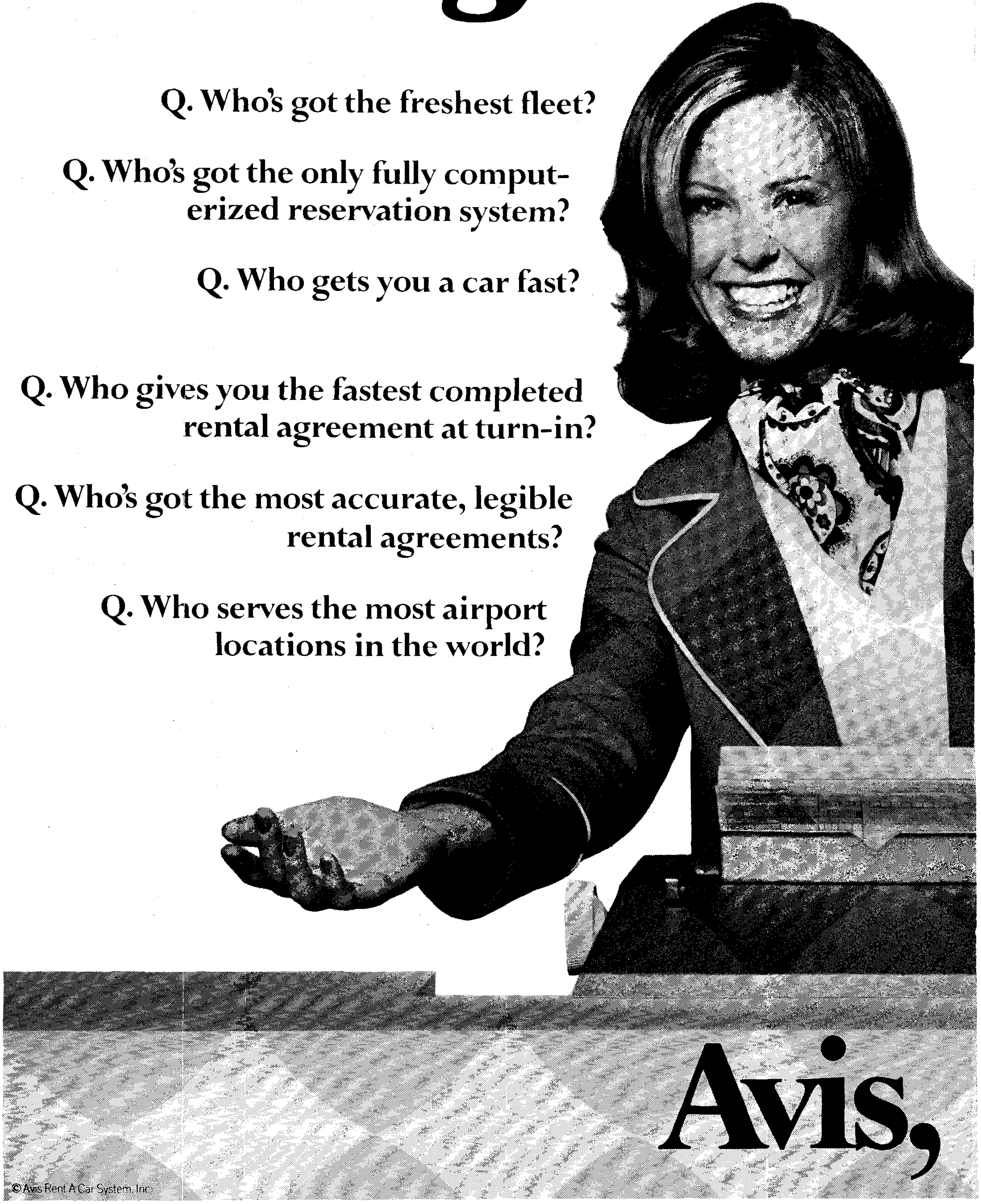

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answers?

A. Avis. We replace most of our cars every 6-7 months.

A. Avis. Our Wizard is the most advanced computer system in the rent a car industry. No mistake about it.

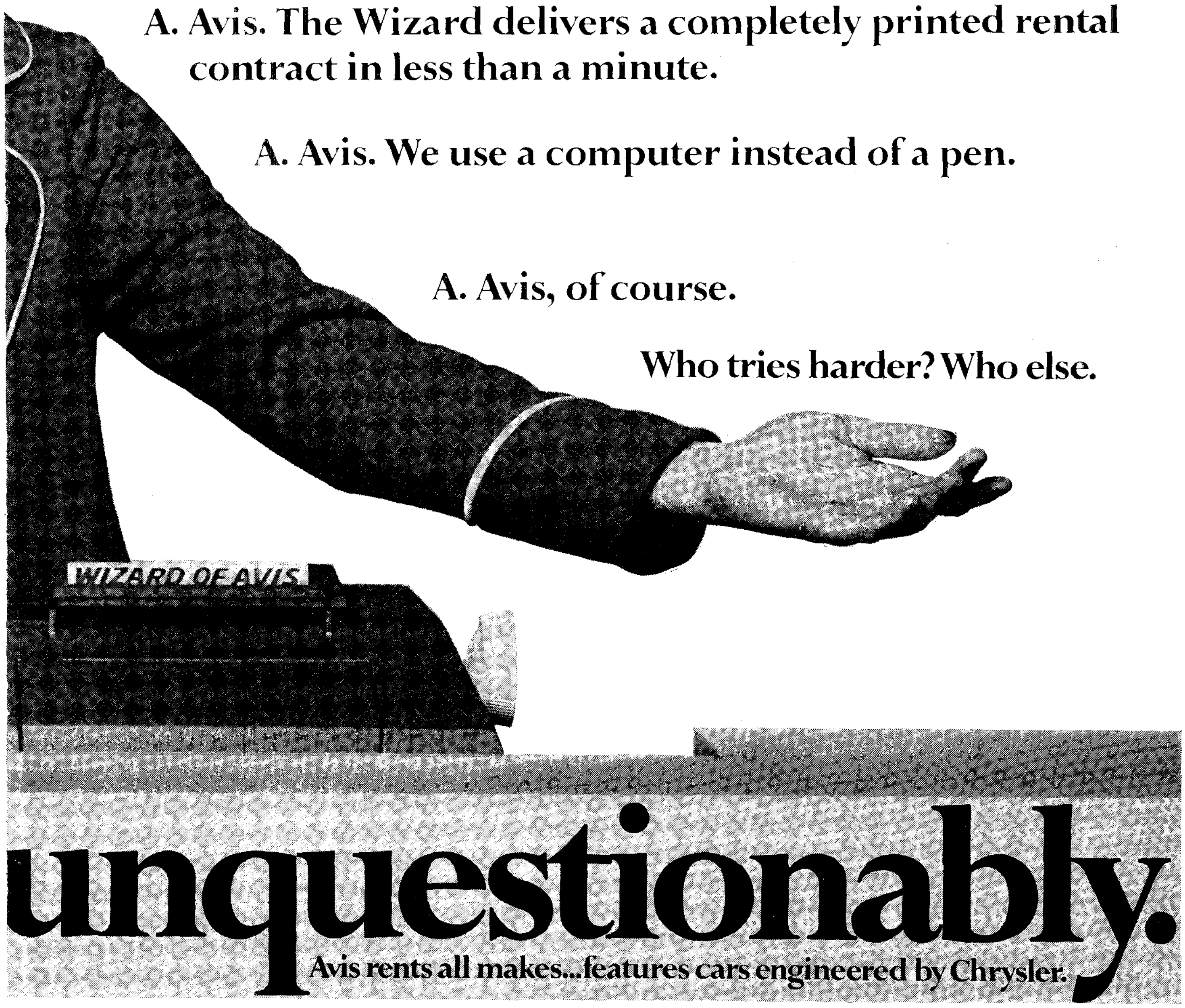
A. Avis. With a free Wizard Number, nobody can get you a car faster.

A. Avis. The Wizard delivers a completely printed rental contract in less than a minute.

A. Avis. We use a computer instead of a pen.

A. Avis, of course.

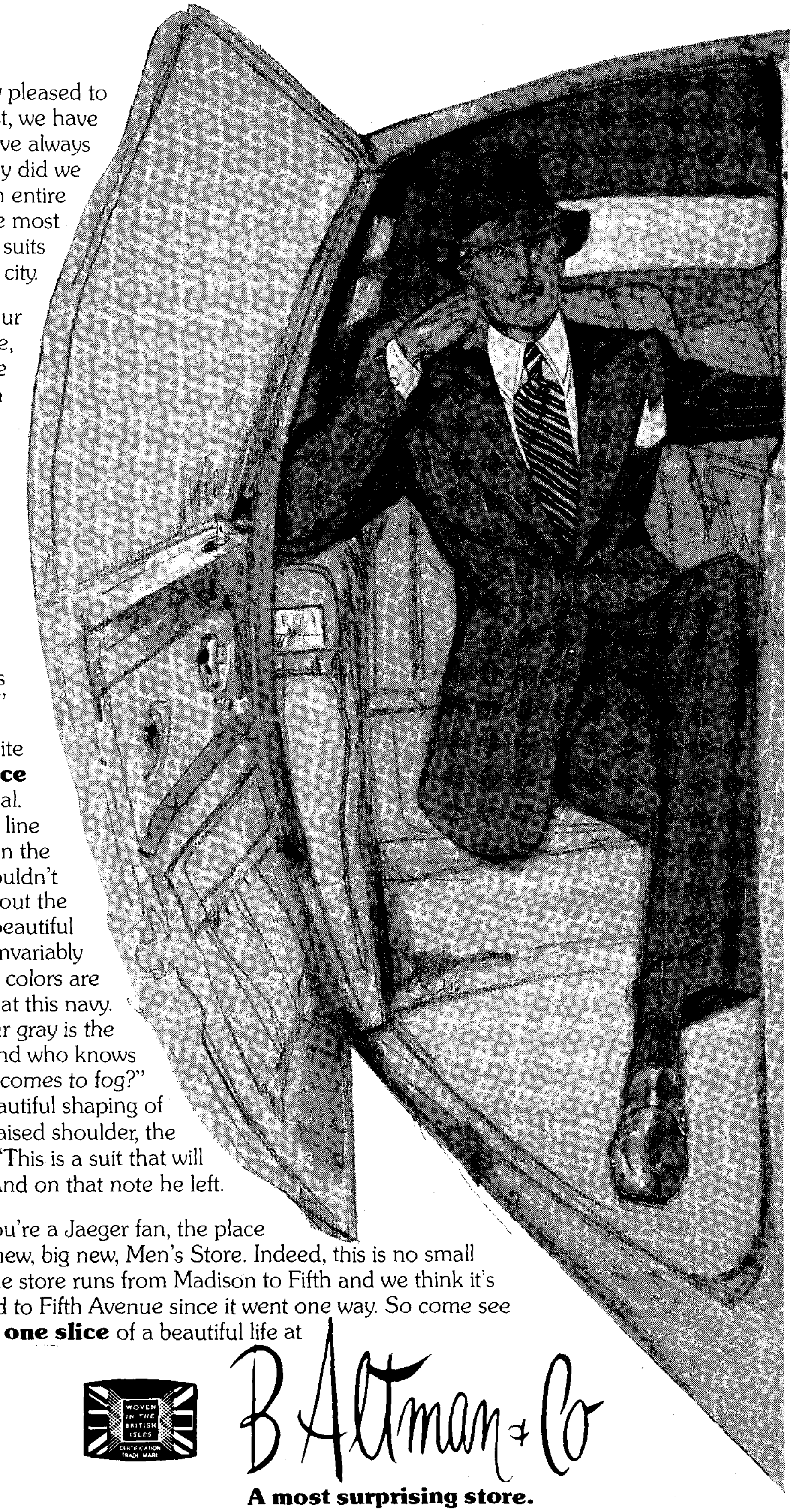
Who tries harder? Who else.



unquestionably.

Avis rents all makes...features cars engineered by Chrysler.

More Jaegers than ever before in our big new Men's Store!



We're particularly pleased to announce that, at long last, we have enough space to do what we've always wanted with Jaeger. Not only did we **expand** our collection into an entire shop, we also cornered the most complete selection of Jaeger suits and accessories in the city.

For the launching, our buyer chose this very handsome, **chalk**-stripe suit. Since we hadn't seen this particular fashion about for a bit, we decided to phone up the Jaeger people and have a chat. A few minutes later their handsome, well dressed (**what else?**) Mr. Reilly arrived. We asked if the stripe was coming back and Mr. Reilly 'lowed how it had never left. "A man's wardrobe is no wardrobe at all without a chalk-stripe in it and this one is most unusual."

We studied the suit quite carefully. It was true. The **space** between stripes is not conventional. It is a bit wider. And the chalk line is a tiny bit heavier than the ordinary stripe. Mr. Reilly couldn't have been more enthusiastic about the fabrics. "All Jaeger fabrics are beautiful British Woollens. They invariably have a beautiful handle. Our colors are better, too. Just look at this navy. That is not just any navy. Our gray is the pearly gray of a good **fog.** And who knows better than the British when it comes to fog?" He then pointed out the beautiful shaping of a Jaeger jacket. The slightly raised shoulder, the slant of the pocket. "This is a suit that will do a man well. Very well." And on that note he left.

Now we can only say, if you're a Jaeger fan, the place to shop is Altman's new, big new, Men's Store. Indeed, this is no small **enterprise.** It's a total entity. The store runs from Madison to Fifth and we think it's the greatest thing that's happened to Fifth Avenue since it went one way. So come see the Jaegers. They're just **one slice** of a beautiful life at

WOVEN IN THE BRITISH ISLES
CERTIFICATION TRADE MARK

B Altman & Co

A most surprising store.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THREE months ago, a friend of ours received this apologetic letter from his stockbroker—one of the most respected brokers on the Street:

> I'm sorry we've done so badly by your securities in the last few years, but the market's behavior, as you will see from the following figures, has been truly confounding: In the period from December 31, 1968, to June 28, 1974, the Dow-Jones industrial average was off approximately fifteen per cent. Standard & Poor's 500 index was off a little more than seventeen per cent. Other indexes for the period give an even more sombre view. The Indicator Digest average for the New York Stock Exchange, which is an unweighted index of all common stocks on the Exchange, was off sixty-five per cent, while the Indicator Digest average for the American Stock Exchange's common stocks was off nearly eighty-five per cent. The Value Line Composite Index, an unweighted index of stocks on both the American and New York Exchanges, and of over-the-counter stocks, was also off by almost sixty-five per cent. Now look at the price/earnings multiples of stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. In January, 1973, there were no stocks in the class having price/earnings multiples of one to four. About five per cent were in the five-to-eight class, nearly fifty per cent in the nine-to-fourteen class, and fourteen per cent in the thirty-or-over class. In May of this year, twenty per cent were in the one-to-four class, and more than fifty per cent were in the eight-or-under class. Only two per cent were in the thirty-or-over class.

"Those mind-boggling statistics just about wiped me out," our friend told us. In desperation, he sent off for an "inflation-survival kit" that had come to his attention through a junk-mail circular. In the kit he found two issues of Jim McKeever's *Inflation Survival Letter* and one copy of Oakley R. Bramble's *Inflation Survival Manual.* McKeever wrote that Dr. Robert Cancro, professor of psychiatry at the University of Connecticut, had concluded that most Americans viewed inflation as a thief in the night who walked off with their stocks and bonds, their cash and savings, their very homes and jobs. McKeever went on to contend that democratic government, by its very nature, lacked the political will to bring the thief to heel and put him behind bars. Consequently, the country could be approaching bankruptcy and a time when everyone would have to scramble for food and other necessities. McKeever mentioned the probability of widespread violence, or what he termed "wall-to-wall riots," in America.

McKeever and Bramble both urged their readers, at the very least, to liquidate their positions in the stock market, because the bear market was here to stay; to sell their property in the city, because the city was liable to the "depredations of urban mobs;" to put some money in futures contracts in Mexican pesos, because pesos alone among major foreign currencies still enjoyed a fixed rate of exchange with the dollar; to invest in South African gold stocks, because through the years every last one of them—Buffelsfontein, Hartebeestfontein, Vaal Reefs, Winkelhaak, Harmony—had made money; and to take to the woods. Once in the woods, the inflation-survivors should prepare for the imminent social and economic war. They should find, in the words of the newsletter, "a remote personal haven consisting of at least ten acres of heavily wooded land, a fixed or mobile shelter, a safe water supply and waste-disposal system, an orchard and land cleared for a garden and an underground storage area containing at least a two- or three-year supply of durable foods, weapons and ammunition, tools and equipment for sustained self-sufficiency, a seed library, and an extensive collection of reference books on all topics pertinent to retreating."

Our friend cut his losses, said goodbye to his respected broker, and, the last we heard, was holed up in the Vermont woods in a well-appointed, well-stocked retreat, with his gun, his loom, his supply of Noah's Ark freeze-dried, dehydrated food with a shelf life of from eight to ten years, and other musts from the McKeever/Bramble lists. He writes that he is finally free of all hopes and anxieties—ups and downs, high-fliers and dogs, peaking and bottoming out, bulls and bears.

• •

Birthday Child

THE Morgan Library is celebrating its fiftieth birthday, and in the spring of 1973 its director, Charles Ryskamp, began to ask some of its friends—officially called Fellows—whether they might like to give something from their collections (most Morgan Fellows are collectors) in honor of the event. The response was warm, and in the fall of that year a letter was sent to all six hundred Fellows with a similar request. The response to this was, in the director's adjective, "overwhelming," as the current show, "Gifts in Honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary"—a partial selection—attests. "What I really had in mind," Mr. Ryskamp said to us just before an anniversary party the other night, "was that people might have one or two things to give us. Well, Arthur Houghton gave us the autograph manuscript of the libretto for 'Die Meistersinger'—we had nothing of Wagner of that importance—but along with certain major items people began to offer to pledge whole libraries. 'Come and look,' they said, and I did, all over Connecticut and Long Island; the problem was how to turn down things tactfully that we really couldn't use. What became clear was the affection people have for this institution. Paul Horgan, the writer, offered us twenty master drawings, because he liked our shows so much; he brought them here in a station wagon, and we chose four, one of which, a Dutch landscape, is in the show. So are a Signac and a Mondrian, from Mrs. Daisy Shapiro. Neither of these persons was a Fellow; they just liked the place. The Mondrian is one of his early watercolors—a study of a red dahlia. Eddie Warburg, who *is* a Fellow, gave us a superb early-sixteenth-century Paduan School bronze statuette of Atlas; he said he was grateful to the Morgan, because its research library has made Jewish refugee scholars feel so welcome there. Another present not quite in our usual line, but also gladly received, was Pierpont Morgan's matchbox. His son, J. P. Morgan, gave it to Dr. James W. Markoe, his father's friend, after his father's death, and Dr. Markoe's daughter, Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, gave it to us. It's in the show. Fourteen-carat gold, initialled 'JPM' in platinum and diamonds, with a small sapphire knob. It has some of the original matches in it. After giving it to me, for the library," Mr. Ryskamp continued, "Mr. Schieffelin said, 'I have something for *you*,' and he handed me a cigar case containing four of Pierpont Morgan's cigars. Not in the show. In my desk."

All in all, the Morgan's birthday presents, not counting pledges, came to between two and two and a half million dollars' worth of objects. Some of them were bought by the Library with money allocated for specific purchases. The first book printed in France, a 1470 "Epistolae," by Gasparinus Barzizius, was financed largely by Douglas Dillon; Benjamin Franklin's 1744 account of "the new invented Pennsylvanian fire-places" was bought as the gift of Henry S. Morgan. Promised gifts are included in the show. Among these, at the party, which three hundred people came to, we admired a genealogical roll of the "Descent of the Kings of England" from Noah to Edward IV and his daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. This has been earmarked for the Morgan by Dr. Curt F. Bühler, a loyal employee and alumnus, as a posthumous gift. A retired Morgan "keeper of books" who is now "research fellow for texts emeritus," and who is a noted historian and collector, he is leaving to the library one hundred incunabula, some two hundred other early printed books, and around sixty manuscripts of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance—along with a fund. Funds are welcome at the Morgan; the director likes to point out that gifts available for maintenance are practically unheard of, and that inflation has not bypassed East Thirty-sixth Street. "No one will believe us," he says, "but we have a large operating deficit."

The anniversary exhibit is too large and too varied to do justice to in the Talk of the Town Department of *The New Yorker*. Go to it yourself. It closes November 3rd. Let us hastily mention, however, letters from Veronese, Rubens, Piranesi, Manet, and Gauguin; a manuscript by Rimski-Korsakov (very hard to come by); a vituperative letter from Ezra Pound (not so hard to come by); and a charming watercolor of an English castle given by Arnold Whitridge in memory of his wife. And let us close on a note of serendipity. This involves an album of watercolor drawings of flowers and plants done for Louis XV by Charles-Germain de Saint-Aubin. "It has been referred to as his masterpiece," Mr. Ryskamp said, "and it has been promised to us by Mrs. Paul Mellon. I picked it out, at the Mellon place in Virginia, from a number of choices that were offered; I didn't realize that two pages were missing. I flew back with it, and checked on what we had of the artist. We had the two missing drawings—a portrait of Saint-Aubin by his brother Augustin, and the original title page! We had bought them in 1956, long before I came here." (Mr. R. was an instructor in English at Princeton in 1956.)

No. Let us conclude with an Overheard Remark at the party. "What a disaster photography was," a lady at our elbow said as she gazed at a sixteenth-century book rich in engravings, "when you think how beautiful all these cuts are!"

Plot

MOST operas combine intricate music with fairly simplistic plots. "Death in Venice," the new Benjamin Britten work that is now in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera, is an exception to this rule, because, like Wagner, it can be interpreted on any number of musical and philosophical levels. The libretto is based on the multilayered novella by Thomas Mann; the score is a tightly woven web of interlocking leitmotivs; and the semi-abstract production walks a fine line between the real Venice and the troubled hero's perception of the outside world. These facts were borne in on us when we attended a cast party on opening night and found fifty-odd guests sipping champagne and arguing over what the opera was really about. We took an informal poll in the Eleanor Belmont Room—a private club on the third floor of the opera house—and came up with the following theories: (1) "Death in Venice" is the story of an aging author who falls in love with a beautiful Polish boy and imprudently stays on in Venice, where he dies in a cholera epidemic. (2) The opera is about an overly intellectual writer who desperately attempts to recapture the spontaneous emotions of his youth. (3) It is about the eternal conflict between Apollo, who represents order, and Dionysus, who represents chaos. (4) It is about a man, a city, and a civilization, all of which are slowly dying of some mysterious illness.

We made our way through the crowd to ask the librettist, Myfanwy Piper, for her view. "I think it's emotion versus intellect," said Mrs. Piper, a handsome woman in her sixties, who has pale-blue eyes, a small, straight nose, and shoulder-length brown hair. "In one of his letters, Mann says that he wanted to write about a passion that really went wrong, an ideal attitude toward love that became degrading in old age. He first thought of writing about the seventy-year-old Goethe, who fell in love with a very young girl. And then, Mann says, he decided to write about a homosexual experience, because he wanted to make the breakdown of a personality that much more difficult. Gustav von Aschenbach starts with an abstract, ideal love of beauty, in the Platonic sense, but because he is so unused to normal human relationships, and because he becomes ill with cholera, he finds himself obsessed with the boy Tadzio in a way that is totally outside his normal moral framework."

A burst of applause signalled the arrival of Peter Pears, the distinguished, white-haired British tenor, who plays Aschenbach. When, shortly afterward, we asked Mr. Pears for his interpretation of the plot, he pointed out that it was based on something that had happened to Thomas Mann when he visited Venice in 1911. "Mann was only thirty-five at the time, but he projected himself ahead, to make the feeling of decadence more convincing," said Mr. Pears. "He was in fact fascinated by a Polish boy, and there is no doubt that he followed the boy and his family around and watched them. The irony of it is: Here am I, at sixty-four, playing Aschenbach at fifty. For me, he's a man who has suddenly found something in himself that alarms him and that he accepts for a brief moment before it overwhelms him. Aschenbach has always controlled himself, and he is aware that some spontaneous element is lacking in his life. And his descent into illness parallels the renewal of the life force through this irregular and alarming feeling."

"Tell us about your music," we said.

"Well, there's a great deal of it," replied Mr. Pears. "I'm onstage virtually all evening, except for two short scenes. There are three kinds of music: the arioso, which is half intonation, half expression; the aria, which is completely classical; and the free, expressive, unaccompanied recitative, which represents Aschenbach's report on his feelings and progress toward the end. The technique of the recitative was suggested by the music of Heinrich Schütz, who wrote the narration for his own 'Passions' with black notes that have heads but no tails. Each note, therefore, is a pitch, but of indefinable length. It was this vocal freedom of rhythm that interested Benjamin. He's written all of my recitatives in the Schütz manner, so that I can deliver them as I like."

We congratulated Mr. Pears on a remarkable performance and crossed the room to chat with John Shirley-Quirk, a tall, curly-haired bass-baritone, who sings seven roles in the opera. "But I play only one character," said Mr. Shirley-Quirk, who was wolfing down a plate of food after an exhausting evening of quick costume changes. "He's Nemesis, or Hermes—the messenger who leads Aschenbach to death. Or, if you like, I represent the element of chaos, which Aschenbach, as a writer, expressly shunned during his early search for beauty of form. To my way of thinking, 'Death in Venice' is about the perennial conflict in the universe between creativity and destruction. I represent destruction, or the degradation of form into lesser things. Since I used to be a scientist, I can express it best as an increase in entropy." He grinned. "It's the Third Law of Thermodynamics, isn't it? With any physical process, there is an increase in entropy, which can be described as a degree of chaos or disorder. Now, either this degradation is taking place at exactly the same rate as formulation—which is Hoyle—or we are in a process in the universe where only degradation is taking place. Presumably, on some other planet or in some other universe the reverse process should be in progress. If you believe in the Big Bang theory—that in the beginning there was complete order, which exploded—you have to accept the fact that we are still part of that ever-increasing bang. And, as the universe expands, the degree of disorder increases. The human struggle is against this disorder; it's an attempt to create form and order out of chaos. This is a very fundamental natural process, which Mann saw in human terms."

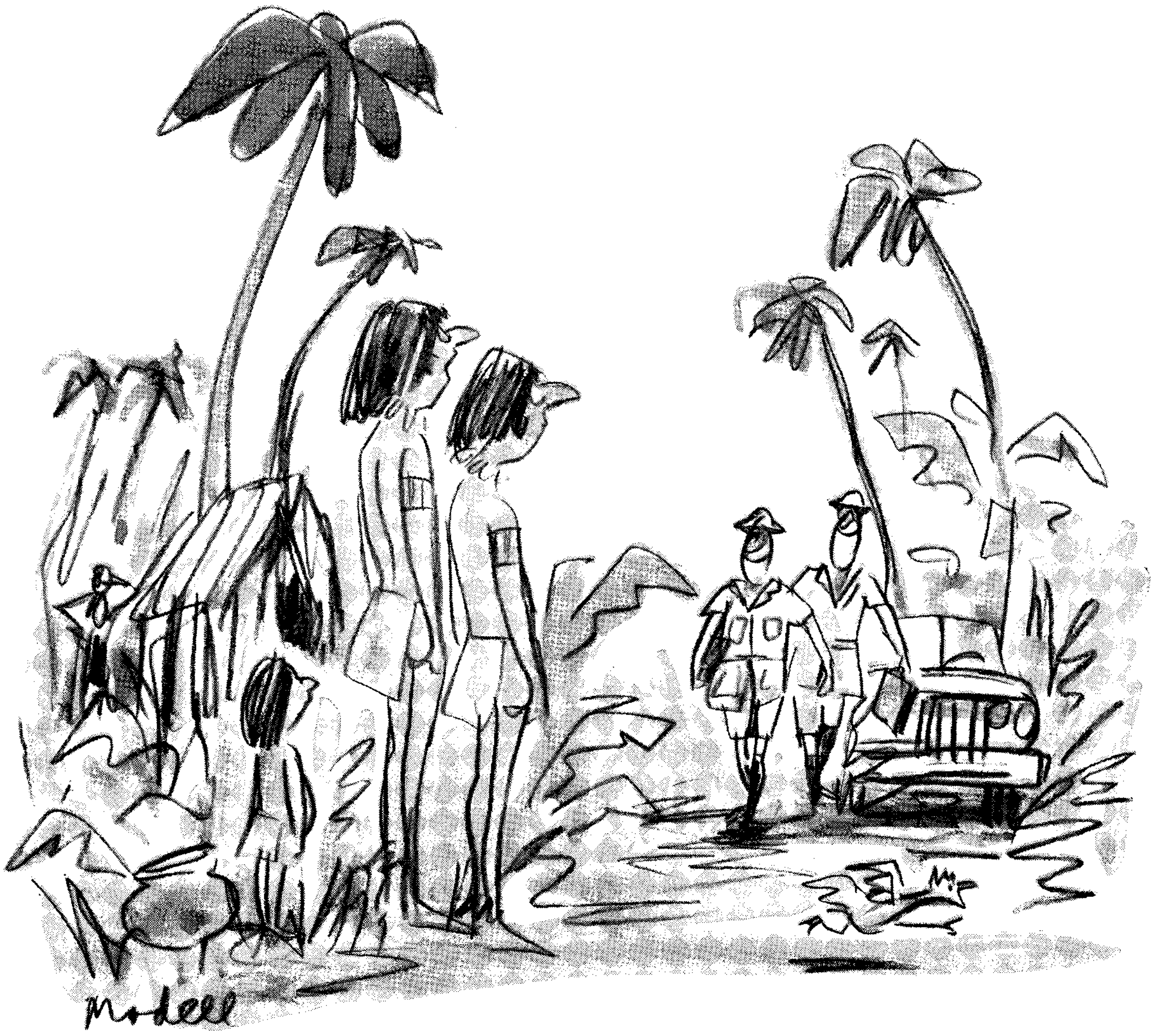
"What kind of scientist were you?" we asked.

"I studied physical chemistry at the University of Liverpool," replied Mr. Shirley-Quirk, "and I didn't switch to a professional vocal career until I was thirty. But, believe me, I'm a better singer than I was a scientist."

Dirty Tricks

Hang Chow was the name of a Chinese restaurant that used to do business on Seventy-ninth Street near Lexington Avenue. Without ever having eaten there, we have to assume that Hang Chow's food was only so-so, because the restaurant closed down last spring despite its "high-visibility location." We know that Seventy-ninth and Lex. is an h.-v.l. because John Steele, who is managing State Senator Roy Goodman's reëlection campaign in the Twenty-sixth District, which covers most of the East Side, told us so. In fact, Mr. Steele is so adept at recognizing an h.-v.l. that he decided to place a ten-by-sixteen-foot billboard in Hang Chow's windows that read "RE-ELECT STATE SENATOR ROY M. GOODMAN." Mr. Steele says he was aware that Hang Chow was directly across the street from the headquarters of Joan Kaplan Davidson, Senator Goodman's Democratic opponent.

At eleven o'clock on a recent evening, Sally Morse and Kenneth Craddock, workers in the Davidson campaign, took it upon themselves to tear down several Goodman posters that had been stapled around lampposts at Eighty-second Street and Third Avenue. They were caught doing this by John Steele, who accused them of lit-



"Here come the representatives from the overdeveloped countries."

tering. Sally Morse argued that it's illegal to put signs on lampposts, which are public property. Putting aside for the moment the fact that Sally Morse is correct, the average armchair political quarterback must ask, "Were Sally Morse and Kenneth Craddock merely doing their duty as good citizens, or were they motivated by partisan considerations?"

Sally Morse on the subject: "Tearing down signs? Well, it's just *done* in campaigns. Besides, those Goodman signs drove me berserk. They're everywhere."

Not long after the contretemps at Eighty-second Street, Sally Morse and Kenneth Craddock were cruising Second Avenue in the Seventies when they saw someone defacing—literally defacing—a Davidson poster. "I couldn't believe it," says Sally Morse. "There was this man meticulously picking at Joan Davidson's face on a poster. Not her name, mind you, just her face. Picking. I mean picking—piece by piece. Then, all of a sudden, this drunk comes up and starts abusing the face-picker for littering the neighborhood. We thought maybe the drunk was actually a Goodman campaign worker who was just part of the act—you know, very tricky. It turns out, though, that the guy wasn't a Goodman worker at all; he was a legitimate drunk. Joan Davidson's face is, I think, one of her major assets. I think maybe the defacer just wanted to get her face out of there. On the other hand, maybe he's a sickie."

Or maybe the defacer thought that he was *un*littering the neighborhood. Goodness knows, there have been more than enough campaign posters to go around these days—enough to prompt Robert A. Low, the Environmental Protection Administrator, to publish a series of "Dirty Dozen" lists, citing candidates who have put political posters in forbidden places. (Mr. Goodman made the latest list.) The politicians argue that inflation has forced them to spend more money on balloons, buttons, shopping bags, and, of course, posters, and less on television and newspaper advertising. Senator Goodman's people brag that they've put Goodman signs not only on almost every bus that goes through the Twenty-sixth District but also on several buses that run outside the district, up the West Side and into Harlem. The Goodman campaign also sports a station wagon with a big sign on top reading "MOBILE OFFICE, ROY M. GOODMAN, STATE SENATOR." Mrs. Davidson herself told us that the Goodman people engineered a massive "coverup" at Sixty-sixth and Lexington, where a couple of dozen Goodman signs were pasted over Davidson signs. Since then, however, someone has covered up most of the Goodman signs with posters proclaiming the wonders of Yogi Gupta, who, as far as we know, isn't running for anything.

And, as if all these scandals weren't enough to demoralize the voters in the Twenty-sixth District, we've learned of a one-man political vendetta by an eight-year-old, whose real name is Larry but whom we'll call the Littlest Dirty Trickster. His idea of a neat way to spend an afternoon after school is to go around town tearing down Goodman posters. This is the transcript of a recent telephone conversation with him:

Talk of the Town: Why are you tearing down the posters?

Littlest Dirty Trickster: Because I don't like Goodman. I hear he doesn't do the right things. Excuse me. (*Away from the mouthpiece*) Jenny, get out of here! (*Back into the mouthpiece*) That was my little sister. I take down nine or ten Goodman posters a day. It doesn't really help, though, because they're all over the place.

TT: Which posters are you getting—the ones that are pasted up or just the ones that are stapled to lampposts?

LDT: Both.

TT: Did you know that it's illegal to attach posters to lampposts?

LDT (*unconvincingly*): Yeah. That's why I'm taking them down.

TT: Come on. You didn't really know that till just now, did you?

LDT: O.K. No, I didn't.

TT: What does your mother think of all this?

LDT: She thinks what I'm doing is illegal.

TT: Is there anything else you'd like to tell us?

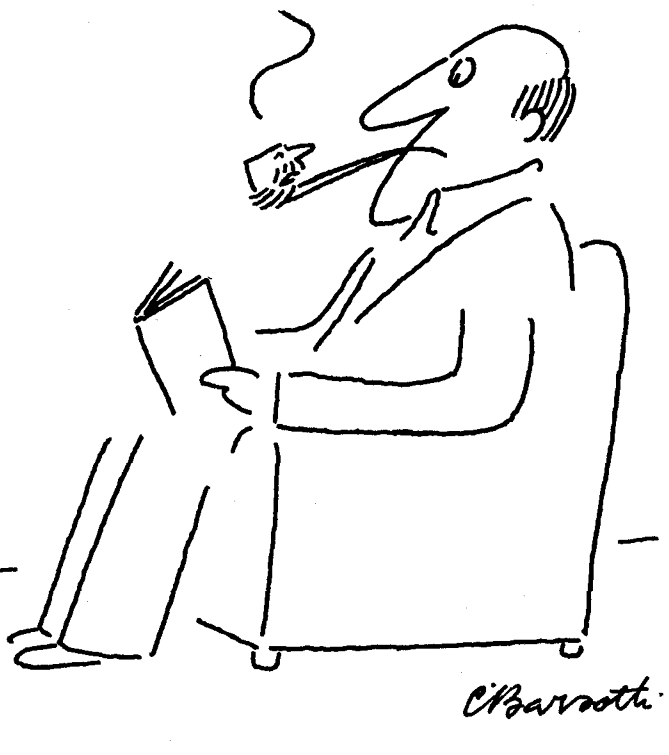
LDT: Yeah. When am I going to be on television?

Bandwagon

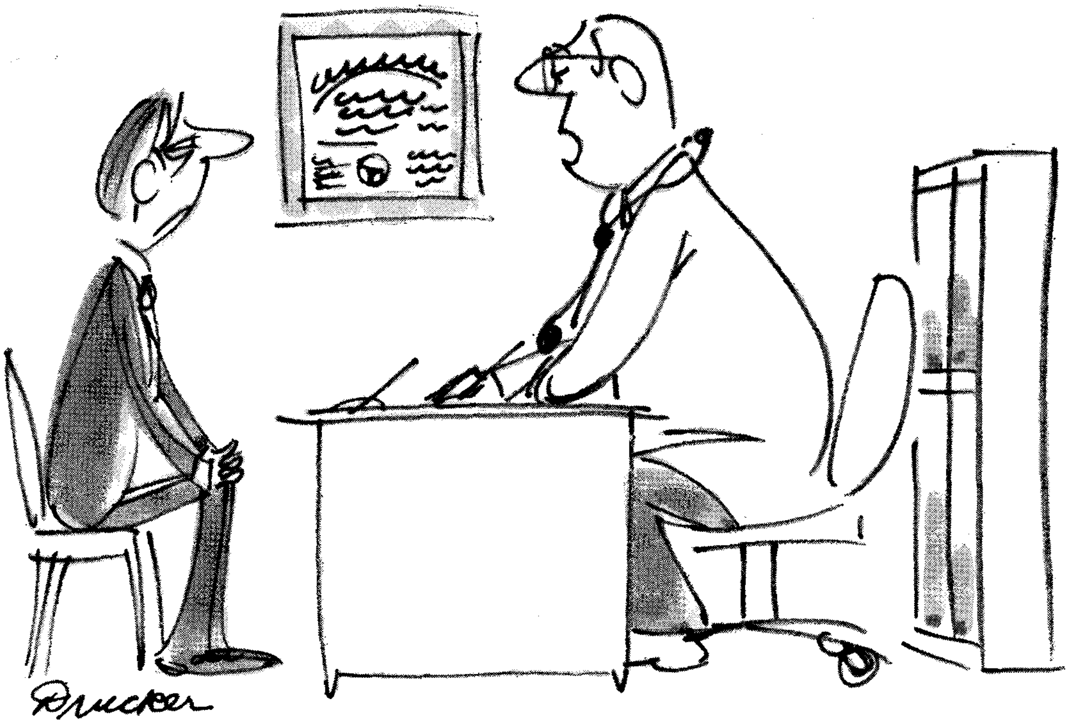
THE big innovation in political campaigns this fall is TRAINS. Here is a special report from E. M. Frimbo, world's greatest train buff, old friend, from a train somewhere in Pennsylvania:

Good evening, my fellow-citizens, this is the Honorable Ernest M. Frimbo speaking to you near the end of a gruelling tripartite gubernatorial campaign. The governors have taken to the trains this fall, and I'm so happy I could kiss a baby. I'm beginning to get the feeling that every time I clamber aboard a train now I meet another governor. First, it was the Honorable Malcolm Wilson, New York's governor, whom I encountered on the inaugural run of the Adirondack, the new day train from New York to Montreal—a vehicle used by the Governor to proclaim his interest in reëstablishing passenger service in northern New York State in this time of crisis. But I've already told you all about that trip.

There was another governor—Governor William Milliken, of Michigan—on board the very next train I took. This was the first run of another new Amtrak train, the Blue Water Limited, which goes from Chicago across Michigan to Port Huron, just this side of the Canadian border. (They're even giving trains the right sort of names again.) It is a train sponsored in large part by the State of Michigan. Governor Milliken is up for reëlection, like Governor Wilson, and he, too, was



"Turn the page."



"Another thing. Let's lay off the health foods for a while."

using the train—a well-turned-out affair indeed—as a moving platform for his campaign, the most interesting aspect of which, to me, was his specific and detailed plan for reinstituting passenger service to neglected portions of Michigan in this time of crisis. And this man is governor of the one state whose principal industry is, of course, making automobiles!

And here I am in Scranton, Pennsylvania, on a special train chartered by Governor Milton Shapp, of Pennsylvania, a Democrat who is running for reëlection on a pro-railroad ticket against a Republican opponent who, the Governor likes to point out, is a trustee of the Reading Railroad, a bankrupt line that wants to get rid of a lot of itself. Governor Shapp is also running against the federal Department of Transportation, which I sometimes think wants to get rid of everything. Except maybe highways. The Secretary of the Department is an oilman.

Governor Shapp is also campaigning against a new plan—which will soon be presented to Congress—to rip up nearly one-third of all the railroad tracks in the Northeast, including a few lines that are operating at a profit. Many people whose factories lie along these lines are worrying about their future. One friend of mine, a steel-warehouser in a town that shipped four thousand carloads of freight last year, was told by the planners that the town and the railroad on which it is situated do not exist. He seems upset. It's interesting to note that some of the lines to be ripped up and sold for scrap are competitors of the Penn Central, whose bankruptcy burned the well-manicured fingers of a bunch of Eastern bankers. Well, well! The basic idea of—and I quote—"a streamlined, high-volume network which would involve some consolidation of trunk routes used by competing railways, including those which are still operating profitably" came out of the head offices of an extremely profitable Western railroad with excellent Eastern banking connections and access to an enormous volume of mostly undeveloped mineral resources. Not to mention square miles of land on which new factories could quickly be erected. Governor Shapp seems to be unhappy with this plan, and I imagine a lot of other people are, too.

The Governor's special campaign train is spending its entire two-day career on the tracks of bankrupt railroads, some of whose tracks are in imminent danger of being bandersnatched. This is the Governor's second campaign train. In 1970, he hired a bunch of cars from the Penn Central, whose merger he opposed from the start—and wasn't he right about that? The reporters who attended him on that train complained about the rowdiness of the accommodations, so this year the Governor's office decided to call upon my friend George Pins, the New York lawyer, who owns the Pennsylvania—the sumptuous private car that was once the domain of a president of the old Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Pins thereupon also drafted the well-appointed private cars of two of his friends—cars known as Eugene Field, after the author of "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," and Lionel Ives, after Lionel and Ives, the once famous makers of toy trains. He also drafted into service his private catering staff, and the result was more a rolling houseparty than a drag race. In fact, the reporters spent almost as much time interviewing the owners of the private cars about their treasures as they did talking to the Governor. The two most memorable professional men aboard were a Lehigh Valley Railroad conductor in his resplendent uniform (which had been unemployed since the last run of the Black Diamond Express, sixteen years ago) and a Bell Telephone supervisor. The conductor was one of the locals who were recruited for verisimilitude by the casting director of the movie "The Molly Maguires." The conductor played the hangman. The telephone man was in charge of a radiotelephone on the train and five normal telephones. Wherever we stopped to let the Governor make a back-platform speech, two Bell apprentices appeared with a two-hundred-foot stretch of cable and hooked up these phones for the benefit of the press. Then the supervisor pulled out of his vest pocket a set of stickers bearing the local area code, and telephone numbers never to be used again. It was instantaneous. Why can't the railroads run like that?

In Avoca, in the Vale of Avoca, a town badly knocked about by Hurricane Agnes, the tracks are still in such terrible shape that the train had to proceed at a speed of three miles an hour. So skillful was the engineer that not a drop of the reporters' iced tea was spilled.

There was a bash at a local hotel tonight, here in Scranton, where the Governor's Special was the first passenger train to arrive in a long, long time. Three of us who are sleeping aboard the train got into a cab after dinner, and the following conversation occurred over the cabbie's intercom:

DRIVER: Mac, this is No. 18. I've got three passengers for the Delaware-Lackawanna Railroad Station.

DISPATCHER: You got *wha-a-at?*

DRIVER: Honest. I've got three fares for the railway station.

DISPATCHER: Bill, call me when you feel better.

PLAINFOLKS

(A HANDBOOK OF SURVIVAL SKILLS, FOLKWAYS, PRACTICAL WISDOM, AND USEFUL INFORMATION, COMPILED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES AND REFLECTING "THE WAY IT USED TO BE")

PREFACE

WHEN several of my twelfth-grade English students approached me last winter with the idea of putting out a book of local folkways and folklore, I was frankly skeptical. So many such books have been published lately, showing how to make cane baskets, spin wool, deliver babies, build log cabins, bake cornpone, call hogs, pluck chickens, and so on, that I doubted that any lore remained undiscovered. Then, too, our school is located in a fairly new suburb. Thirty years ago, there was nothing here but miles of swamp and the Farrell Mink Farm.

Fortunately, I gave my permission, and the result is *Plainfolks*. Except for some editing here and there, it is entirely a student project, and it began last October during our two-week section on Tom Wolfe, when one of the boys brought a model of a 1957 Chevrolet to class. Suddenly everyone became very interested. How was the chassis lowered? Why? What was the technical term for the chrome-plated exhaust pipes extending from the engine? Soon we were discussing the fifties and sixties in terms of real people and what they had actually done. It made literature come alive.

To learn more, the students borrowed tape recorders from the Media Center and went home to interview older brothers and sisters, neighbors, and others who had firsthand knowledge of the period. For many students, this was their first real attempt at communication with the older generation. They discovered that these persons have much to teach us, if only we are willing to listen. That is the true purpose of *Plainfolks*.

BOOKCASES

KENNY DODGE lives in a three-room apartment near the University, where he has resided ever since he was a student there fourteen years ago. He is a tall, soft-spoken man, who enjoys telling stories about his work with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, the Freedom Rides, and other historic events he remembers from his youth. While we were visiting him one evening, we noticed several handmade bookcases in the living room and asked him to tell us how he had made them.

"This is a simple bookcase," he said, pointing to the shelves behind his chair. "You pile four bricks on the floor to support a plank—two bricks at either end—then more bricks on that plank to support a second plank, and so on. The thickness of the plank sort of depends on how heavy the books are. You just have to judge for yourself. I prefer old bricks, but new ones would work, too, I suppose.

"Over here is the kind of bookcase you have to nail together. You lay it all out on the floor and make sure all the shelves are the same length. Then you nail the sides to the shelves. You have to be sure to nail each shelf at both ends—otherwise, of course, it won't hold. And be sure to put your heavier books on the lower shelves and the light ones on the upper shelves. If you do it the other way around, it could fall right down on top of you."

DAVE LA PRESTI

WAY out in Apple Ridge, beyond the airport, lives Dave La Presti, with his wife, Ann, and their two children, Craig and Dale. The house is hard to find, tucked back in the woods at the end of Belle Vista Drive. The La Prestis have named their house and half acre "Casa Verde." "We enjoy the quiet out here, and everything is a lot simpler than in the city," Dave explains. "I can take the Interstate and be at work in twenty-five minutes."

Dave is an accomplished craftsman and has built most of the lamps and tables in the house. Ann makes many of her own clothes. Both boys make birdhouses, which they sell to neighbors. We had heard about Dave from the older brother of one of the girls in the class, who told us Dave could blow smoke rings better than anyone else he knew. We asked Dave to show us how, and he lit up a cigarette.

Judith Shahn

"You have to take in enough smoke to blow three or four rings," he said. "The first one generally isn't much good, but you can make adjustments for the next one and then get off a couple of real dandies. You don't inhale, of course, and you don't really *blow* the smoke. You sort of squeeze it out around your tongue with your cheeks. Like this." He blew a ring. "If you do it right, it should have a slight clockwise spin on it. Watch." He blew another. "A good ring'll hold its shape all the way to the ceiling."

He told us he had heard of a man who used to be able to blow smoke rings out of his nose. "I never saw it, myself," he said. "I doubt that it will ever be done again."

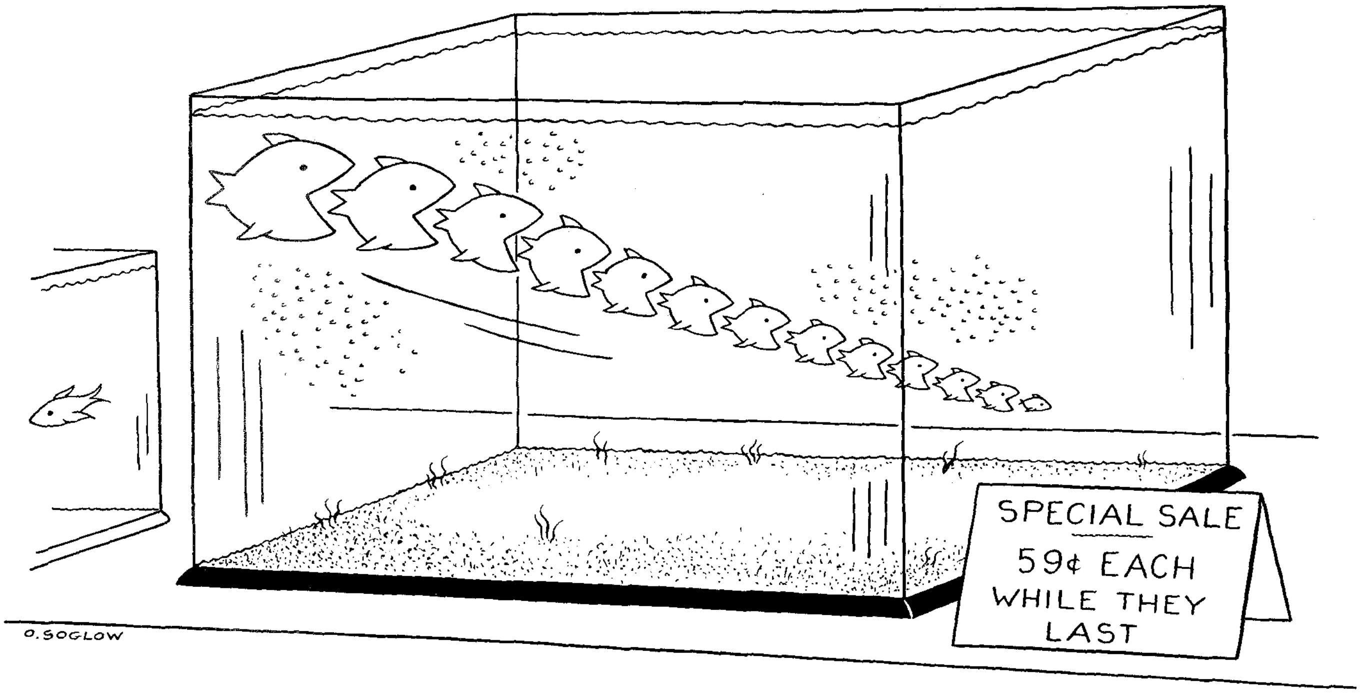
A few minutes later, while we were saying goodbye, he blew another smoke ring for us—a beauty. "The old man can still cut it," he said, chuckling. "It can't really be taught," he added. "Either you've got it or you don't."

SNOW ART

MARY McDERMOTT: "In the winter when I was a kid, we'd all go outside to play in the snow—*all* of us kids would do it. Nowadays, I don't know, it just seems there's less of that. But back then we'd be outside havin' fun. At least, we thought it was fun. Of course, maybe fun was different then. Fun was what you *made* it, y'know. Today, I don't know, seems like kids have to have their fun made *for* 'em. Anyway, we useta make angels in the snow. We'd lay down and slide our arms up 'n down to make the wings and our legs back 'n forth to make the robe. That was fun. And then on the school bus, y'know, the windows would be all frosted up, and we'd stick our fists on'm to make little footprints. Or blow on'm and make holes in the frost. You don't see so many angels or footprints anymore. . . . Of course, they do still build snowmen, but they don't work so hard at 'em. We useta pour water on ours, and it'd freeze and they'd keep till spring. That was something, I'll tell you. I'm thirty-two now, and I remember us doing all that. It was a custom, I guess—all of us kids would do it. Nowadays, I don't know."

DON WOJCAK

MANY model-railroad sets are sold today, but most are discarded after a few years, and few track own-



ers ever develop a complex, totally integrated layout with a realistic landscape. We looked at dozens of small layouts, most of them kept on Ping-Pong tables in basements, before we found Don Wojcak, a postal supervisor who's been developing his layout since World War II. His spread now occupies the entire third floor of the large Colonial home where Don grew up and where he now lives with his wife and parents.

The Wojcak layout, which is 17/64-inch scale, includes four towns (named after his aunts) of approximately fifty homes apiece; a hydroelectric plant on a recirculating river, both built to scale; and ten trains—two passenger, eight freight—that run on regular schedules. There are four additional freight trains that operate during grain (actually, a very fine brown sand) harvest and a ski train.

"Most builders lose interest eventually, because they don't work on the layout every day," Don told us. "You have to put in a regular shift, otherwise it gets dull. But when you keep at it, keep adding to it—new ideas, new developments—you keep seeing new things to do. For example, I'm getting more and more interested in community planning and thinking in terms of twenty, thirty years from now—more high-density housing in revitalized inner-city neighborhoods, with industrial nodes shielded by greenways. Of course, trains are the main thing, but lately we've been doing a lot of work on recreational facilities. We put in a lake with a campground, two new parks, and a Teen Rec."

One problem for model-railroad builders has always been grass. Don started out with green felt, then experimented with artificial grass carpeting, and then settled on velvet. However, now he is gradually switching over to an artificial surface material called MiniTurf. It has a grasslike texture and it tends to turn brown during summer months.

Another problem is the sky. For years, Don made do with blue ceiling and wall paint and a central overhead spotlight. But since he went to work on the day shift at the Post Office he has painted the walls and ceiling black, removed the spotlight, and installed a scale-model lighting system on the layout. The Milky Way is made entirely of sequins, but it looks like stars.

ARLEN L. POWELL

NONE of the *Plainfolks* staff has gotten in a fight since grade school, and so we were immediately interested when we had a staff party at the Big Boy drive-in one night and a short-haired, heavyset man came over to the car and offered to shove our faces in. His name was Arlen L. Powell, he told us, and he didn't care for the way in which we were looking at him. After we apologized for the misunderstanding, however, he became friendlier and agreed to answer our questions if we didn't get smart with him, which we promised not to.

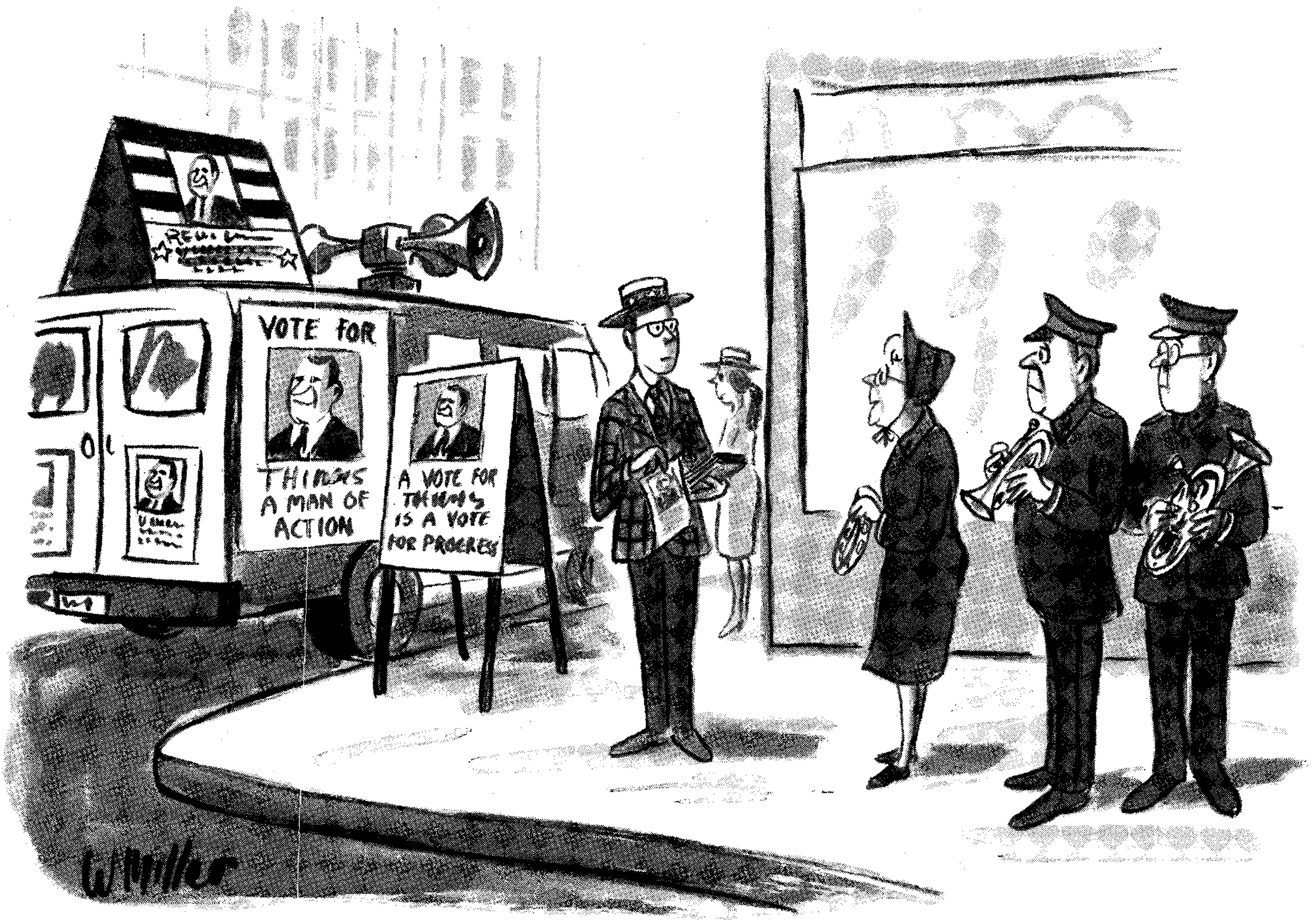
Arlen said he believes in keeping his hands to himself but if people try to walk all over him they should watch out. He said that everyone who fights him knows they are in a fight. They don't come around his parking space again. In fact, Arlen controls four spaces at the Big Boy, which are the four in back of the building, by the men's lavatory. Arlen keeps these spaces for himself and his friends, who have patronized the Big Boy since 1958, when it was built. That evening, we observed him defend the area several times. Generally speaking, his methods of defense are as follows:

1. *Distant early warning:* Anyone who approaches the area receives a warning at a distance; it is designed to make him think twice before coming closer—e.g., "Butt out, pinhead."
2. *Psychological delay:* Insistent trespassers are allowed to come well within the crucial boundaries before Arlen makes his move.
3. *Sudden attack:* Arlen moves fast.
4. *Sustained momentum:* Arlen hits high (a hard, bumping shove) and keeps going until he has the trespasser backed against the wall or a car.
5. *Second warning and release:* This warning was inaudible, since it was hissed. Arlen then released the trespasser by pushing him hard in the direction of the area from which he had come.

The trespassers left Arlen's area after their release. Arlen permitted them to yell face-saving remarks ("You're gonna regret this!" "I'll be back later!") over the shoulder without running after them and pounding them. He only does that, he told us, if they are not maintaining steady progress in the opposite (or *away*) direction as they yell.

ART AND BUD

ARLEN L. POWELL recommended two men as sources of information about car customizing, and we met them one evening in a bar on Lake



“No offense intended, young man, but for quite a number of years now this corner has been considered our gig!”

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Street. Both told us that the subject was too vast to cover in one evening. One said it was something you had to grow up with. Nevertheless, they agreed to talk about it in general terms. Neither of them drives a customized car today. It requires complete dedication, they said, and besides, they are married and have kids, and “as you get older your interests change,” as one of them put it. Both agreed that top-quality customizing is pretty much a thing of the past.

Bud: “I see kids ambling up and down Lake in their little trashbucket Mustangs, it’s totally ridiculous to me. I am unable to understand this. I remember when a guy’d work his butt off to make something worth being seen in—chopped, channelled, bored, and stroked. Dual quads, scavenger pipes, Baby Moons, big Offy manifold, flames painted on the hood, dingleberries in the window, carpet on the floor, fur around the mirror—I mean, we did a *number* on it. There was pride at one time. Now, as I say, it’s ludicrous. These guys have nothing and they don’t even know it. They don’t care.”

Art: “There was something under the hood in those days—you knew, because you’d *put* it there—and if you didn’t have it, you kept off the street or got blown out of the water in a hurry. I had a full-house Ford—four on the floor, geared down deep. When you stuck your foot in it, she’d lay rubber into next week. Other day, I’m coming home from work in my wife’s car—my *wife’s* car, this *sled*—and a kid pulls up at the stoplight in a *Rambler* and guns it. One of the most pitiful sounds I ever heard. I am ready to *weep*. Light turns green, I ooze away in the slushbox, and this kid can’t locate first gear. It makes you sick to see it.”

Us: “Why don’t they make them like you used to?”

Bud: “They’re lazy! They walk onto a lot and say, ‘Gimme that one,’ and that’s it. They drive it until it rusts out, and trade it in. When we bought a car, that was only the beginning. We’d work three months just to make it fit to be seen. On Lake Street, that is. Of course, you could drive anything down Portland or out Fiftieth. But we’re talking about *Lake* Street.”

Art: “It’s a matter of pride. Back then, I’d take the Ford around town, wind it out, listen to the pipes pop. It made me feel good. Like I *had* something. I’d sit down low in her and drive around all night—down Lake to the drive-in, turn around, back up Lake to Excelsior Boulevard, turn around, back down Lake—do that for hours. Two tanks of gas in one night. Nowadays, everybody’s in a hurry. They just want to get there. They don’t care how, don’t care what anybody thinks, don’t care how they look—just get there. Rush, rush, rush. In our day, we took it easy. Up and back. Up and back. It was beautiful.”

—Garrison Keillor

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Over a year ago your paper ran an article about a local club for divorced people. Unfortunately I did not keep the article, and as I am now divorced and anxious to meet people of my own demise I would appreciate it very much if you could send me the address or put me in touch with this group.—*Letter to the San Jose Mercury News.*

Your attitude is unhealthy and you shouldn’t associate with anybody at all till you pull yourself together.

LEAVING THE CHURCH

"I HAVE never been as calm in my life," said Father Trelew. "No, not ever." He was speaking to Helen, his housekeeper, but she was not much in his mind, even though she had been with him for several years—he could not remember exactly how many. He looked at the sky. "Soon I will be on the plane to New York, and then to Rome."

"Have you been to Rome before, Father?"

"Yes, I have, in 1925 when Mussolini was in power. You know what I think of him, don't you, don't you, Helen."

"I most certainly do."

It was hot where they stood, but his clothes were clean and white and his thick hair was white, so he had no discomfort. There was a black spot of oil on the drive. A shimmering desert stretched beyond—his parish. He could smell the hot sand and see waves of heat rising from it, distorting the mountains.

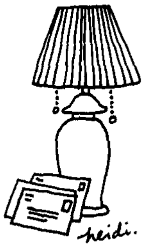
The driver put the bags in the car, and after bidding goodbye to Helen and shaking her hand Father Trelew got in the back and clicked the door shut. The car was air-conditioned. It was taking him to Phoenix for the plane. He was going to Vatican II.

It was years since he had left his parish. In New York before his parents died, they had called him sometimes "The Indian Priest," but he never heard them, they thought. They were ashamed of him. They wanted him to be an archbishop. Instead he spoke to deep-brown faces in a dark church with no lighting, while the sand blew outside. He could see it through the window sometimes—perfectly white against the blue sky and billowing like foam on the ocean, and yet it was cool and dry. His mother and father thought he would come back from Arizona as if from some foreign campaign, distinguished and likely to advance. The bishops would appreciate his sacrifice. He knew he was not coming back, but he never told his parents. They died in the Depression, sure that at the end of the Depression he would be called back from Arizona.

If he thought about being an archbishop, he clenched his fist and banged it on the table. When he had too much to drink, he thought wild thoughts about seeing God, about golden staircases and whitened plumes rising from the wide floor of Heaven, about places where it was so bright you couldn't see anything at all. He had such prideful dreams only after wine or whiskey, so he drank rarely.

He arrived in Rome early in the morning. He felt young, for he had slept on the plane and Rome seemed to him not to have changed since 1925, when he was thirty and had been there for two months as a student. Now there were few carriages, but the streets were the same. In Piazza Navona, the old colors still stood; the fountains had been going for almost forty years since he first saw them. He wondered if they ever stopped, for even a moment. Perhaps each time the city died—after the March, or when the Germans were there—the fountains stopped. He thought to ask an old man, but realized that no one man would have watched constantly, and besides, he thought, I am an old man and could tell no one if ever in Arizona the mountains turned pure white or the sky the color of gold, because I have not watched them the whole time. At least, the fountains appear never to stop; at least, I have seen them while they were going.

His budget for this trip was delightfully large. The Vatican paid much of it, his diocese another great part, and his savings the rest. He thought he would live for this short time in a fashion unlike that of his small frame house on the reservation. There the wind came in a steady stream through an unputtied crack of the window. In the morning gold light glinted off his porcelain shaving basin. At these times there was only silence and cold. After he shaved, he opened the window, and after he opened the window he dressed and prayed—but not in Rome. He would pray, yes, but in Rome he would pray in his own good time. There would be no kneeling on hard wooden floors, no fasting, and no cold.



He checked in at the Grand Hotel, which was full of priests and extremely elegant—marble, rich Oriental rugs, chandeliers, and in his room French doors with a view of a piazza and its enormous fountain shooting a hundred feet upward. As the weeks passed, he habitually ate his breakfast on the balcony. With high winds, he felt slight droplets of spray from the fountain. His bed was large, with a satin quilt. As always when he stayed in hotels—even in Phoenix—he wondered what people had made love in the bed, and then laughed good-naturedly at himself. He had learned to live with *that* a long time ago.

FATHER TRELEW'S role at the Council was not very exciting; indeed, the Council itself was not very exciting. He was just a priest. From where he sat near the entrance of St. Peter's, the Pope was only a white spot and the Dove of the Holy Ghost a needlepoint of light—a ray. When he removed his glasses, the sea of cardinals before the Pope was a mass of red, and when they stood their motion made them look like red waves. They were seated on both sides of the aisle. It was as if Moses had spread them back into the galleries. But whom would Father Trelew tell? Helen? Helen thought only of her child, who broke windows and stayed alone in the hills at night even when it was cold. Perhaps Father Wohlen from Los Angeles, who was Father Trelew's friend simply because they were both at the Grand Hotel; Father Wohlen had an idea that anyone from west of the Mississippi was somehow a loving brother. But Father Trelew did not like Father Wohlen, for he ate too much and had an unconvincing laugh. There was no one to tell. "There is no one to tell," he said. "Maybe I will sketch it." He had not sketched since he had last been in Rome. He was in a drawing class then. He was mainly interested in architectural form; Rome offered him that, while the desert did not. He had tried to paint the Indians and the things they did, but there was not much left of them by that time, and he suspected not much left of him—or, rather, of his talent to draw.

Did he dare begin again? "I must," he said, the blood coursing to his face. The hair at his temples was silver. When his face lit up, he looked like giltwork. I am the only priest in the world, he thought, who looks like a church. He would have to buy a pad and charcoal.

One day, he left the Council early and began the walk back to his hotel. He passed through Piazza Navona, and somewhere off it on a side street he found an art store. "Could I have," he began but found that he was not able to speak the words. "Could I have . . ." and then, like a madman, he rushed from the shop.

He was disturbed by this, knowing precisely what it was. He tried not to think, flooding his mind with words that formed in silence on his lips, like the cries of men in dreams of sinking ships. "Flood it with good cheer. Fill it up, fill it up, for life is short." If he could somehow get supplies, he could sit by the fountain and sketch.

What is the power of a priest's life? It is that he need not fear. "Father Wohlen," he said next day, too nervously, "do you think that on the way

"Now, before we get started, Ms. Fraser, would you lay on us a microencapsulation of our last session?"

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back from the Cathedral tomorrow you could stop in an art shop and get me a large pad and some charcoal?" He gasped for breath. "Because I must stay late for chapel vespers. I don't mean to trouble you . . ."

"No trouble, no trouble," said Father Wohlen. "I'll do it. You just give me the money, tell me where to go, and I'll do it."

Father Trelew did not go to vespers; he did not even go to the Council that day. It was an important day, too. He stayed in his room, and it seemed to him that God was working wonders with his body. If he had been a proud man, he might have presumed that he was undergoing Divine revelation, that he was receiving saintly visions. Only once in his life, only once, had the rest of his body responded to his mind and made him tremble. No, it was the body responding to the *heart* which caused trembling.

He sat on the edge of his bed, with his glasses off, and the blur of outside sunlight made him feel the enlivened world. "Oh my God, my dear God," he prayed, "I am not having visions, am I?" He said this to a shaft of sunlight in his room at his feet, and the golden dust danced in center beam.

When Father Wohlen gave him his materials, Father Wohlen thought Trelew was sick. Something was wrong with the man.

Father Trelew ran his hands over the pad, took the charcoal out of its box, and felt the smooth rectangular blocks. The cool of the blocks reminded him of the desert at evening, their blackness of the night, but the night was full of white stars. That was an advantage he would not have had as an archbishop—seeing the Milky Way stretched as a shimmering band over the great dome of his little life. The power of a priest's life is that he is unafraid. All is concelebration. "I am beginning to realize this," said Father Trelew. "That all is concelebration—all of the city, all of the stars. The Church is for me. A man need not fear his loneliness. He need not fear his loneliness, for God is strong and all is concelebration. The power of a priest's life is that he need not fear."

The next day he was up very early. He read most of *La Stampa.* A bus took him to the Vatican.

It would not be right for him to sketch in the Cathedral. His idea was to study a particular scene and commit it to memory for drawing. Back in Arizona, he would paint it. Somehow he got very close to the Pope. Though it was thrilling to see him, it was not the Pope he chose to study but the under-secretaries close to the Papal Throne, seated at a table next to the balustrade of the Confessio.

Another priest from America was determined to guide him. "That is Bishop Wilhelm Kempf of Limburg," he said, "and Archbishop Villot of Lyons, Archbishop Krol of Philadelphia, and the archbishop of Madrid—I do not know his name."

"Thank you, thank you," said Father Trelew to the other priest, who wanted to say more, and then to escape he stepped much closer to the scene than he would ordinarily have dared. He was the foremost of observers; between him and the under-secretaries was only a slight and terrible plain of marble. The Pope was not far. I am so near greatness, he thought. Princes! He studied the scene. He had always had a good architectural memory. He was fine on detail, but here he was impressed by grandeur, which was glowing, descript, calling out to any man.

Entrenched in the blackness of distant high walls, the red table of the under-secretaries glowed scarlet; ringed with gold and tasselled, its colors moved in front of the eyes. The under-secretaries, in pure white with upswinging conical hats of flattened design, did not rest upon their red ribbons banded about them in curves and sweeps like water falling. They worked at papers, and they were in different positions, so that the tall conical hats pointed together in a smooth indication, like a crest of ocean foam, to the Pope. And beyond them was a swirling black column edged with a rotating blade of gold. It was so bright it made Father Trelew shudder. He stood for a good half hour, intent upon the secretaries. His gaze was powerful. He was having the time of his life, for he knew he would soon begin to draw.

One of the Papal secretaries noticed Father Trelew when he first came, and then again after half an hour. He thought perhaps he was wanted and crossed the forbidden marble at a glide. His robes were such that his feet did not seem to move. "Is there anything I can do for you, Father?" he said curiously.

Father Trelew, who had tried and failed to escape when he saw the bishop coming, could not answer. His steadfastness had provoked the great man, but he could not answer. His mouth hung open.

"Are you all right?" the bishop asked. He laughed pleasantly and touched Father Trelew, who felt again like sinking ships, and whose mouth was still open while the bishop returned to his table, silent and smiling.

Father Trelew managed to close his mouth as he walked back into the crowd. Everyone looked at him as if he were in some way connected to the Pope. He might have enjoyed that had he been able to answer the bishop, but he was expressionless and numb. And yet he did not panic. He wanted to get back to the hotel to draw, and then the next day to Piazza Navona, with his pad, to sketch the central fountain. He could use his material freely there. He was marvellously excited. He quickly forgot the incident with the bishop, bent down to tie his shoe, and strode like a master through St. Peter's to home in the hotel. He did not think, Oh, I am such a little man, until he arrived in his room and could not draw what he had remembered.

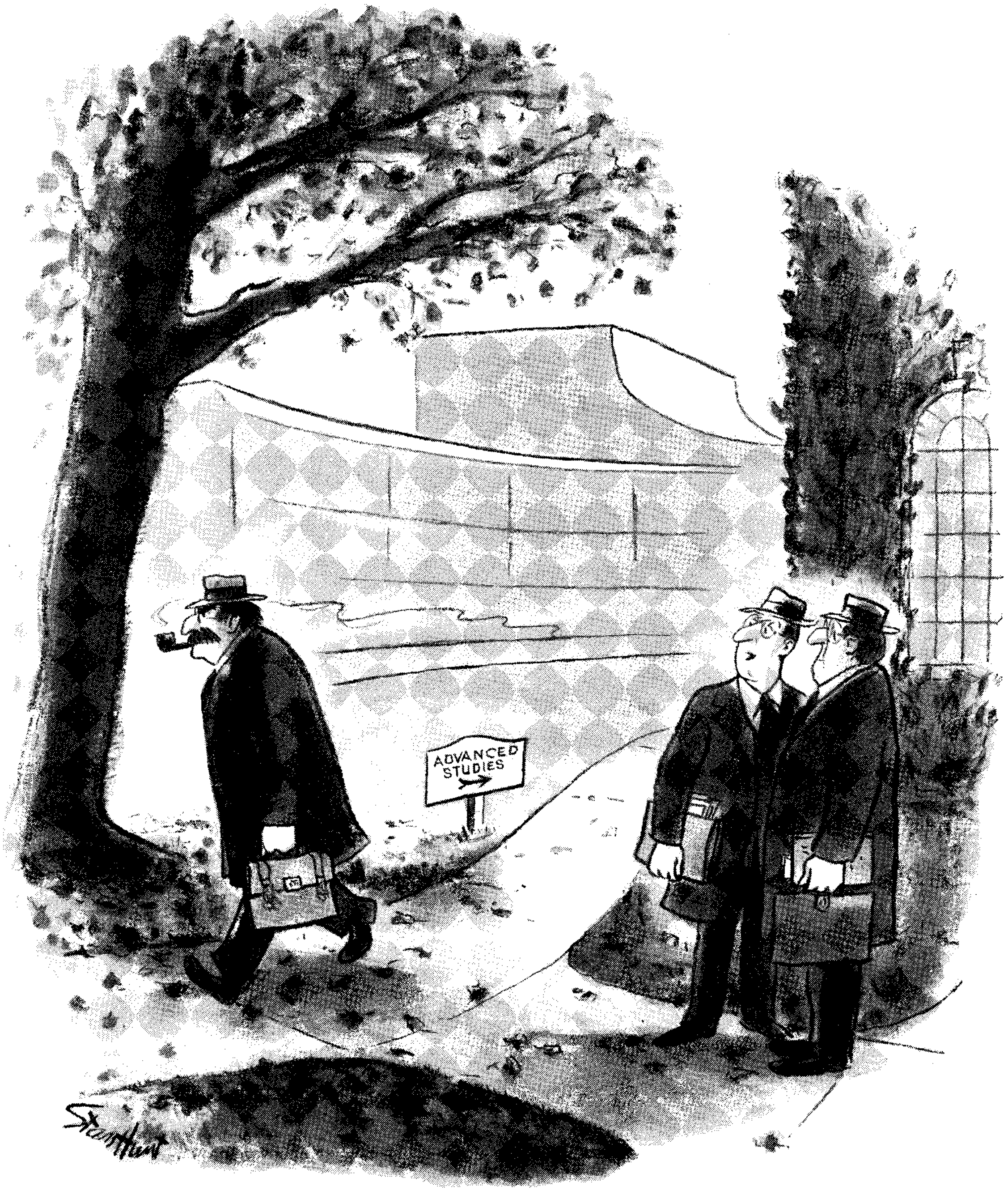
Father Trelew had many times told weeping Indian women that sleep helped the troubled. He had many times watched tears travel down a face like wind-cut brown granite—sparkling black eyes in the church's dimness—and thought how deeply the woman would sleep. Always the next day he saw her going about her business, which is precisely what *he* did the next day.

Late in the afternoon, he found himself in Piazza Navona. He thought to draw the fountain and the buildings vanishing in perspective, to test his draftsmanship. He planned to have dinner at one of the restaurants there so popular with Roman families (fairly well-to-do, he assumed) and clerics, and perhaps find an acquaintance with whom to chat as it got dark.

He took a seat at one of the smaller fountains and put his legs up on the stone wall. In his freshly pressed white suit he looked as if he might have been a missionary from the Congo or Asia. "Perhaps they think I am a jungle priest," he said happily. "But I am not a jungle priest, I am a desert priest—and how many of those are there? Very few in the Sahara, none, as far as I know, in the Gobi, and none in the Nafud. That leaves me, and a few others. I should find out who they are, write to them, perhaps start a journal."

He was a good priest, and did his job well. He thought of photographers he had seen on the reservation, who paid people small sums to be photographed and recorded their humiliation and discomfort only to pass it off to the world as the pathos of humankind. In the operations of caring for his flock, Father Trelew tried to avoid the photographers' fallacy. Only rarely did tragedy face them. There were complaints and sorrows, but not much passionate loss. He had to accept that. It was a small population, and not a battlefield—he was *truly* needed once in a great while, but he refused to buy the illusion that when they came to him aching from life in the world he was doing great service. In that way, when he did great service he felt he could vault over mountains. In other words, he was a lean man.

He thought, My dreams can be dreamed in forty-five minutes, and then I become either tired or empty and stop dreaming—again, leanness. In the weakening sun he began to sketch Piazza Navona, and his hand moved rapidly, surprising him with what it had remembered. He included cars and carriages, and the horses, drawn well. After several hours, when it was dark,



"I understand he's pushing back the frontiers of the possible."

NOON

Halfway
another day goes bad, impossible
to breathe or see by, the sky stone
gray, heavy, close
as the end of the world.
It feels like forever
to get through
until the tarnished air goes out, the light
is as dense and difficult
to move in as slow-motion.

Let's walk in the dark
and look at its true colors: the midnight
blue river and trees, the black
on black skyline. A sky must be up there

its moon a word in a dead language
about fire.

—HELEN CHASIN

* * *

he closed his pad and put a little piece of charcoal into the box, which he then put in his pocket. Putting the box in his pocket was like the sheriff putting his gun back in his holster after a shoot-out. When he swung his legs back to the ground it was as if they had boots and spurs. He had drawn the Piazza, and it was therefore his.

With dinner, he ordered a bottle of white wine. He was not used to it; it was a mistake, he told himself halfway through, but drank it anyway. Then everything began to fall into place as he watched the lights of Rome in the heat of September and wandered about like a young drunk.

He was a good-natured man, had always been a good-natured man. His father, who was ambitious for him to the point of hating him, said once, “Michael, what have you got, what the hell have you got?” Father Trelew had wanted to reply that he was a good man, could draw, and loved God. But he wept instead, and only later, half weeping, did he say to his mother, “Tell him, by my honor, that I am just a man,” and left for the train to the West.

He was good-looking. He had a wonderful face. Even at his age, and he was almost seventy, women were not unmoved by his glance. When he was younger they had frequently fallen in love with him, especially the troubled ones, who always fall for priests of one sort or another. There had been one in Rome in 1925, when he was thirty and had rebuffed already a good many trouble-seekers and those testing their power. A priest is familiar with that. He can handle that. It is the guileless ones, the ones who really love, who make things difficult.

IN 1925, the library of the old Accademia was farmed with sea-green reader's lamps, which glowed in the day. The walls were so old one might have been sorry for them had they not been painted with angels, gardens, and bursting suns.

Father Trelew was not merely appreciative but ecstatic. He often stayed in the library all day and well into the evening. He was writing a paper on Oderisi da Gubbio, a miniaturist of the thirteenth century. When he left the library he saw only the colors he had seen all day in illuminated manuscripts. It seemed to him that he sailed home without a word, simply gliding and brimming.

One was assigned a seat, and results were not always pleasing. Harvard undergraduates dying for the sunburnt girl in purple who sometimes wore black were placed across the room from her facing the other way into a bunch of nuns. Father Trelew could hardly breathe for two weeks; he was the only man at a table for Radcliffe girls. One of them fell in love with him, just by looking.

“What is your name . . . Father?” she asked, since there was no one else at the table.

“Michael Trelew,” he said, frightenedly.

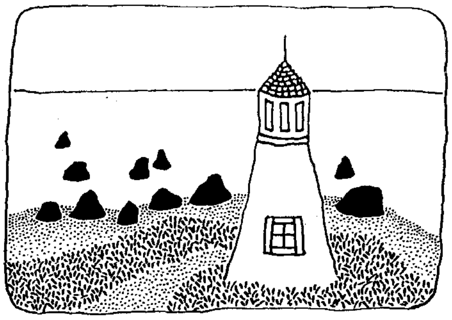
“And where are you from?”

“From. From. I'm from Ossining, New York. Perhaps you have heard of us—I mean it, as it is the home of Sing Sing Prison. Where are you from?”

“Forty-nine East Eighty-sixth Street,” she said, waiting.

His fear was beginning to bore him, and in anger he wanted to be reckless, if only not to be dull. But he could only stare at her. She was thin, and blond. He could not decide if she looked like the Madonna. She was very brown and her dress was white.

She said, and with her green eyes, “Can we eat together tonight?” It was for her a difficult request, and she blushed. She felt like what she thought of popular music—brash but finally very beautiful. She was embarrassed by her own directness, expectant, and altogether very open and tender.



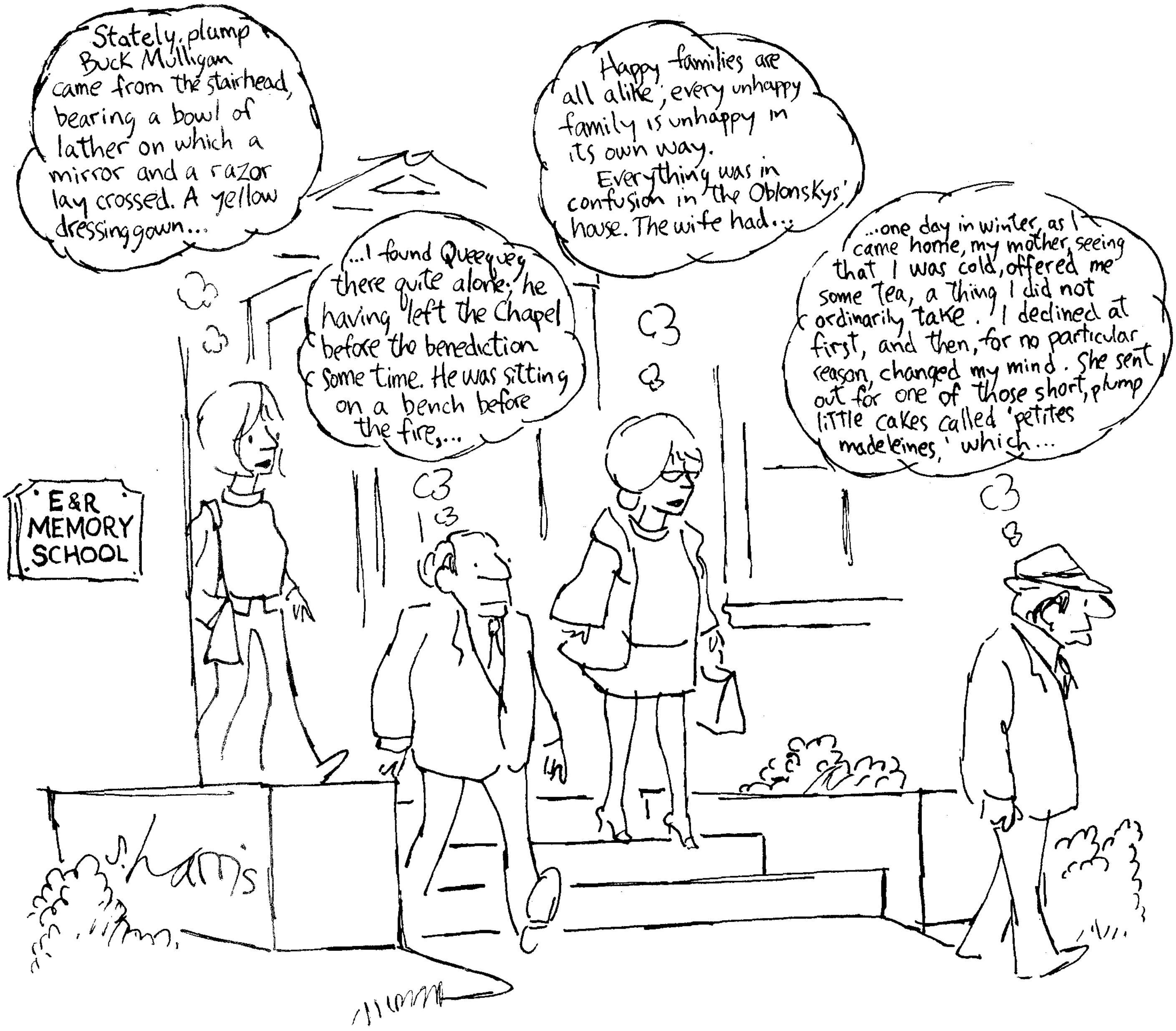
Father Trelew was taken. Yet he answered as if from a prepared hollowness, “I have no money. I am a priest . . .” He hesitated, because he was no longer interested in what he was saying. Instead, visions of neutral Switzerland flashed at him and he entertained the profoundly impossible notion of running away with this girl.

The weeks that followed were very sad for both of them. They were both gaining, but they were also losing, and perhaps what united them so strongly at first was that they felt they knew what the other was relinquishing. And then they had that particular camaraderie which exists among schoolboys, soldiers, and outlaws.

It did not take long before they were speeding to Switzerland in a touring car he had rented with the remainder of his grant for study in Rome. He told her the speedometer's thin red needle reminded him of a hummingbird's tongue. They stopped at a dam in a valley of the Alps. Across the spillway was an automobile bridge that led nowhere, and fog from the rushing water cascaded in a convection arch over the bridge, over the two of them.

The time together in Rome had made the priest and the girl heady. She was young, and he not so young but it was new to him. When he removed his collar he sighed in relief and walked out into the warm sun where she was waiting in the open car in a hat and heavy coat ready to head north. There was singing all the way. In one inn, Father Trelew, having had too much wine, told the porter that he was a priest. The porter raised his arms as if to say, “That is very serious, but so what?”

They stayed in Switzerland for more


Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown...
...I found Queequeg there quite alone; he having left the Chapel before the benediction some time. He was sitting on a bench before the fire,...
Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. Everything was in confusion in the Oblonskys' house. The wife had...
...one day in winter, as I came home, my mother, seeing that I was cold, offered me some tea, a thing I did not ordinarily take. I declined at first, and then, for no particular reason, changed my mind. She sent out for one of those short, plump little cakes called 'petites madeleines,' which...
E&R MEMORY SCHOOL

• •

than a month. He was going to give up the Church, when she left him. There was no comfort. Everything had failed. He had not written his paper and could show nothing for his summer in Italy. The bishops at home would have his head for that. There would be nothing he could say; he could see himself gaping at them.

It would not be the first time he had found himself mute. The first was the time he and the girl had been unable to resolve an argument and it grew wider and wider, until she was on a platform waiting for a train and nothing he could say made anything better. He felt untrained for that sort of thing. The argument had started while they were drawing by a lake, and he threw his picture to the ground. He was angry. She had too many plans for him. She had him in the White House when he was not yet even just a defrocked priest. He threw his picture on the ground because he realized that she was young and nothing could be done about it. When the train came, she was crying, for she did love him, and perhaps because she was crying and she was young she struck a blow she had not meant to strike. She was not even Catholic but Episcopalian. She said through the steam and rain which soaked them both and was warm and very much like their tears—she said on that hot misty August day so uncommon for Switzerland, "And you are such a little man." It was then that his mouth dropped open and he could say nothing. She cried and cried, and as the train left he ran after it halfheartedly with his mouth still open and tears streaming down his cheeks and the steam from the gaskets making his suit smell as if it had been just pressed.

He looked at the high white mountains, and his smallness choked him. He boarded the next train to Rome after waiting in the station for seventeen hours. He did not eat, nor did he return for his belongings. It stayed misty and warm until he left.

They sent him to Arizona. They would have thrown him out, but they needed someone there. He was perfect for the job. He could have left on his own. They offered him that, but he was afraid. The archbishop made him afraid. Offices made him afraid. Even cathedrals now made him afraid.

The only thing that calmed him was the desert and its silent, dry heat. In the desert he started to seek God as he had not ever sought him. In some ways he stayed weak, and in others he became very strong.

He watched the blue mountains and the billowing sand, which was like the foam on the ocean when he came home from Italy, but cool and dry.

A MAN from the desert is not a dry man, but he keeps what is wet inside him, like a cactus, so that visitors to him wonder how in such a world he can be alive and have enough. Father Trelew had not been born in the desert, but his forty years there taught him much. Although there will be some who might deny that a man may be taught such a thing, it is a fact that Father Trelew was calm, quiet, and gracious during his first heart attack. It occurred while he dined with several other American priests near the hotel in a restaurant they had all frequented during the first weeks of the Council, and then abandoned, then remembered and rushed to, as Father Trelew had done with his drawing. He ate prosciutto and melon, *scaloppine alla zingara*, and drank gaseous mineral water and cold white wine. He was contemplating dessert and had his wineglass raised to his lips when he felt the first pain. It seemed as if the entire restaurant had been jolted by an earthquake, and the electricity somehow savagely unleashed to attack the assembled priests. At first he thought there *had* been an earthquake. He kept his glass to his lips, afraid to move. He would put it down, slowly. He would go without dessert, excuse himself, and walk to see a doctor. He did not want to trouble his companions, because they were younger and he felt they did not like him; he had said hardly a thing in the course of the meal while they burned with the politics of Council.

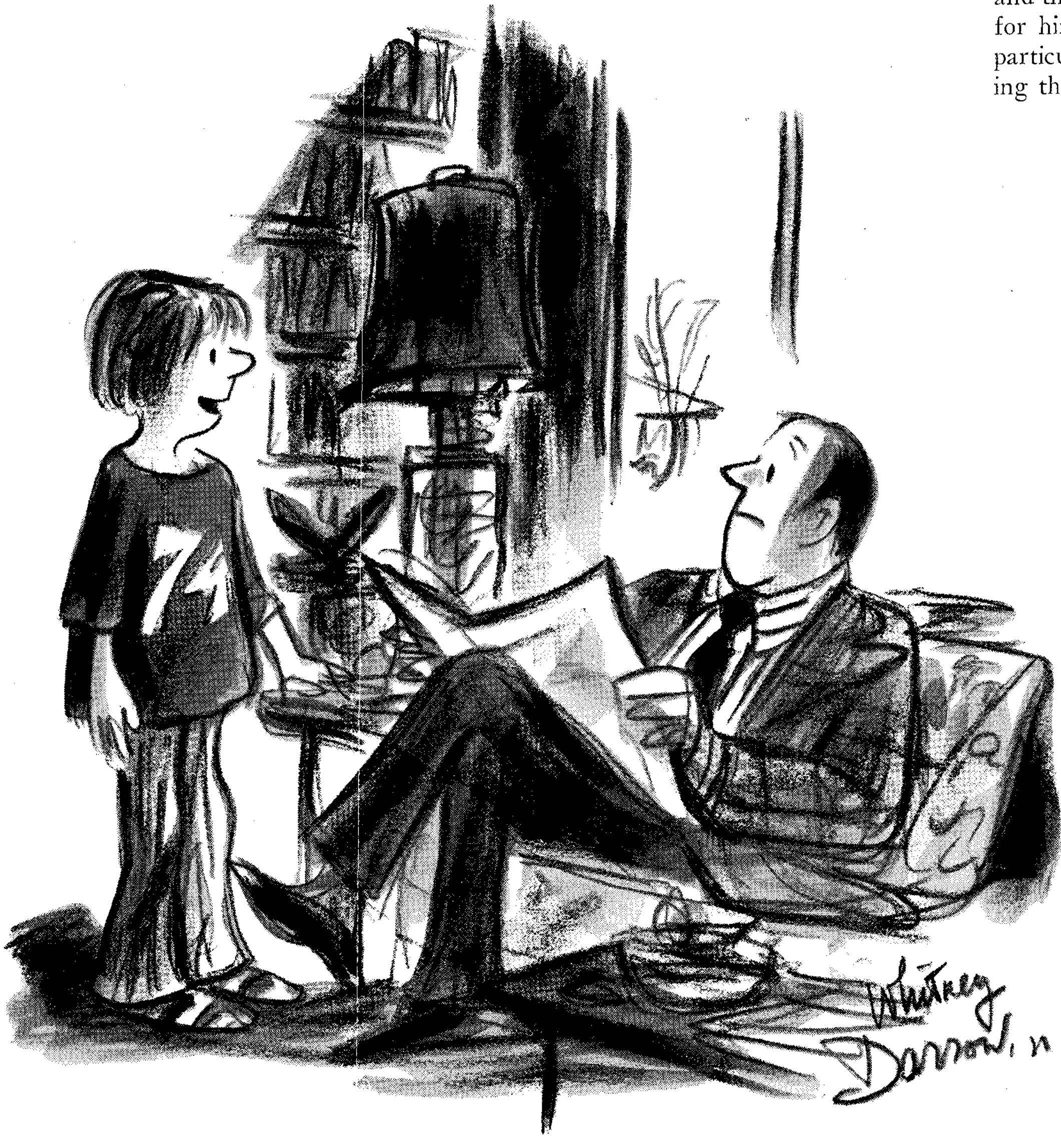
But he could not move his arm to put his glass down. It was there for a full minute and no one noticed until he fell to the ground, for he could not stand the second wave. He fell to the ground still with the glass in his hand, apologizing and begging the pardon of the assembled priests, who were younger and who had ignored him.

When he awakened in his hospital room, he was grateful that the walls were not white. Rome is a yellow color, an old saffron-powdered sun color which seems always rising upward. His room was a comforting beige, the color of a lightly done roll in the oven.

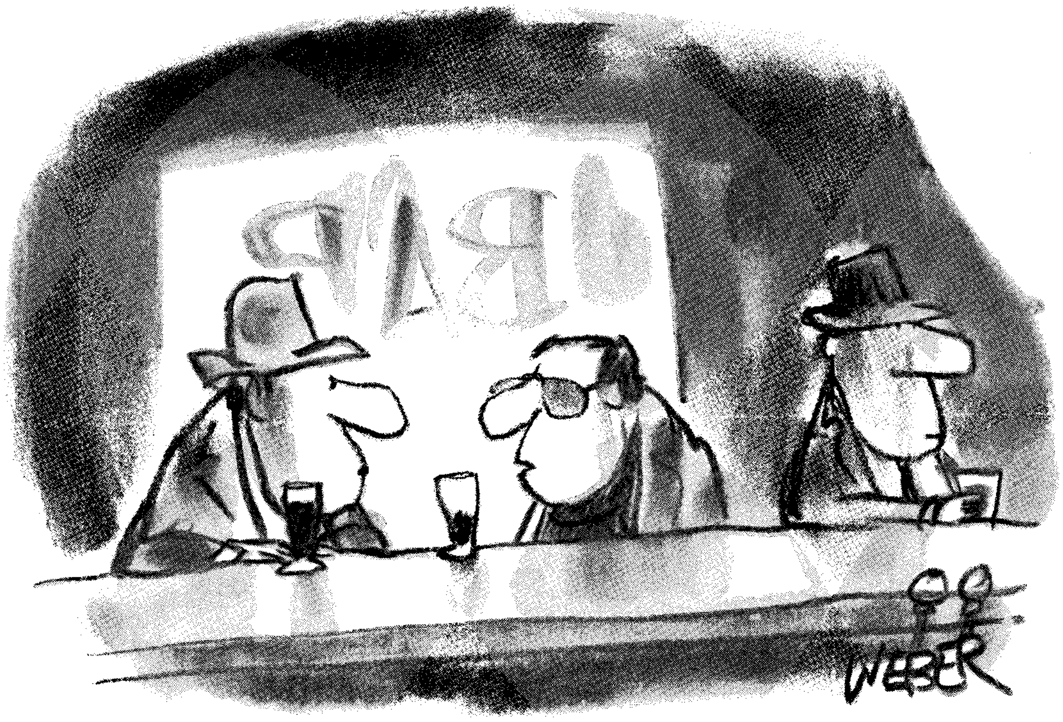
He was happy to be alive and would not move his head until later, when a nun told him it was safe. He saw by turning his eyes the tops of pine trees and green hills in the not so far distance. He judged himself to be on a mountaintop. "Splendid," he said. "I'm on a mountaintop." He could hear birds and the clicking of crutches in the garden. After a few weeks he was up and about. He could see most of Rome from the garden and some of Rome came up to meet him, although that part of Rome which travelled up the hillside to him was not people but houses and streets.

When he had been a priest in Arizona and visited parishioners in the hospital he thought because of its bustle and crowded corridors that a hospital was a social place. He had often thought of going to a hospital on some physical excuse to cure his loneliness, but in Rome (and he assumed that hospitals were spiritually the same everywhere) he discovered himself more alone than he had ever been. The face of his nurse was constantly changing, and there were eight doctors who cared for him in varying degree, none with particular intensity. He was alone during the day, and in the night. He did not dare draw. He was afraid to look in the mirror. No one paid him any attention, because he was old.

There was a man dying of some unknown disease, a violinist in a symphony orchestra in the North of Italy. He looked as if he were made of old loops and patches. He smelled of death. It came from inside him—from his bowels, from his throat, even from his legs and fingers. Father Trelew had smelled the same smell in Arizona when some boys cut open a deer they had shot in the mountains several days before. Every day the violinist sat in the garden and played. He was particularly fond of the Andante of Prokofieff's Second Violin Concerto, and he played it again and again. The officials allowed it because it helped those who recovered recover, those who were dying to die, and those in the middle of the road to pass the time. Father Trelew wanted to talk to the man whose music was so beautiful; he had never before heard any Prokofieff. When he went to him in the garden, he found the old man unable to speak.



"Dad, can you let me have a hundred and fifty dollars until the first?"



"I'm wearing aviator glasses because I'm an aviator."

• •

But the patterns of the music were so strongly ingrained, and his hands so powerful, that he played, he played, until the day of his death—not always correctly, often out of time, but always with much passion.

Father Trelew was not afraid of dying. He was afraid of what he might be before he died. When he first realized that he was dying he stayed in his chair—an old man in a chair—and tried frantically to remember all the parts of his life. He thought that when a man dies a man reviews what he has seen. He expected memories to jolt his frame, and visions to seek him and turn him, and shower the room with light.

But it just didn't happen as he expected, which he might have expected but did not. He became whimsical, prided himself suddenly on his sense of humor, and found the truth in sayings. He would say, "Love makes the world go round," and laugh. He was generally good-natured. Every four hours a nurse, never the same one, came to ask him if he had moved his bowels. He thought this was hilarious.

"Father Trelew."

"Yes, Sister."

"Have you moved your bowels in the last four hours?"

"Moved them where?" he said, and burst out laughing.

He was happy for no particular reason, and for that reason he adjudged himself particularly happy. One would have thought he was getting better. He said, "I want to have a good time on earth while I can," and spent the days in the garden, in the sun, watching flowers and delighting in the smell of rich grass, which was green as if on a riverbank. At night, he looked from his window at Rome, and because he remembered his memories so well he did not think of them, or need to. One look at Rome from a moderate distance was to see his life, but it was past and he had no need for that.

A week after the death of the violinist who could not speak, Father Trelew died. The bishops in New York sent a militant priest who had been embarrassing them to fill his place in Arizona. He died in late afternoon. It had been raining. He knew from years before in his student days that there is a special name for raindrops in Rome because they are often so big, but he could not remember it. He was admiring the light coming off the wet buildings, and he was calm, listening to the wash of the rain. The bushes in the garden glistened with drops, and when someone went by and hit them the water flew off like water off a vibrating dog. Streams of warm water coursed down the gray stone streets of the mountain—or hill—of the hospital. All across Rome flocks of pigeons were seeking the rays of sun, which came from holes in the clouds, and they flew in great masses, looking for light that quickly vanished with new configurations of the dark sky. Father Trelew listened to the work of the rain, to the wash of the rain, and to a car going through a puddle. The water is warm, the blood of the earth. He was a man resting for the afternoon in his chair. Warm breezes thick with invisible mist moved his white gauze curtains, and he faced the wind. He turned his head to it and breathed it in.

Then it seemed again as if there were an earthquake. For an instant he imagined that lightning had hit him, for his vision had flashed white at first, but then he knew, and when the bolts kept on coming he knew he was dying and he became very excited.

He tried to think of the girl he had once loved—of her face, of the heat and their well-being—but he could not do it. He had not enough time. He realized that dying takes away time, and that is all, and he was dying when fear gripped him and his mouth dropped open in its customary manner. He had planned to die with a vision, but there was no vision. The rain had stopped, and the water ceased to flow as rapidly inside the gutters. He noticed that. The walls seemed to him a very dark olive-green instead of tan. His mouth hung open, but he raised himself in his chair of a sudden and said, "Damn you, shut, damn it!" and it did shut and he was so surprised that he smiled and his eyes came alive. It seemed to him that he was a new man, that he was no longer a priest, no longer Michael Trelew. He was only sorry that they would bury him as Michael Trelew, Priest. He had gone out of those doors.

He lived that way for the short span of time between the lighting of his eyes and the entrance of a priest who was rushing in the door to administer last rites. Father Trelew saw the priest through the corner of his eye, but by the time he would have had full view he was dead. The last thing he thought was how beautiful the summer rain in Rome—and he died, and he died with great courage.

—MARK HELPRIN

•

But the Raiders had piled up a 14-0 lead against overmatched Lion rookies in the first period and the AFC Western Division champs cemented their third straight victory before halftime with a nifty piece of ledger domain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

That's when you falsify the books.

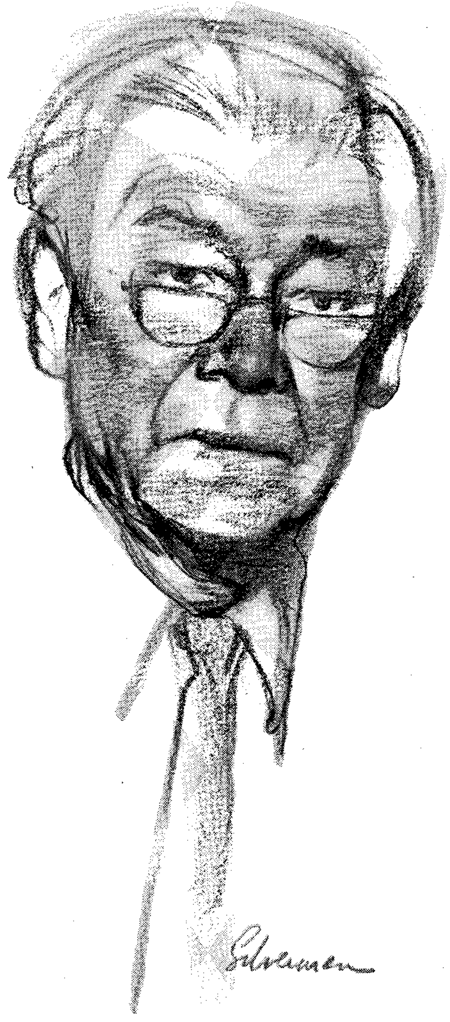
PROFILES

EXPLORER

I—A BRUTAL FACT

MOST of the world was first explored during the last twenty-five years. At the end of the Second World War, a few curious men began to wander the oceans in small ships, profiling, photographing, and sampling the ocean floors. The face of the earth was then almost entirely unknown beyond the edges of the continents. Beneath the sea—where nearly three-quarters of the earth's surface lies—there is a landscape that no one had imagined. So recently unseen and unknown (the first detailed sea-floor maps are only fifteen years old), this landscape has become a familiar one to exploring marine geologists and geophysicists. It is awesome and astonishing. Geologists had declared this part of the world to be of little interest, but there, in just the last few years, have been found the forces that shape the continents, create mountain ranges, and cause eruptions and earthquakes—all matters that had baffled geologists for over a hundred years. To those who try to understand the earth, the present period is comparable—and is compared frequently by scientists—to the years after the publication of Einstein's theory of relativity or Darwin's "The Origin of Species."

In the shadow of the abyss, there lie cliffs, clefts, plains, and mountains in uneroded grandeur. Plains flatter than anything seen on dry land stretch over the curve of the earth. Ragged hills spring from the plains and cluster on higher ground. Seamounts rise sheer out of the landscape, their flanks unencumbered by foothills or ridges. Gaping chasms drop as deep again as the seafloor itself. Massed peaks rise rank on rank into a chain of mountains greater than any above the sea. The continents rise like mesas from the ocean basin; were the earth not so segregated, it would be entirely covered in ocean more than a mile deep. That this segregation, besides being agreeable to us, is fundamental—that the ocean basins are not simply depressed continents but are made of different material—has been one of the most essential things known about the earth since Maurice Ewing and Frank Press, who was then Ewing's student, established it in 1949. It is what Ewing liked to call a brutal fact—the sort of thing he liked to fling in the faces of theorizing geologists. It took some fifteen years to digest and describe fully, and another brutal fact is that no one yet can really explain it. Curiously, where geologists once wondered why there are ocean basins, now there are difficulties explaining continents. That the floors of the oceans are no longer terra incognita is largely because of Maurice Ewing's curiosity, which was relentless. "Ewing, directly, by his influence, and by his challenge," a distinguished scientist remarked the other day, "oh, something like tripled the rate of our understanding of the earth—above the ordinary explosion of knowledge that has come to every science since the war."



Maurice Ewing

Ewing died, of a stroke, in May of this year. With his students and colleagues, he turned the subject of marine geology from a quiet academic preserve into one of the most exciting fields of inquiry being cultivated today. Ewing was a dedicated, but not anonymous, researcher, and tales about him are as numerous and widespread as his discoveries. For a decade or two, men came from all over the world to learn his methods, which are now applied as widely in the Soviet Union as in his own country. Some visitors were taken aback to discover that a chief method was dull, dirty work, and to see the white-haired director of a leading laboratory routinely clambering over the side of a ship to untangle greasy, rusty cables. Though Ewing's colleagues were amazed at his researches, he looked on himself as first a teacher, and he was one who taught by example and partnership rather than by lecture or manifesto. As students he took not only the fleetest academic horses, as he well could have, but also young people whom the academic system would ordinarily have rejected as poorly qualified or as underachievers, and he involved them in discoveries at the forefront of the field—where they have remained. When, at sixty-five, he retired from the research group he had founded more than twenty years before, Ewing started a new school and research establishment; he was planning its work when he died, and was also looking forward to two months of research at sea for himself this fall.

William Maurice Ewing—he went by his middle name, which he pronounced in the English, rather than the French, manner—was a soft-spoken, tired-looking man, a Texan by birth, a physicist by training. He was sixty-seven when he died, and had spent a large part of his life at sea, exploring the earth. He liked to be at sea for a couple of months a year, and whenever possible would fly off to join a ship in Manila or Punta Arenas. His work led him to know distant and out-of-the-way ports—their waterfronts, ship chandlers, and harbor masters—and stretches of ocean that merchant seamen never travel. He was a big man—a large, rough-looking character, he once said—over six feet tall, and broad-shouldered from hauling cases of dynamite and other geophysical equipment around the decks of ships. His face was broad, lined, and weathered, and his eyes, under puffy lids, were small and blue. Ashore, he sometimes peered through a small pair of silver-rimmed spectacles. He looked kind of grumpy, and some people were scared of him. Ewing's life was a source of both constant pleasure and constant exasperation to him. He spoke of the ocean floors with as much familiarity, regret, and frustration as some other passionate traveller might speak of the antiquities of Italy. Ewing wanted to understand how the earth works. He wanted to very badly most of his life. He had little patience with anything that got in the way of learning about the earth. With Ewing, something was either a profitable occupation or a total waste of time, but he always had more to do in a day than could be done in a week. He could not wait to learn anything, wait for someone to invent a better instrument, wait until tomorrow to hear if his ships at sea had discovered something today, wait until Monday for Saturday's mail. It caused him great anguish to let an unfamiliar stretch of ocean go unexamined or a few unscheduled hours of ship time go unused, or to sail at less than full speed while his instruments recorded the characteristics of the bottom. "There are other men who think in worldwide terms," a geologist said recently, "but Ewing—sending his ships around the world over and over and over, like no one else—also *did* in worldwide terms." Ewing was never satisfied with himself, however, and after forty years of going to sea he would still speak of pulling his socks up and getting something done.

IN 1949, Ewing founded Lamont (now Lamont-Doherty) Geological Observatory, which has become the world's leading geophysical research center. He served as its director, and also as professor of geology at Columbia University, of which Lamont is an offshoot, from then until 1972, when he left to found the University of Texas Geophysics Laboratory, in Galveston. The observatory occupies a country estate on the Hudson Palisades, in the village of Palisades, New York, a few miles north of the George Washington Bridge. Among the trees and hedges and gardens are some attractive old buildings—in one handsome pink-sandstone-and-clapboard house was Ewing's chart-strewn office, to which he returned occasionally for periods of research—and half a dozen sprawling new laboratories. Lamont is very much the lengthened shadow of Maurice Ewing. Its research grants amount to more than ten million dollars a year now, and its staff at Palisades, at sea, and in small outposts scattered around the world numbers five hundred; but to describe the size of the original staff Ewing would solemnly raise one finger. Lamont keeps two ships, Vema and Conrad, at sea three hundred days of the year, for which they have been called the hardest-worked research vessels afloat (someone has said that they circle the earth as constantly as two moons), and at times has been responsible for some of the activities of two more ships: it managed the geophysical work on the National Science Foundation's ship Eltanin for eleven years, until the ship was retired, and it is a founding member of JOIDES, the Joint Oceanographic Institutions Deep Earth Sampling program, a group that directs operations on the foundation's ship Glomar Challenger, which has been circling the earth for six years. Every few weeks, a sheaf of data about some part of the world that no one has seen before comes back to Lamont. The observatory monitors the earth's murmurs and arrhythmias with one of the largest seismograph stations in the world, and it even has a few of its stethoscopes on the moon. Lamont is the newest and, in personnel, ships, and income, still the smallest of the major ocean-research groups in this country, the others being the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, in La Jolla, California, and the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, in Massachusetts. (People in the field sometimes include the University of Miami in the list and speak of "the big three and a half.") But recently Lamont was able to remind the administrators of government research contracts that it had "produced over half the data" of a geophysical nature about the ocean floors and "initiated all . . . except two" of the ways of getting that data. Lamont is a formidable power in the earth sciences. Its artillery is always alert to the publication of new theories, and may lumber around into position and lob a few pertinent facts from its capacious arsenal over onto the theory's author, sometimes demolishing the theory, occasionally establishing it. Similarly, Ewing himself was a force to be reckoned with, in each of the fields he worked in (be-

Dana Fradon

"Frankly, I keep forgetting what I'm with—the F.T.C., the F.P.C., the S.E.C., the F.C.C., or the F.A.A."

MONSTRANCE

I

Funny the way one looks up to see someone
before one knows anyone is there. I
was in an alley and near the back
of the building—orange-half asters, mustard
grass miracles out of hell-soil in concrete
cracks, dirty bricks, the decadence of the plan—
and a man, at my glance, stepped down the steps,
grinned, and vanished. I have my guesses.
He was as tall as I am, or taller,
curlier-haired, freckled, better dressed—
I detected a gaudy knit vest over a white
on white shirt, a gold on gold tie, a jacket
tweed and plaid—and, as I said, smiling. Maybe
he was a person I might have been. Or still
might be. One of us didn't want myself to get
a good look at him, and, in the end, that one was me.

II

I was so grateful for the music of the violin
in spite of my present, temporary impecuni-
osity—for the roses, the darkness, the candlelight,
the scented lace handkerchief up my tattered
jacket sleeve gradually filling with red testimony,
my deplorable death blossoms—I determined
to make him, the violinist, a present, to present him
with the only gift I had to bestow, the instant
bartered out of time by my joy for his joy
so that the present, though past, could endure
in a thing I had lost, and he possessed, with perhaps
gratitude, too: a leather wallet. And yet,
as I walked down Beaver Street beneath
the maple boughs of deep green embowering
the sidewalk's red bricks, gray granite curbs,
crowded with addresses, leaning numbers, windows,
and doors onto the trees, split and splintered
by the trees' roots' unseemly ecstasy, carrying
the wallet, I realized, in sad panic, it
wouldn't matter to him—a gift from a nobody—
and the idea that anybody was nourished by a blank
reward was a common alibi. I had to keep
the wallet for myself—I wanted it,
fat and tan, well-crafted—I had to be-
come someone for a gift of self, for a moment, enhance,
and stop cluttering the traffic of time
with mere entity or more stupid enthusiasm.

III

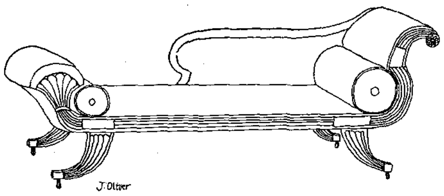
A guest in the apartment of a friend, in awe
of the dark propriety of its appointments—
big, immaculately fringed Oriental rug, waxed walnut
tables and chairs, ebony bookcases, all volumes
bound in leather or nearly—and friend's blondness
accented by his gray suit, black velvet vest,
new pinkness of complexion, and manicure,
essayed to assuage or assure me things
could be, in a way, as they'd been before
between us, this with a gesture of his hands,
fingers up, palms open: "Take it easy,"
they said, or more simply, "Peace, peace," or maybe,
as such a gesture sometimes means for me,
"What could I do?" The telephone gently
tinkled, an old one of French design,
on a big embroidered doily on a table
(I was surprised to see it was able
to ring), yet when my friend endeavored
to answer it, he found the line dead,
nobody there. Now I had to bear the burden
of his disappointment, yet neither is there
anything one can do for another's empty life
except menace it, or shadow it with giantness,
and become, underneath the full moon, beside a horizon
of gingerbread rooftops and tiles gleaming,
Frankenstein's monster murmuring to a young girl curling
in the curve of his palm, "Don't be afraid."

—KENNETH ROSEN

• •

cause he was interested in the earth, not just in fields, he worked in many), and he was enough of a legend in the earth and ocean sciences so that he was spoken of with respect for his inventiveness, his energy, his impatience, and his wit even by scientists who had never met him. He was not particularly well known except to other scientists; indeed, he was little known. Fame in science today is related to Nobel Prizes, and Ewing never had one. There is no Nobel Prize for the investigation of the earth—for marine geology or marine geophysics (each was only being born when he began practicing it), for geology or geophysics, for seismology, or for any of the other overlapping fields and sub-fields he practiced in, which now are often lumped together as the earth sciences—though it seems likely that if there were he would have had it, for any of several pieces of work. Ewing did win the National Medal of Science, in 1973, and, in 1960, the Vetlesen Prize, which some regard as the earth-sciences equivalent of the Nobel.

Although Lamont has been exploring and mapping the earth for more than twenty years, confusion about what it does has refused to die out, even among some of its close neighbors. There are some people in the surrounding county who believe that the observatory looks at stars, and confuse it with the white domes of a nearby anti-missile radar installation. Others assume that, with its ships, Lamont studies the sea; a magazine of wide international circulation once called Ewing the "dean of American oceanographers." ("Oceanographer" and "oceanography" are loosely used terms. Originally used to encompass scientific curiosity of all kinds about the sea, they have since become more specifically, and descriptively, tied to an interest in the water and its behavior, while other specialties, such as marine biology and marine geology, have seceded and acquired their own names.) Encouraged to say how fascinating the great ocean is, the "dean" would snarl, "The ocean's a murky mist that keeps me from seeing the bottom." He was not an oceanographer but a marine geologist, and it would have been a great help to him if the whole ocean had dried up. A few wise souls know that the bottom's the thing; they show their sophistication by dropping the name of a well-known skin diver. But the amount of ocean bottom that diving—by skin or by sub—can reach is trivial. The average depth of the ocean basins is three miles; even modern, "space age" (with-it ocean scientists call their



realm "inner space") submersibles can accomplish little at these depths. This, too, Ewing commented on. "Friend," he said to a curious soul after buying his first (surface) ship, "in my trade, diving's like sitting on top of a flagpole, and there's not very much you can learn about better at the top of a flagpole than on the ground." So Lamont studies the bottom from the top, the earth from the sea, with dredges, coring tubes, drills, thermometers, cameras, and sonar; with gravity meters, which respond to changes in the earth's density; with magnetometers; and with seismic reflection and refraction, which are to sonar about what an X-ray machine is to a camera.

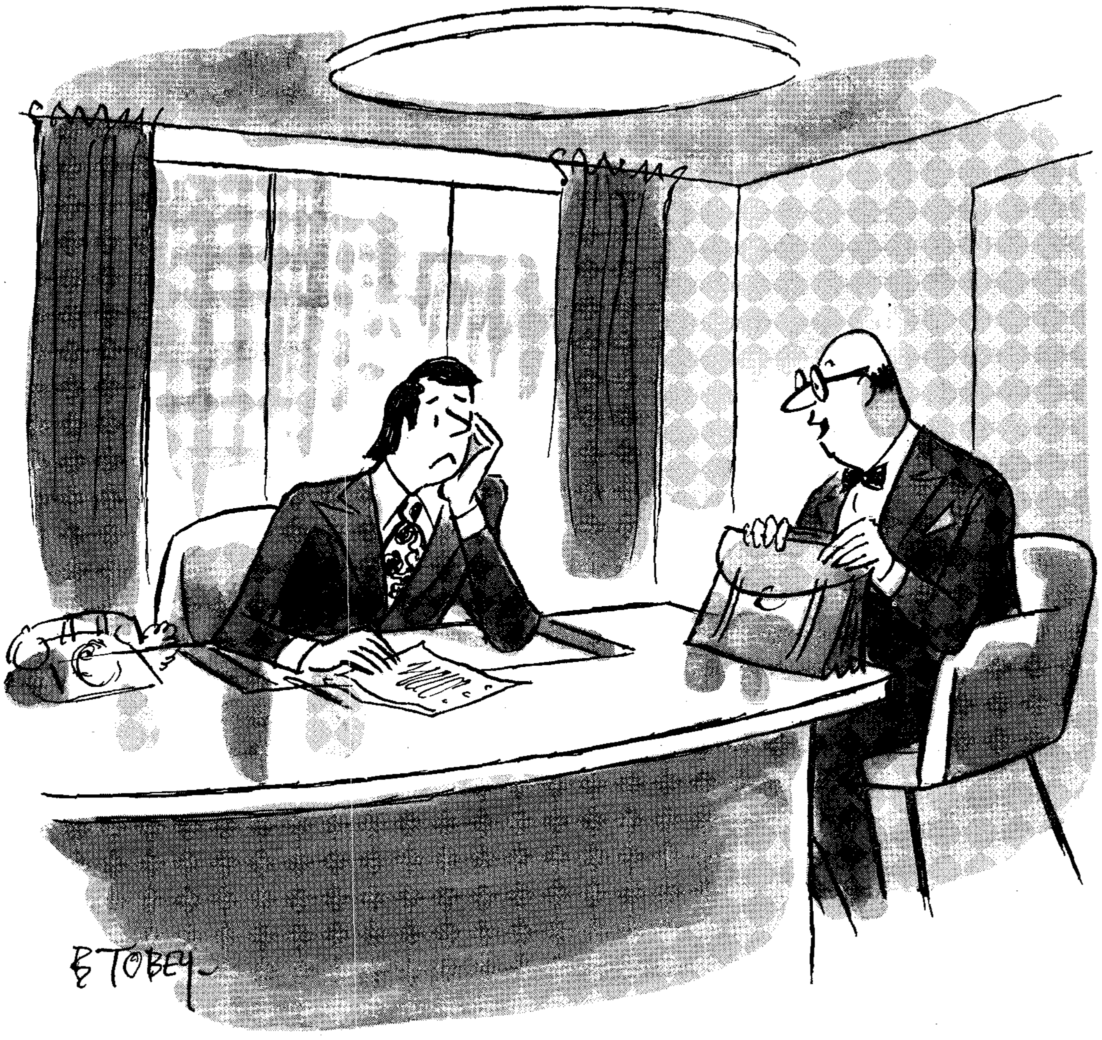
Some people were greatly offended by Ewing—to the greater delight of others. Oceanic research was long a gentleman's science, probably because the average scholar could neither maintain ships nor get others to, and Ewing did not follow all the rules of the game in making his discoveries. An old associate of Ewing's at Lamont has said, "I was with him once at an ocean-sciences congress in Brussels, and they were all there, all the distinguished marine scientists of the world, with their brandy and big cigars, telling each other of the hardships they had faced and the setbacks and limitations they had had to accept at sea—particularly from the production depth-sounders of the day. And there was Ewing, trying to explain how if they would only take a screwdriver and a soldering iron they could fix the instruments. And they didn't like it one bit, I can tell you."

Ewing, another scientist says, was the first to do geological work of any consequence at sea. He had the knack of looking where there was said to be nothing and finding something exciting. So little had been learned of the land beneath the sea before Ewing began to look at it that generations of oceanographers and geologists dismissed it as all but featureless—but it was featureless only in their minds. "There were very few geological scientists then who had noticed that the oceans made up most of the world, and they didn't take that part of it into account in their theories," a geologist has said. "There was a sort of continent syndrome. Ewing's was a perceptive commitment, and a great one." Today, there is intense interest in the seafloor, and much research money and academic fame to be had for the study of it. Some explorers have set out, like the Spaniards of old, to discover what they have been told is there. (Few men, Robert Frost once remarked, are eager to be first anywhere, but many are eager to be the first to be second.) Twenty years ago, no man in oceanic research had to be introduced to any other, whatever part of the world either was from. Today, men from the same state don't know each other. Hundreds of research papers are presented at annual scholarly meetings—the product of hundreds of scholars and hundreds of graduate students from half a dozen countries, who from dozens of ships, with hundreds of men to sail them and tens of millions of dollars to support them, have all been scrutinizing the ocean floors.

Ewing was respected as an administrator—one could scarcely ignore that he had built a major lab from nothing—but he always insisted, "Professor of geology is my real appointment here—the other junk I have to do." In any field, a few men make a mark by their own work and a few make one through a generation of students they produce. Ewing appears to have done both in his need to learn about the earth. Of Lamont someone has said, "Quite ordinary guys go there and come out leading the world." Just the number and distinction of the men in the earth sciences who were students of Ewing's would make him an interesting figure. Some are generalists, as he was, and others are specialists in any number of techniques for examining the earth. "The outstanding quality of any great teacher is the challenging way he seems to welcome you into his circle, and Ewing always had a very friendly, welcoming approach," says Brackett Hersey, who was a Ewing student in the thirties and is now the deputy assistant oceanographer for the Navy's science programs. "He seemed to tell you, 'I'm glad you've come, I've been working on the most interesting thing, and I'd like to tell you about it, because I think you'd like it.' "

His teaching was more a way of being than a job. "He was the only teacher I ever had who fell asleep in his own class," one geophysicist says. Jack Oliver, chairman of the Department of Geological Sciences at Cornell, recalls, "There were times when he came to class tired, badly prepared, obviously having worked all night, and other times when he was brilliant and would take you through a maze of mathematical theory and wordy literature, making things clear that you weren't sure even the people who wrote them understood." Frank Press, who is now chairman of M.I.T.'s Department of Earth and Planetary Sciences, says, "His strength lay not so much in giving polished lectures—he didn't do that—as in being a man who communicated by his demeanor, and by demonstrating in your presence, first, the power of mathematics to solve basic problems in physics, and, second, that basic problems were to be solved by people who worked hard enough."

An unusual number of students



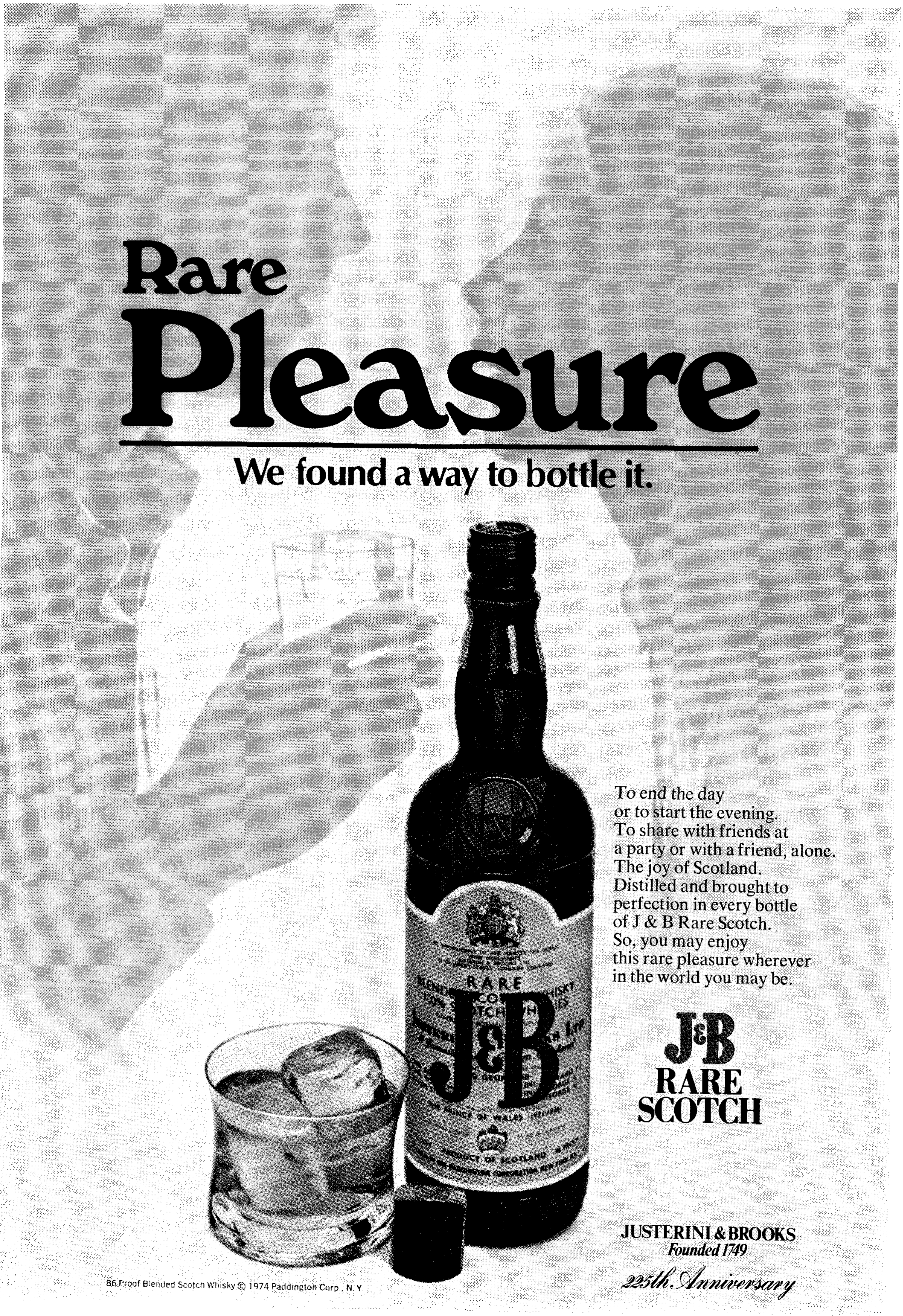
"Look at the bright side, Wilkinson. How many men your age are in receivership?"

kept right on working with Ewing after they got their degrees, even though—at least until he got a large grant from the Henry L. and Grace Doherty Charitable Foundation, in 1969 (and Lamont became Lamont-Doherty)—Ewing did not offer every inducement for doing so. "He always felt that if he could pay half the salary everyone else did, he could do twice the science," says an alumnus who finally left after ten years and one raise. "A lot of men found Doc's presence so stimulating that they couldn't leave," explains a longtime associate, "while to others it was so nerve-racking they didn't stay long."

It has been common for successful researchers to use their research as leverage against having to teach, and Ewing's interest in students puzzled some of them. "Back in the fifties, when he was doing some of his most famous work," says Charles Drake, once a Ewing student and now a professor of geology at Dartmouth, "I asked him why he was a college professor, and he just looked kind of surprised and said, 'What else is there?' " Once, in the messroom of a ship five hundred miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, Ewing remarked, "One of the principal rewards of academic life is a body of former students you accumulate who are almost like the members of a family. I don't know any other profession where you find quite the same feeling of kinship."

Ewing was as faithful to his research as to teaching. It was a rule of thumb at Lamont that if the light in his office was out before eleven, Doc—as his students addressed him and almost everyone else referred to him—was unusually tired. He sometimes arranged to work with graduate students on their research from ten at night until two (he might doze off from time to time), or at seven-thirty in the morning. "The chance to do science is my pay," he often said, and he collected every penny. To see much of Doc, it was sometimes necessary to go to sea with him. But when he was at sea for thirty-day stretches, he was up every hour or so looking at the instruments, to be sure the ship wasn't steaming past something interesting. One of the first things that some young geophysicists learned about the earth was that they couldn't keep up indefinitely Doc's pace of doing science, and he could. This made his point of view a little special. "Once when I was a student, Doc joined our ship at Nassau," says Charles Drake. "He looked exhausted. He probably was—he usually was. I took the first watch and he took the second. He looked so pooped that I let him sleep that night, and stood his watch, too. Along about 4 A.M., down comes this real mad body. 'Why didn't you wake me up?' 'Well, you looked tired.' 'Don't you ever do that again!' he yells, and bowwow-wow-wow-wow-wow!" Away from Lamont and his duties as director, Ewing worked equally hard on science. A few years ago, at a conference in Buenos Aires on the origins of the continents of the Southern Hemisphere, another marine geologist found Ewing in his room during a reception hard at work on a paper, with charts spread about the floor. The paper, it turned out, was not even scheduled for delivery at the conference but concerned a place called Resolute Bay, five hundred miles northwest of Hudson Bay. Ewing was just collecting his pay.

From time to time, Ewing envied his friends their relaxation, as most of them envied his application. Some years ago, inspired by a colleague who had piled his family into a camper and driven them through the national parks on his way to a scholarly meeting in California, Ewing piled his wife and children into their car for an extended spin around the country. There is no evidence that Lamont or any of its ships at sea functioned any less well or overlooked any major discovery in his absence, but after a day he was so bothersome to everyone, including himself, that he flew back to New York to recover his peace of mind. Friends maintain that—with the possible exception of taking vacations—Ewing did nothing that he did not do well. He ap-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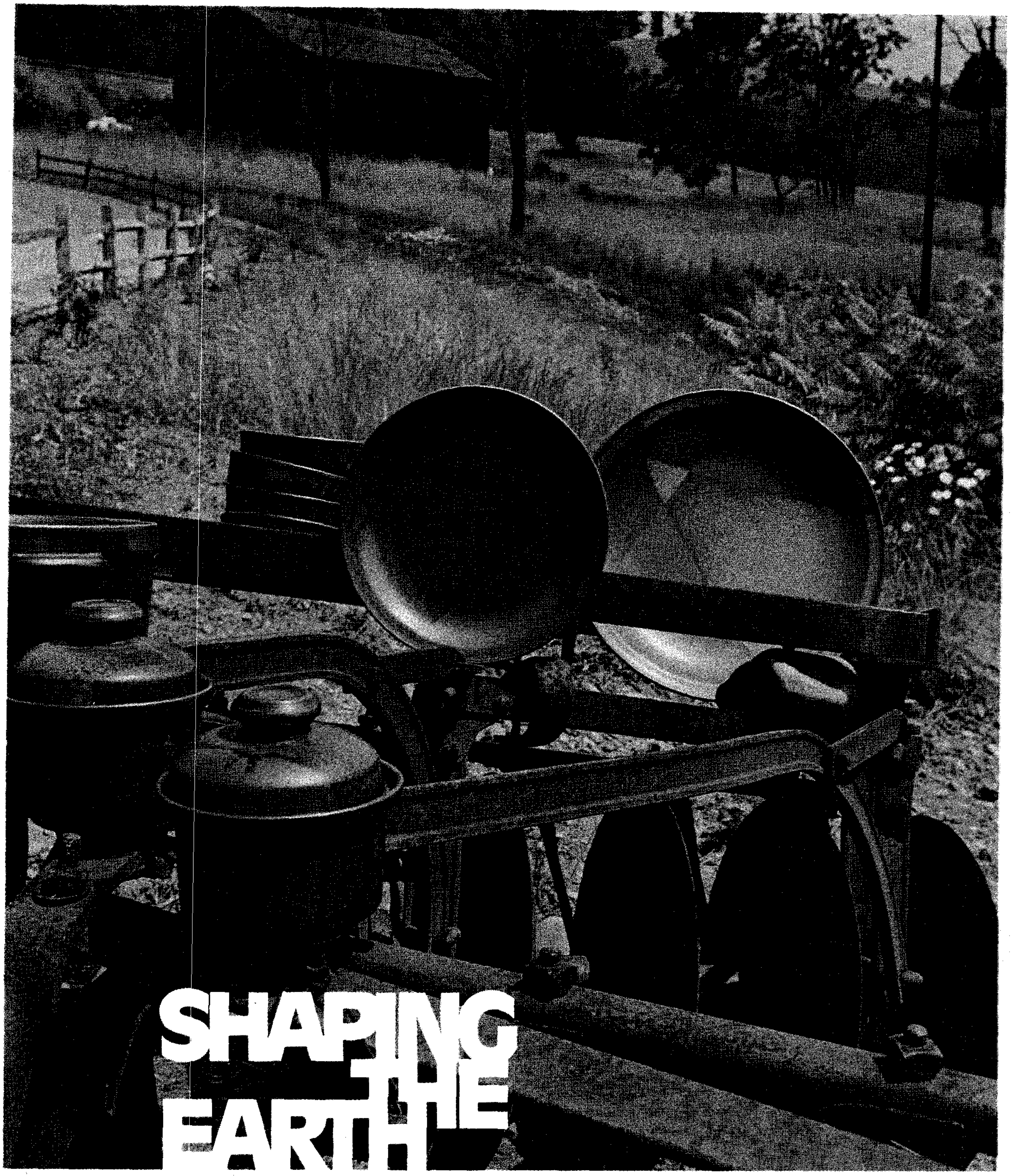

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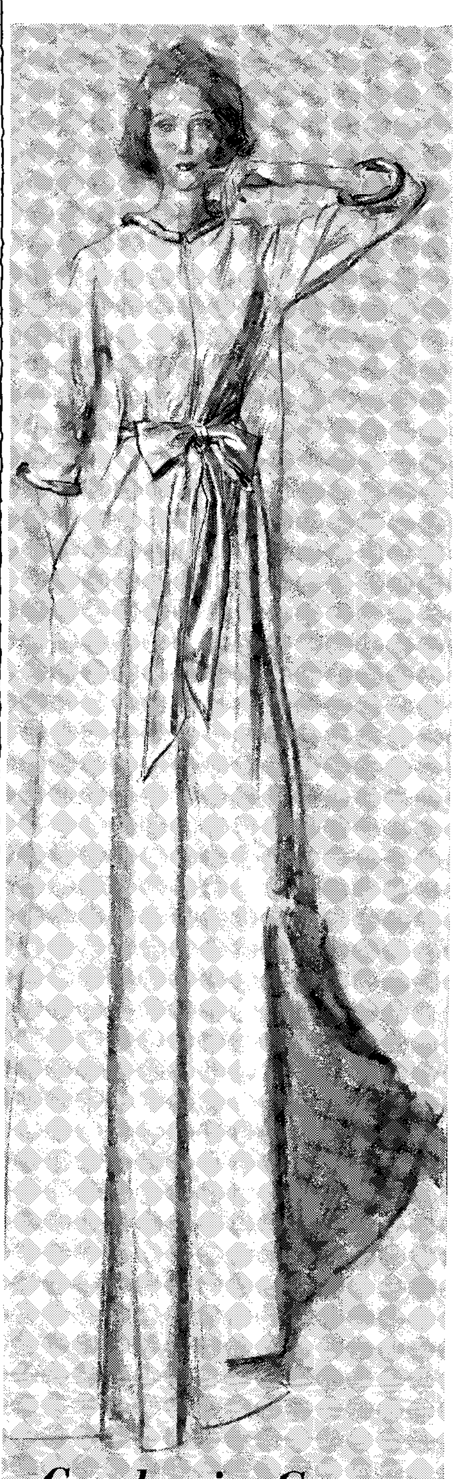
proached all things with intense concentration. When his mind was focussed on the earth, a friend says, he would walk through whole roomfuls of friends without seeing any of them. The same friend says, "When he was preoccupied, he was irritable and hard to reach and people thought him surly, but when he turned himself on to social life he could be a most engaging man and would bend over backward to help out or be charming." (Ewing could not always manage to please, and his intense preoccupation with his work may eventually have affected his married life. He was married three times and twice divorced, though only after thirteen years and twenty-one years, respectively. "It's not that Maurice didn't care about his family, because he did very much," a friend says, "but he'd get immersed in some project—especially during the war—or be off at sea, and they would see little or nothing of him for long periods. Then, when he was around he was very demanding." Ewing had a son by his first marriage, who was killed in a plane crash several years ago, and two sons and two daughters, all grown now, by his second marriage. Ewing and his third wife, Harriett Bassett, a small, blond woman with eyes of a startling pale blue, were married in 1965. At Lamont, she ran the director's office and kept in touch with her husband's ruling passion. A visitor could get from her an excited and swift summary of the latest discoveries; there was little about the operation that she did not know.)

Things as indefinite as taste and intuition are what in the end determine a scientist's quality. Many tireless men and many men of seemingly awesome analytic power have spent themselves on matters of little consequence. "Ewing was always right there with the most important thing to do," says George Sutton, a former student and colleague who is assistant director of the Hawaii Institute of Geophysics. "He'd never touch a subject where you had to go three more decimal places to add anything." Another friend says, "He saw problems, and methods of solving them. Other people finished them." One problem that Ewing saw fifteen years ago was designing a seismograph to go on the moon. He gave it to Frank Press, who passed it on to George Sutton, who turned it over to Gary Latham, who went with Ewing from Lamont to Texas and is now NASA's chief researcher in lunar seismology; there are four seismographs still operating on the moon. Ewing's first professional paper, a combination of natural observation and classical physical theory, was published in *Science* when he was twenty and a junior in college. It was called "Dewbows by Moonlight." Not every paper afterward sounded as romantic, but the impulse behind it was. "For my taste, the most exciting thing you can do as a physicist is investigate the earth," Ewing said once.

"MY first idea of what I wanted to be came out of *Popular Mechanics* pictures and correspondence-school ads showing the man pulling the switch," Ewing recalled last spring. He grew up on the plains of north Texas, near Lockney, a community of small farms and small ranches on a spur of the railroad northeast of Lubbock; later the family moved a few miles to the town of Tulia, up toward Amarillo. North Texas is parched, dusty country—dusty homesteads and dusty towns with one street, several stores, a few houses, and a grain elevator. The Ewings were independent, but the land was not generous. An early attempt at homesteading in New Mexico failed for lack of water. At Lockney, they brought water to their farm by wagon until a well was dug. Maurice was the oldest of seven children, of whom only one—a daughter, who married early—was not sent to college. An acquaintance recalls a friendly mob ruled by two strong characters—Hope Ewing, a small, energetic woman with high ideals, and Floyd Ewing, at once easygoing and exacting, taking charge but not precedence. Maurice played trombone in the school band and got a less than middling education. When he set out to learn to pull the switch, the good colleges he applied to told him to go to cram school for a year and apply again. He had a train ticket to the only place that would take him as he was, and a packed trunk, when one of the good schools—Rice Institute (now University), in Houston—wrote again, this time accepting him. He went there in 1922, aged sixteen. Thirty years later, Rice gave him a medal of honor (Rice does not believe in honorary degrees, only earned ones), and he heard the reason he had been admitted: his high-school math teacher had writ-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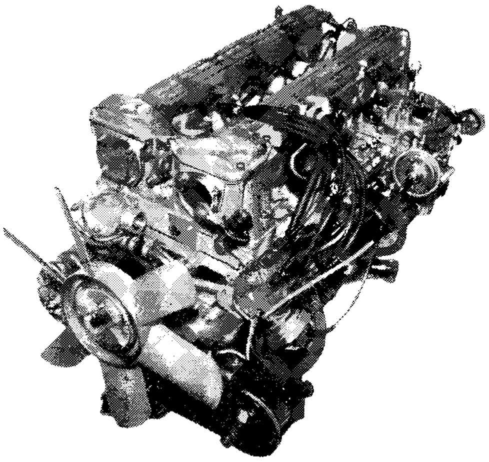

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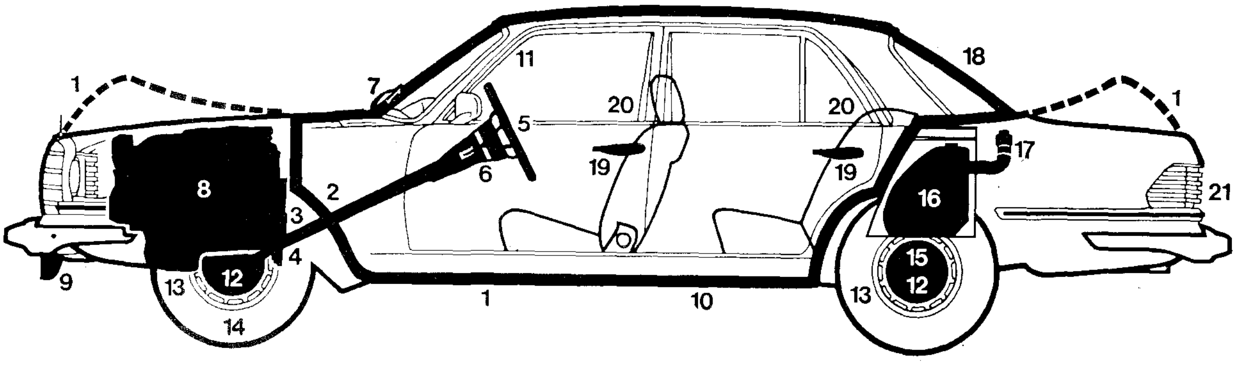

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ten, indignantly and convincingly, backing him over "anyone I ever met, or I guess anyone you ever met." In later years, Ewing said, "Under his guidance, I had changed from a person who could do no math problems to one whose favorite thing was algebra." Though that was a good thing, it was a while before he could understand his calculus teacher at Rice, another step, like trigonometry, being customary between algebra and calculus. As a freshman, he said, he was especially attentive to lectures, because he had no time to study; he went to classes and laboratories from nine to four and worked in a drugstore from five to midnight. In succeeding years, he had a scholarship, which enabled him to limit his work to a job in the library and the grading of papers. Somewhere in the schedule, he found time to play first trombone in the marching band, a chair he held through college and graduate school. He was a big, lanky boy, and during the summers he worked first in grain elevators, later prospecting for oil; there is probably more oil than water under north Texas, and such applications of physics to geology as the torsion balance and explosion seismology were then the very last word in oil prospecting.

Fifty years later, Ewing was still excited by his education. When he talked about Rice early this year in his study at Lamont, surrounded by cruise reports, charts, and data books, his voice rose and quickened, and he pawed through books until he found three volumes commemorating Rice's founding ceremonies, in 1912, and including a list of famous scholars who attended and speeches on learning delivered by eminent men. Rice was founded with the highest intellectual ideals, and Ewing had been moved by them and was still impressed. "For two years, I majored in electrical engineering," he said. "And then I began to wonder. The engineering students, I had noticed, used funny paper with red lines down and across it. They were careful how they made figure fives. An inkblot was a catastrophe. The engineering professors were sarcastic Yankees. But the three men I'd been learning from in physics and mathematics were such gentle people, the kind of people I liked. For half a year, I studied the upperclassmen. The engineers were all worried. There was a group of us, all sophomores, living in the same dormitory; most agreed that physics was more interesting but wondered how you could make a living at it. I decided to change anyway. I was

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Middletown	Tempkin's Dry Goods
Mount Kisco	*Golden Gallion Gifts*
Mount Vernon	The Fair Store
New Rochelle	Anne's Corner Gift
New Rochelle	Charles Librett Hardware
New York	Delbon
New York	Feldman's Housewares
New York	Hammacher–Schlemmer
New York	Macy's, all stores
New York	Phoebus Star
Patchogue	Sivezey & Nevins
Pleasantville	Clark Corner Gifts
Poughkeepsie	Luckey Platt
Poughkeepsie	Happy House Gift Shop
Riverhead	Acard Jewelers
Rochester	N. O. Phelps
Sayville	Village Gift Shop
Scarsdale	The Charles N. Mead Company
Schenectady	Carl Company
Scotia	Mayfair Jewelers & Silversmiths
Staten Island	Armel Jewelers
Staten Island	Garber's—New Dorp
Tarrytown	Holston Jewelers
Tarrytown	Swiss Fair
White Plains	Hecht Hardware
Yonkers	Roadside China
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Ohio

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Franklin	The Cookery
Kenwood	McAlpin's

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Philadelphia	Tuerkes Beckers
Pittsburgh	Horne Brothers

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Knoxville	Bowen's of Knoxville
Memphis	Blair House
Nashville	Michael Corzine & Company

Texas

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Austin	Carl Mayer Jewelry
Bay City	Tett's Jewelry
Big Spring	Hemphill Wells
Corpus Christi	Lichtenstein's
Corpus Christi	*Taylor Brothers*
El Paso	The Popular, all stores
Houston	Sweeney's
Midland	Jenkins Jewelry
Orange	Jay's Jewelry
San Antonio	House of Stainless
San Antonio	House of Todd
San Marcos	Gifts, Etc.
Waco	R. E. Cox & Company
Wichita Falls	The Pavillion

Vermont

Burlington	Abernethy's
Saint Albans	Doolins

Virginia

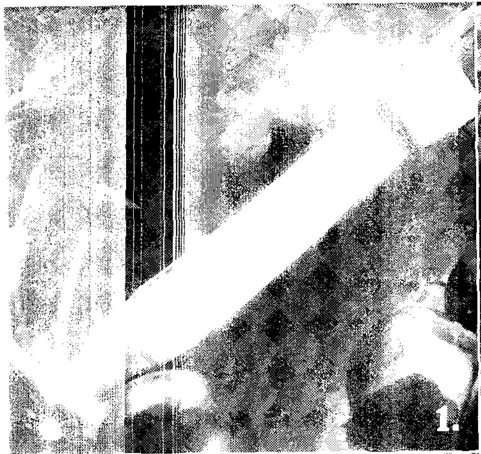
Charlottesville	Charlottesville Hardware
Culpepper	Lerry's
Norfolk	*Bartley's*

West Virginia

Huntington	Mack & Dave's

Wisconsin

Appleton	Gimbel's
Madison	Gimbel's
Madison	Manchester's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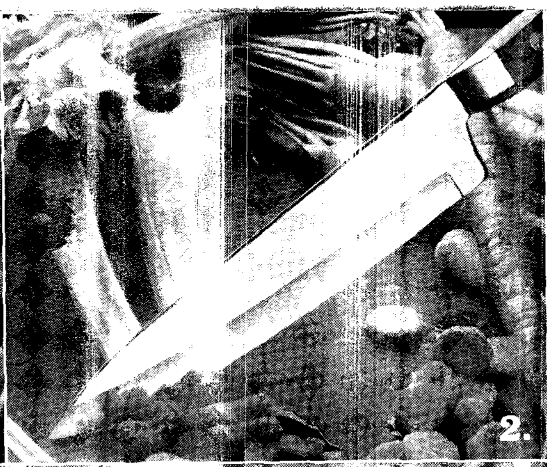
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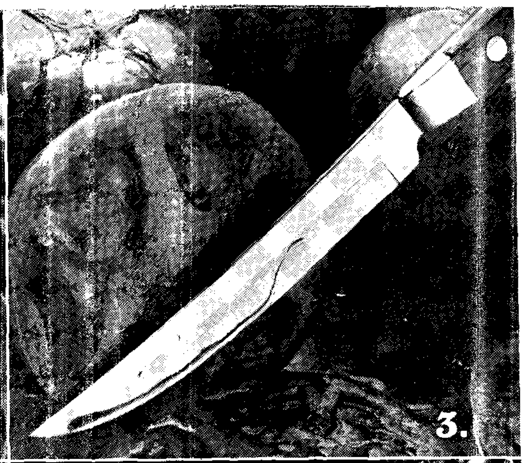
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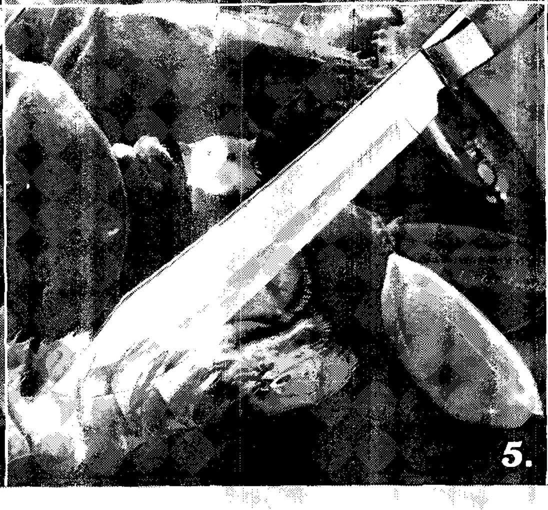
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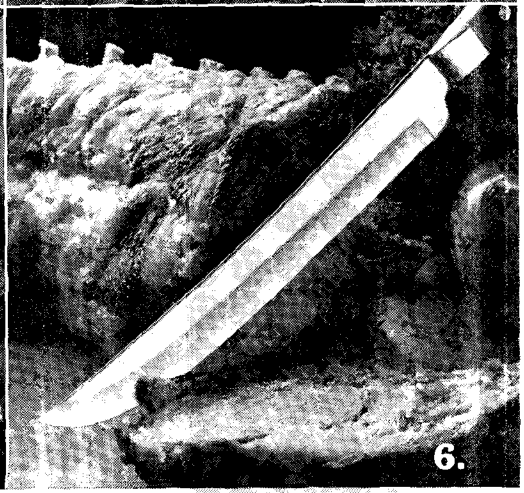
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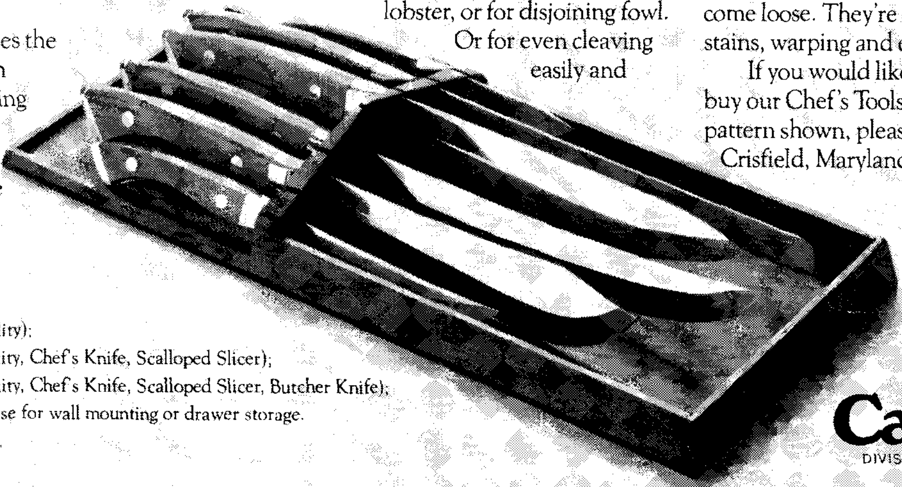

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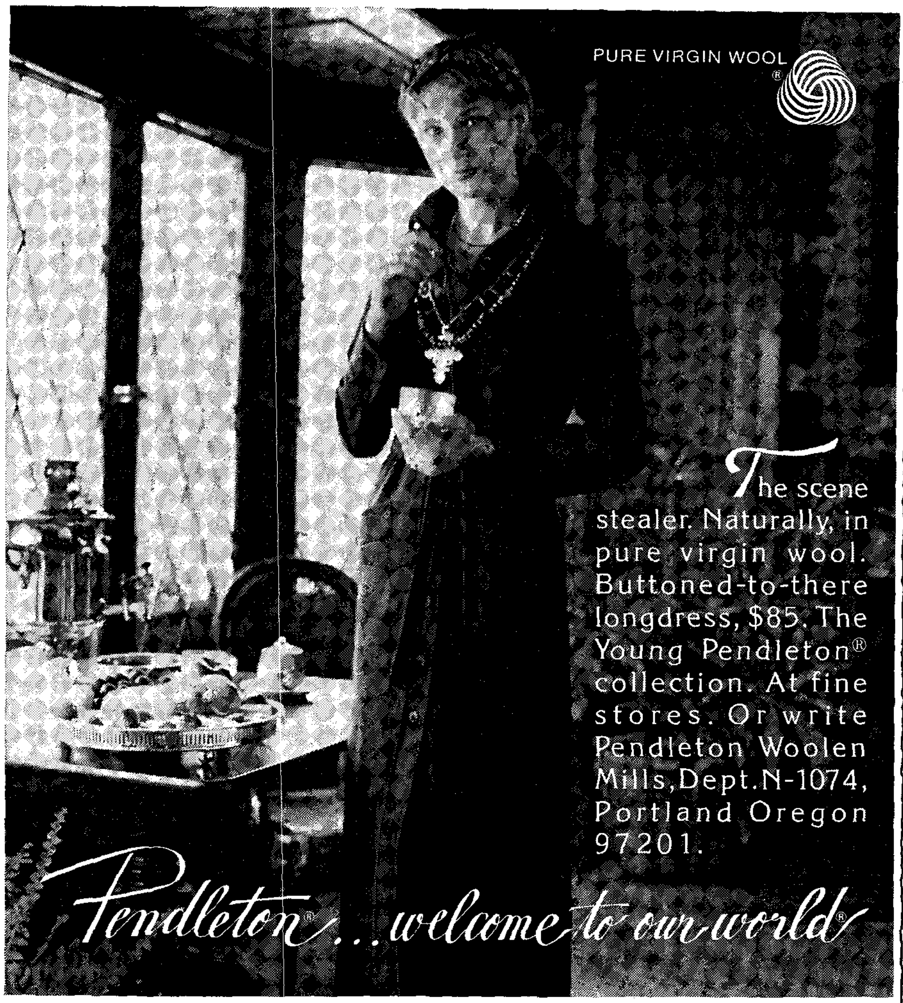
already working my way through. Nowadays, physics isn't a bad career. And the nicest people I ever met, before or after, taught physics. The blessing of Rice was two math professors who both had Harvard degrees and Sheldon travelling fellowships, and the physics professor, who was from the Cavendish Lab, at Cambridge, in England. I had essentially as private tutors men straight from the greatest centers of learning in the world. There was an excitement that lasted clear up through the time when I began teaching. Up through now. I think I am the most grateful person who ever went to Rice." Ewing had a slight drawl that came and went. He sounded a little surprised.

"At the end of my sophomore year, Professor Lester Ford, one of the math teachers, asked me what I was going to read during the summer," Ewing continued. "Read? I hadn't thought. Working in a grain elevator, you put in long hours. He said, 'It's as I expected, so I got something out for you.' Students couldn't take out library books for the summer. He had three volumes of Faraday's 'Experimental Researches.' I thought so highly of him that I didn't want to look appalled, and I read them, I think. Once, that autumn, the philosophy professor—the only one—asked what I'd read recently. I told him, and he still reminds me of it every time I go see him. The physics professor, H. A. Wilson, was kind of dictatorial. If he gave up on a student, he'd say, 'Humph! You'd better take chemistry.' He ran very good colloquia, in which current papers of the literature were presented. Graduate students and honors students were expected to attend. You'd have tea, Cavendish style, and hear a paper and discuss it. There were many distinguished visitors we got to meet and have tea with, whom I would have thought not mortal. We were in the midst of the great revolution of quantum physics; all the basic papers appeared while I was a student at Rice. There were many eminent places where you didn't hear about these things at all in physics class; we had the papers as soon as the library had them. We discussed them, and the professor had us do experiments, like the diffraction of electrons, that later won Nobel Prizes for people with more talent than we had. Not many of ours worked. He himself had done, and published, a rough version of Robert Millikan's Nobel Prize experiment—measuring the charge of the electron—years before Millikan, and he consid-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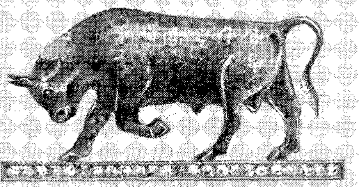
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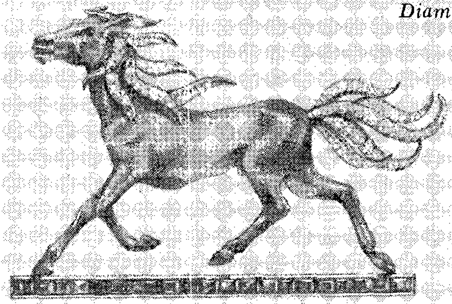

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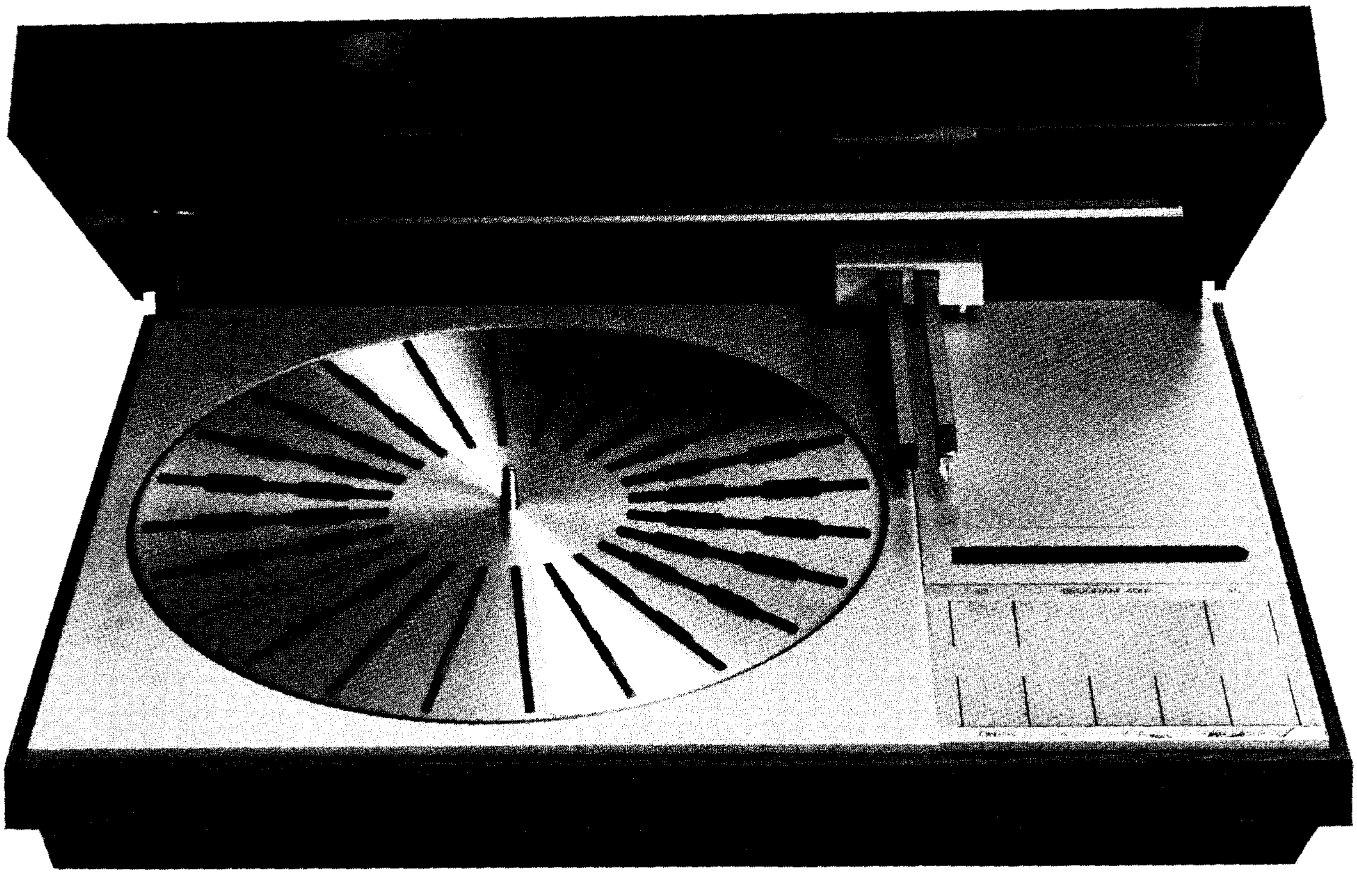

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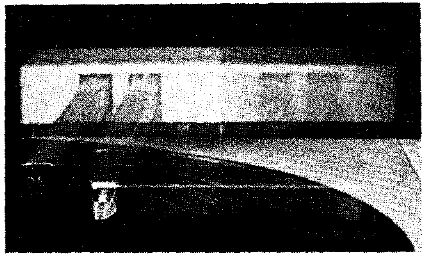
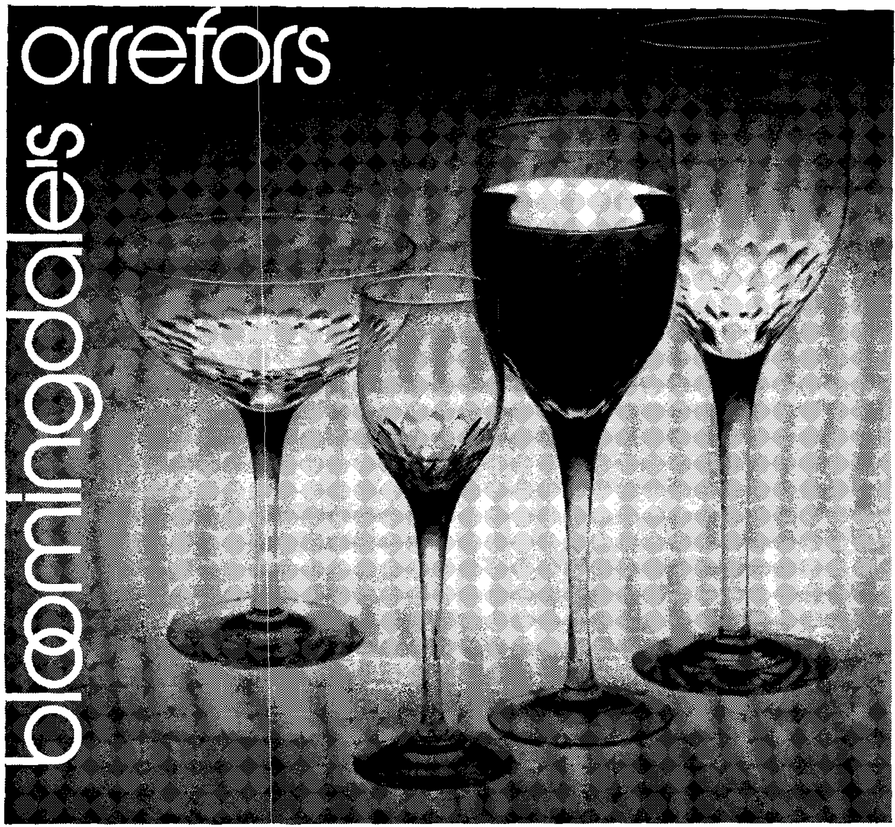


ered himself a sort of black sheep because he was the only one of the Cavendish group, which included some of his brothers-in-law, who didn't have a Nobel Prize. Well, you don't get measles except from people who have them, and I sure was in contact with people who had bad cases."

In 1930, Ewing, by then incurably infected, went to teach at Lehigh University, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. His interest was geophysics, the physics of the earth, where he saw there was much to be done. He was crazy for a chance to do research, he used to say. But there were certain difficulties. Science had not yet become a public utility. Scientists financed their research with money that today, one has said, wouldn't tempt them to Washington for an afternoon meeting. Ewing taught eighteen class-hours—later raised to twenty-one—of elementary physics, which, of course, entailed the additional duties of preparation, grading, and lab work. No doubt in consideration of his having acquired both a Ph.D. and a wife during graduate school, he was paid eighteen hundred dollars a year, in nine installments. Inevitably, he taught summer school. He was quite free to do research on his own time, and with his own money and equipment. Out of the geophysical resources of the Lehigh Valley he promoted whatever research he could—a mixed bag of reports ("Locating a Buried Power Shovel by Magnetic Measurements," "Seismic Study of Lehigh Valley Limestone," "Magnetic Survey of the Lehigh Valley") with implications for basic problems in pure science. When the valley's limestone quarries were blasting, he and his students thriftily recorded the seismic waves. Supplying their own explosives one flush winter, they studied the propagation of explosion waves in a solid medium horizontally bounded by a liquid and a gas—the ice sheet of a frozen pond. But when a strip-mining company offered a fee larger than Ewing's annual salary if he would try to trace a coal seam geophysically, he refused, because the company wanted to keep his findings a trade secret—as patron, it had, or took, the right to do so, as businesses and often government agencies do today. It was agreed finally that Ewing would do the work for nothing, and publish his results. Every year, he had a paper to read before the meeting of the American Geophysical Union.

ONE afternoon in 1934, when Ewing was still only an instructor in physics, he had callers in his basement



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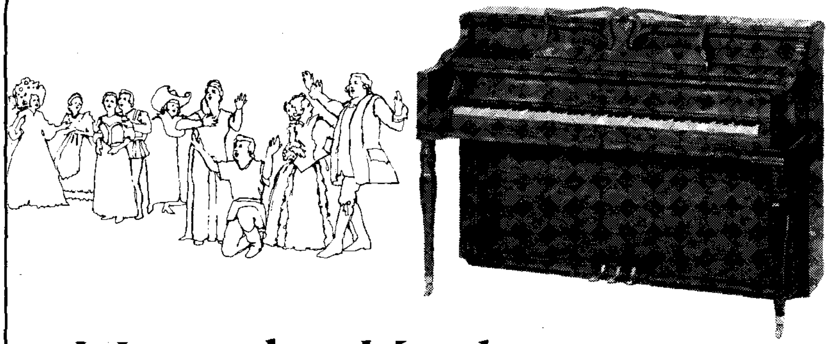

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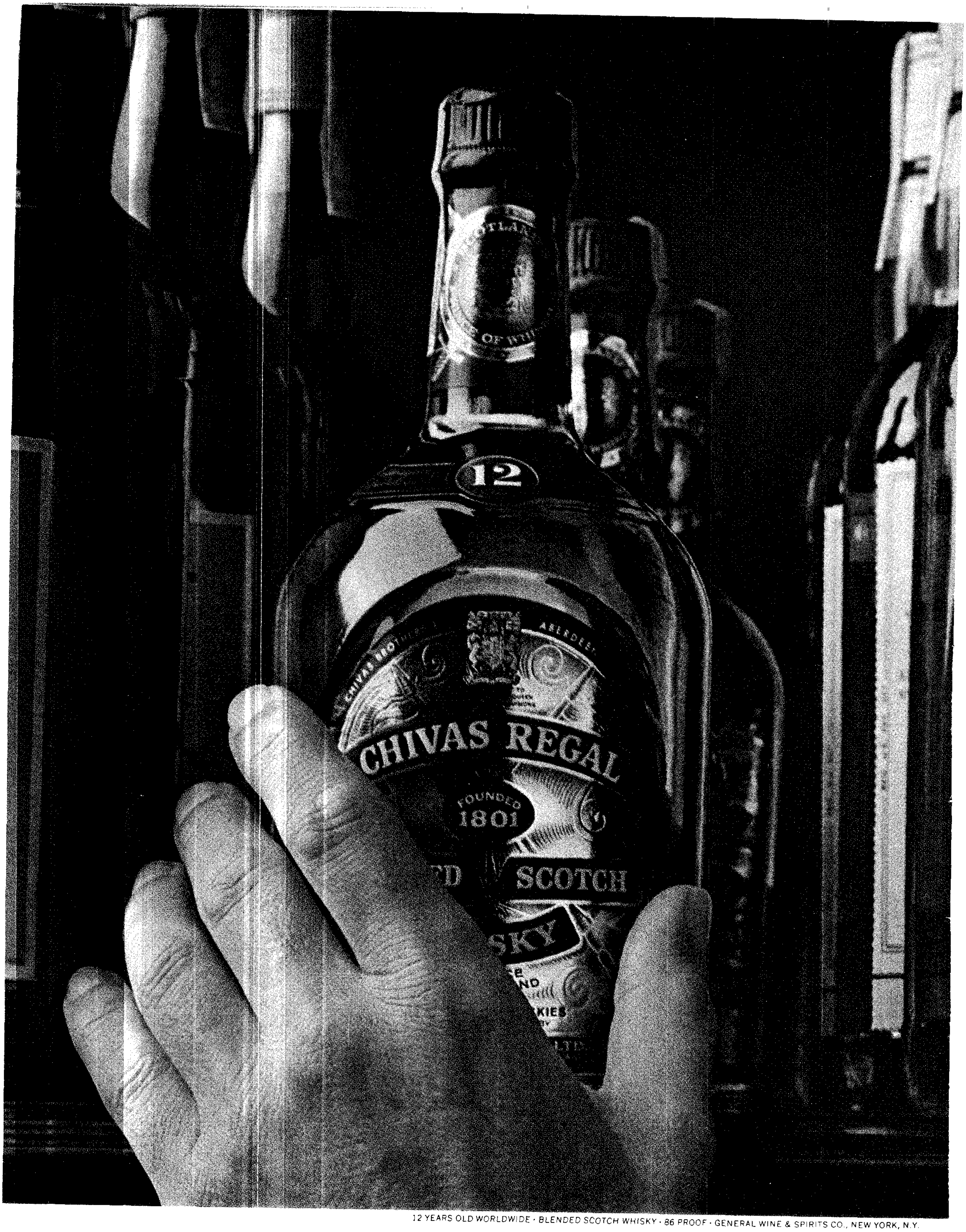
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office at Lehigh. "It was a significant and fruitful meeting—I remember it like yesterday," he recalled during an interview early this year. "It was a slightly snowy day in November, and two well-dressed gentlemen entered whom I barely knew—Professor Richard Field, of Princeton, and William Bowie, of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. They were both sort of imaginative and enterprising people. They knew about me because I had come to meetings of the American Geophysical Union every spring and read a paper. They wore derby hats, and coats with fur collars—I remember the snow on them. They said they wanted to interest me in the study of the continental shelf—the shallow submerged borderland of the continent beyond the shore. They thought that it was a very important geological problem to see if the steep place where the shelf ends was a geologic fault or the result of outbuilding of sediment from the land—was it a basic geologic feature or a superficial appearance? And they wondered if seismic measurements, such as I had been working with, could be used. I said yes, it could be done, provided one had the equipment and ships. If they had asked me to put seismic equipment on the moon instead of the bottom of the ocean, I'd have agreed, I was so desperate for a chance to do research. Bowie and Field thought the Geological Society of America would back me. I got a grant of two thousand dollars, and my chief efforts from that day to this have arisen out of the problem those two great men propounded."

Ewing could not look at a problem without seeing a dozen other problems it was related to or was a part of, and he would not be satisfied without knowing whether what he had seen was typical or exceptional; once begun on the continental shelf, he was led by stages to look at the entire world. Bowie and Field thought it would be nice for geologists to know where the edge of the continent—of any continent—was. Was it the edge of the continental shelf, or was that just the edge of a great pile of mud under which the real, structural edge of the continent lay buried? (Or did the continent merge imperceptibly with an ocean basin constructed of identical materials? Some geologists had said the ocean floors were former continents that foundered in the distant past.) So Bowie and Field asked Ewing to find out how thick the sediments were out to the edge of the continental shelf. The question is easy to ask, but if ge-

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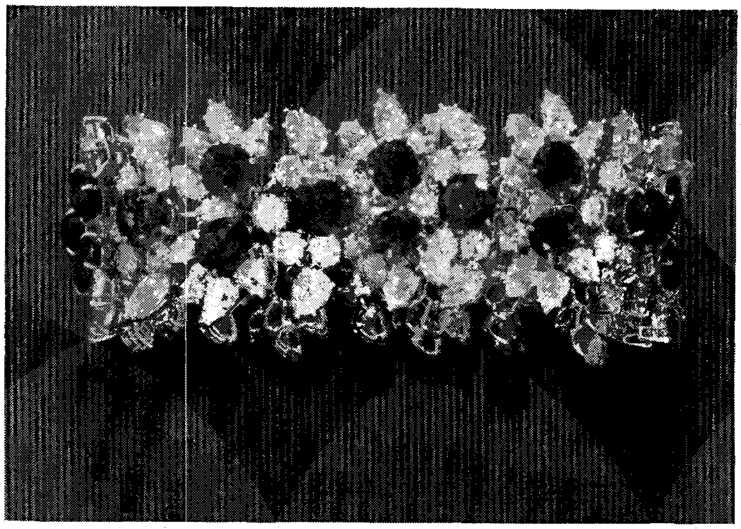
ologists could see beneath the surface, a lot of their questions would have been answered years ago. Getting an answer for Bowie and Field required some sophistication. Ewing's method—explosion seismology—had never been used at sea before he began his survey, in 1935; he and others later made it one of the most revealing ways of studying the submarine portions of the earth.

Seismology—the observation of vibrational waves set up in the solid earth by earthquakes and explosions—began about the middle of the last century and has led to most of what we know about all those portions of the earth that we cannot dig up. There are two classes of seismic waves: body waves, which make beelines through the earth, and surface waves, which come around on top. (Ewing's greatest single contribution to geophysics, and most elegant piece of science, was showing, in 1949, with Frank Press, how to use the surface waves to reveal the nature of the ocean floor.) For some time, most seismology used the body waves, of which one kind is simply sound waves; these waves are generally in octaves too low to hear, though witnesses have reported hearing the earth humming and groaning during great earthquakes. At the turn of the century, the body waves provided indications of something now taken for granted—that, eighteen hundred miles down, the earth has a core. Later work added an inner core; described zones in the mantle, the layer that surrounds the core; and located the boundary between the mantle and the crust, which is the skin on the body of the earth. (The crust is also, from another perspective, the basement, or bedrock, below the soil and sedimentary rock.) Waves from explosions were first used in 1848, by Robert Mallet, an Irish geologist, who was trying to measure their velocity in granite. He exploded gunpowder in granite and, through a telescope, watched the tremors in bowls of mercury he had set a distance away. Today, the job is done with TNT, radiotelephones, and seismographs. Oil companies took up explosion seismology in the nineteen-twenties, and Ewing extended the technique to the oceans. There are two kinds of explosion seismology: seismic reflection and seismic refraction. An explosion at the earth's surface sends out waves in all directions. By measuring the time it takes them to be reflected back from strata beneath the surface, the geophysicist can determine the depths



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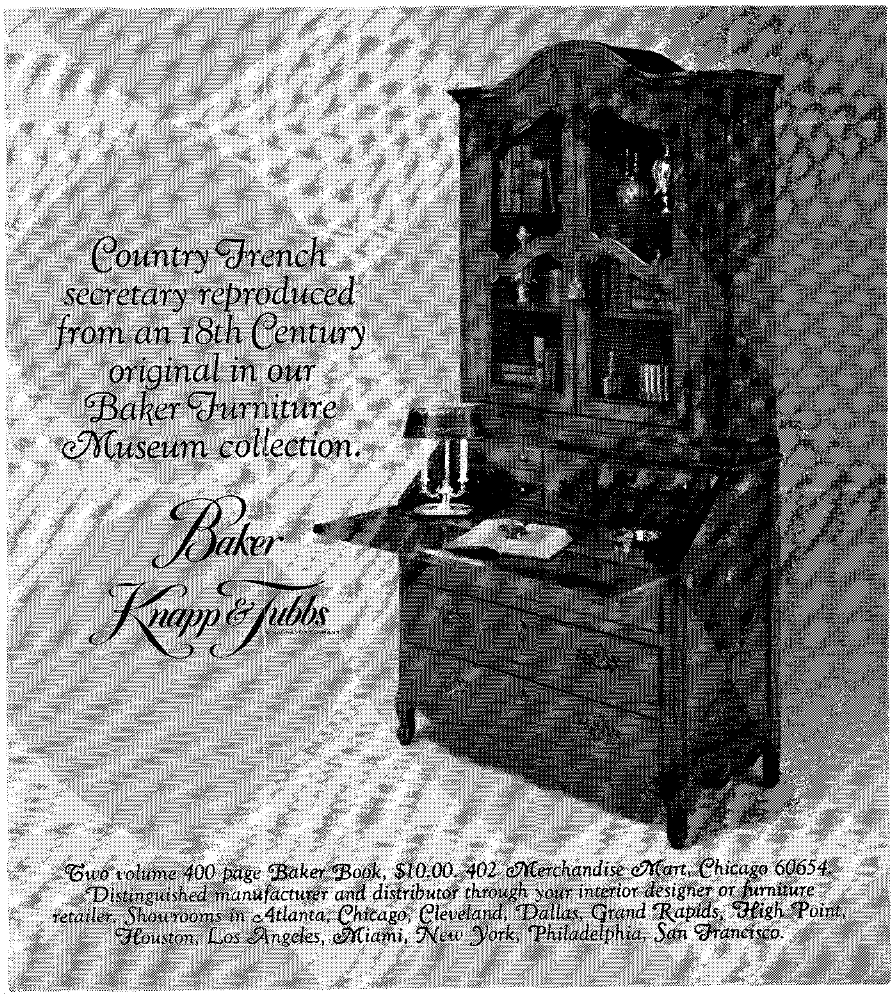

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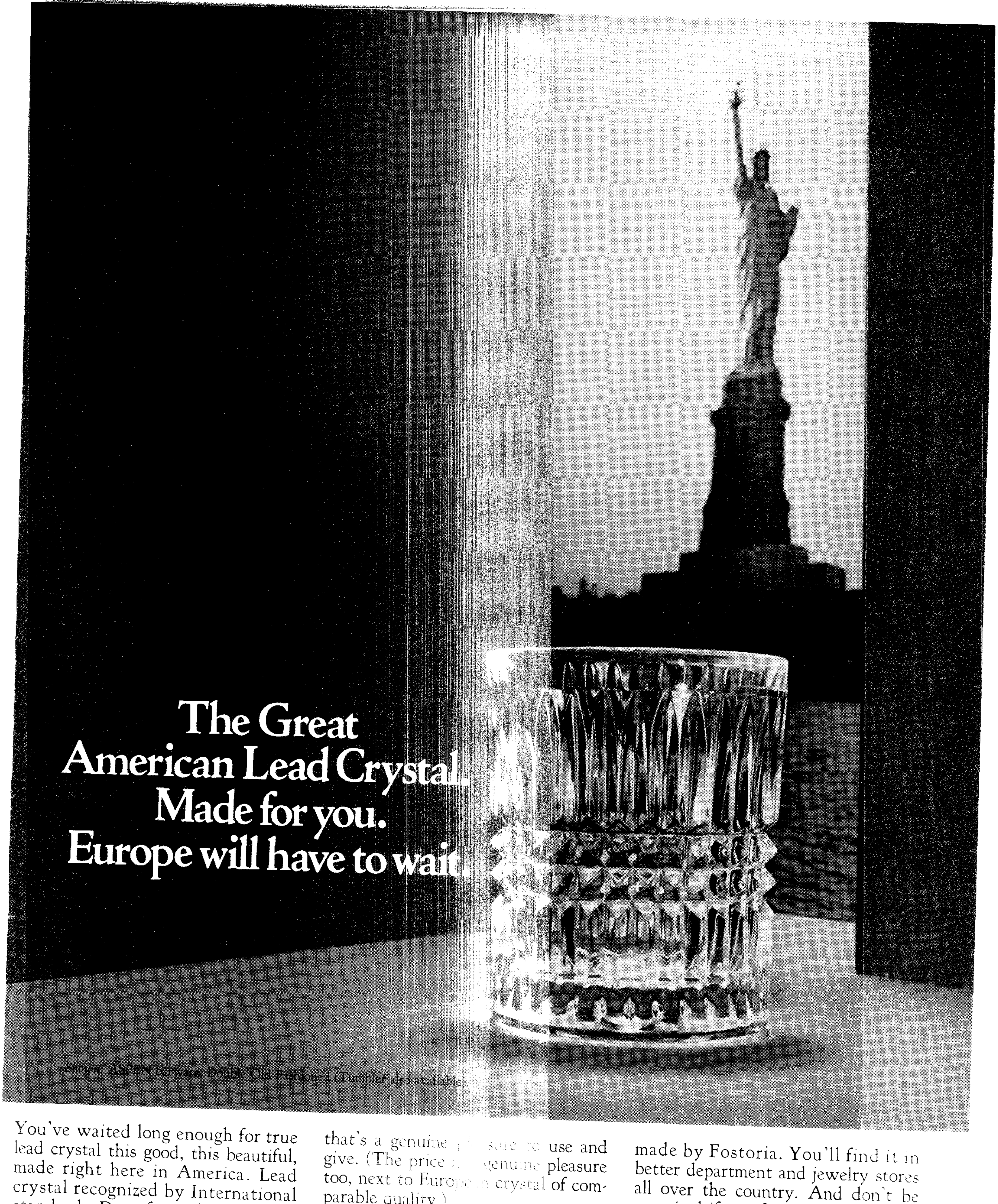
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of the various strata, and by making enough such measurements he can construct a sort of subsurface topographic map. Some sound waves are bent, or refracted, and travel horizontally through the subsurface strata for a distance before returning to the surface. By measuring the speed with which the refracted waves travel through the strata, the geophysicist can determine the composition of each layer, since the speed of sound in familiar substances like granite and limestone is known. At sea, the water puts the geophysicist at one remove from the earth's surface and makes it rather inconvenient for him to make his measurements, but the essentials of the work are the same there as they are on land: a loud noise; instruments called geophones or hydrophones, which detect the remnants of the noise reflected or refracted from below; and a device to record the arrival times of those remnants. (Together, the hydrophone and the recording device constitute one type of seismograph.)

Off Virginia, where Ewing made his survey for the edge of the continent, the continental shelf is some seventy miles wide and deepens very gradually to about six hundred feet. The effect of a layer of water on seismic measurements was untried. In swamps and bayous, oil prospectors pushed their geophones or hydrophones into the bottom with long poles, and the water over the continental shelf was still shallow enough for equipment to be lowered easily to the bottom on cables. "I begged some obsolete equipment from an oil-hunting outfit I'd worked for," Ewing recalled not long before he died. "We were to go on the government ship Oceanographer, which was engaged in making topographic surveys out of Norfolk. That determined our location. The plan was to run a line of seismic stations across the land, starting near Richmond, where the basement outcropped, and going across the coastal plain to the shore, tracing the basement below. On the ship, we would continue the line of stations for the seventy miles to the edge of the shelf. To fit her schedule, however, we had to do that work before we did the land work. The written orders to the ship's captain were to allow us on board and—this for the eyes of congressional busybodies—to do experiments for us on a not-to-interfere-with-ship's-work basis. It was understood that the orders were to be interpreted liberally."

The ship sailed shortly after the last day of classes at Lehigh. Important as

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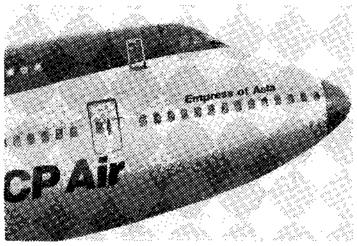
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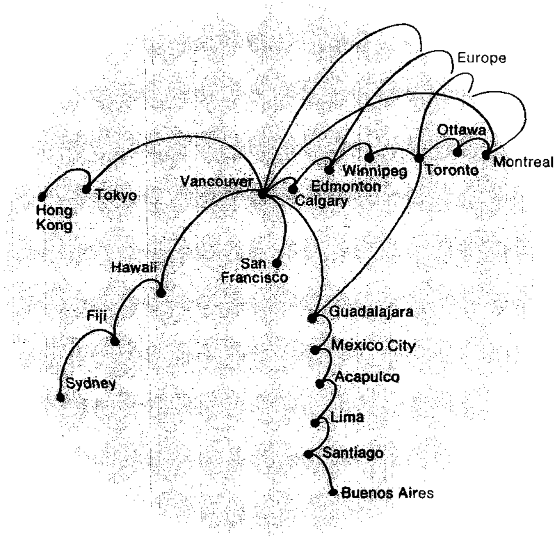
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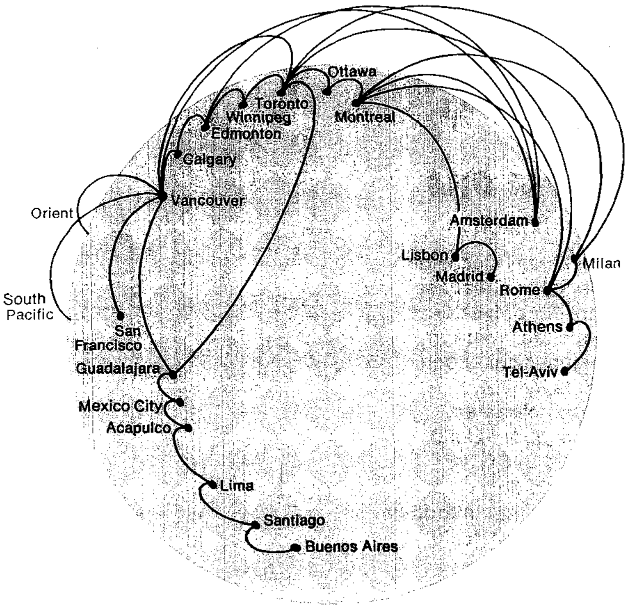
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the project was to him, Ewing could not get his obsolete equipment ready and meet all his classes. He was taking two colleagues along to help him with the survey—Albert Crary, who was then one of his research assistants and is now a division director of the National Science Foundation, and H. M. Rutherford, who was in charge of a seismograph station at the University of Pittsburgh. The three men worked all night the last day of school, and drove off tired in the morning. Ewing had a panel truck that had been discarded by the local power company; the tires were bad, and it was overloaded. It looked the chosen vehicle of the archetypal anarchist. Ewing, hardly older than his assistants, was tall and skinny and intense, and had thick rimless glasses. He set off optimistically for Norfolk while the two others, in Crary's car, drove to a du Pont plant in New Jersey for two hundred pounds of TNT. Du Pont thoughtfully covered the outside of the car with signs reading "HIGH EXPLOSIVES," and Ewing's henchmen were waved off bridge after bridge before, in a fit of civil disobedience, they tore off the signs and crossed the Delaware without hindrance. "Rutherford and I spelled each other driving," says Crary, "but between Richmond and Norfolk, about five in the morning—our second night without sleep—I fell asleep at the wheel, and we went into a deep ditch and turned over. When we got out, we looked back over a long stretch of straight road, and there were some headlights. We thought it must be Ewing. It was no longer dark, and as the lights came closer we saw it was his truck. We thought, of course, that he'd see us and stop, and we were practically standing in front of him, but the truck didn't hesitate. We got a glimpse of him as he went by, hunched over, hanging on to that wheel, staring down the road. Five minutes later, he was back. He said there began to be an idea in the back of his head that there was something on the road that had to do with him. We got to Norfolk finally, and the two of us went to sleep, but Ewing was whisked off to Virginia Beach to meet the captain. He said he kept blacking out and waking up to find he was talking to someone and had no idea what he'd said."

"On the way to Norfolk," Ewing recalled, "the captain had an accident. He was hospitalized, and his technician, who had been going to work with us, was killed. We sailed in some disarray. The executive officer took over,

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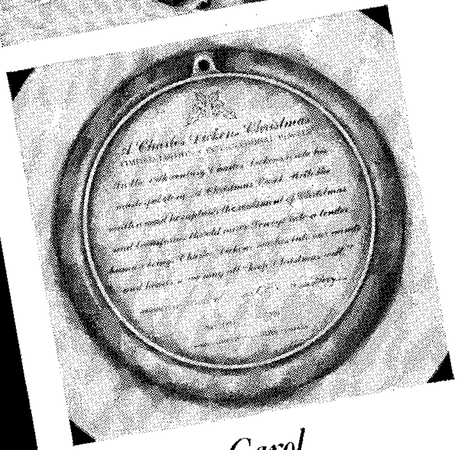

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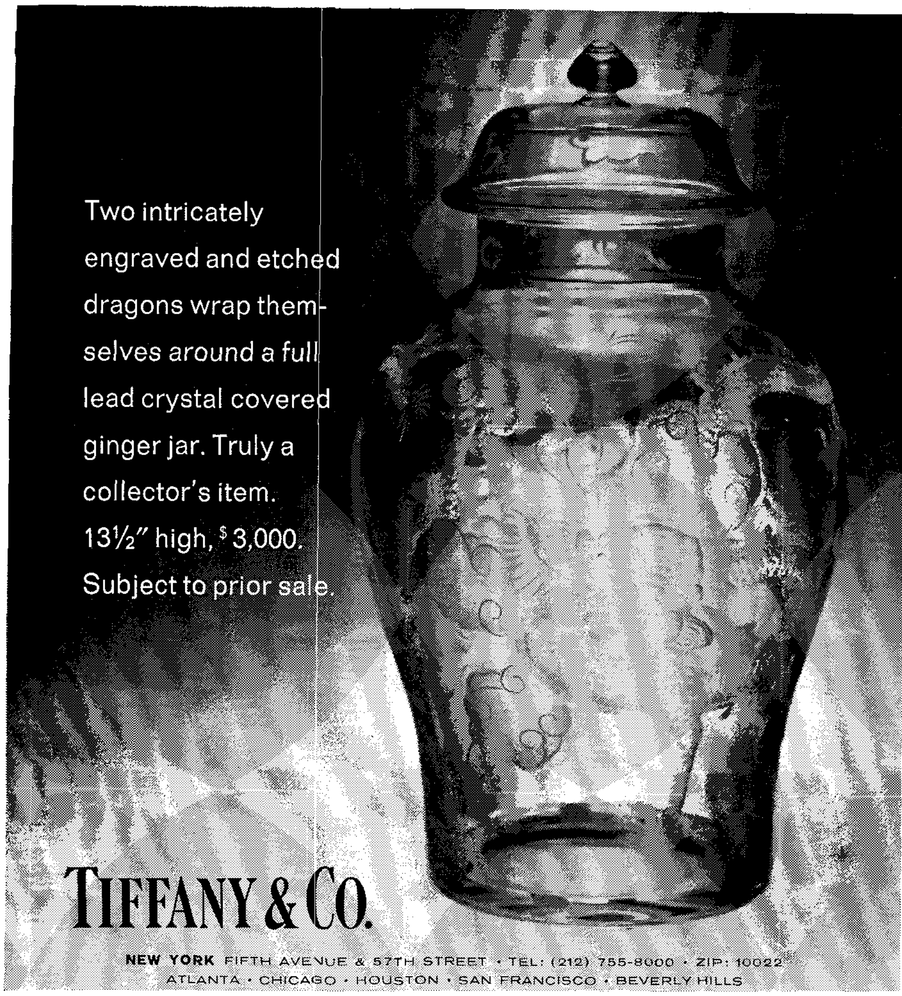

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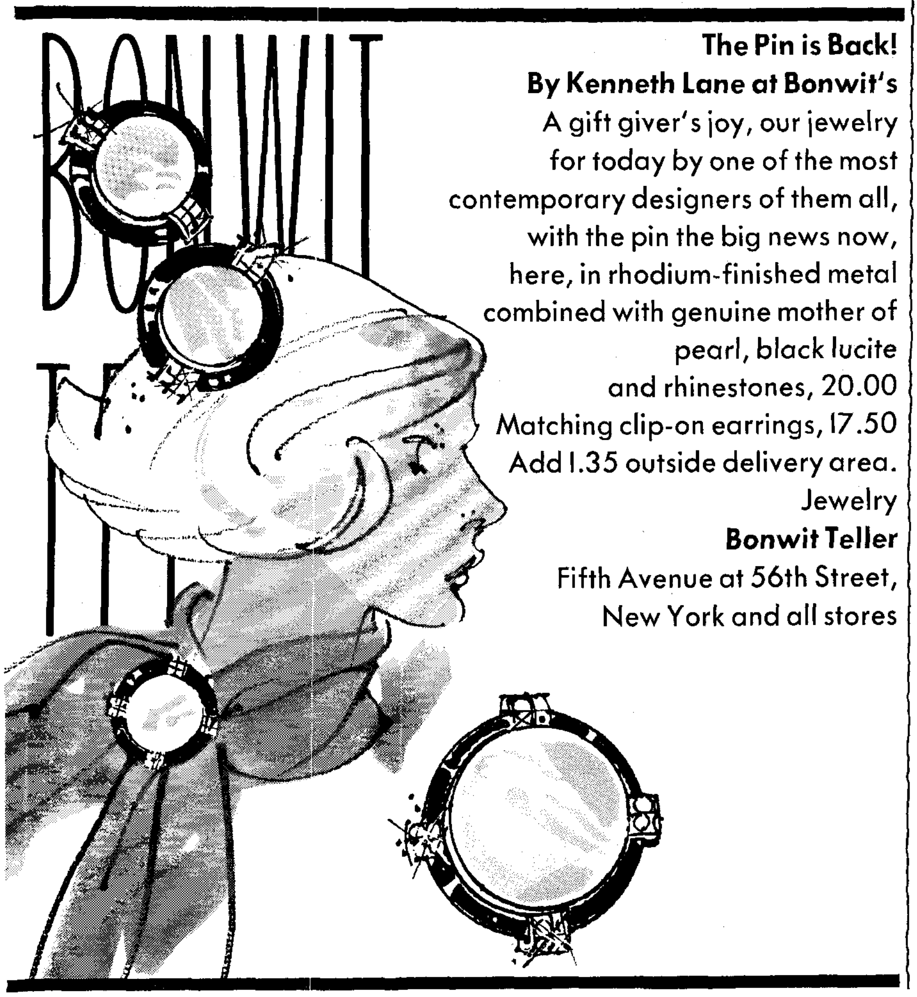

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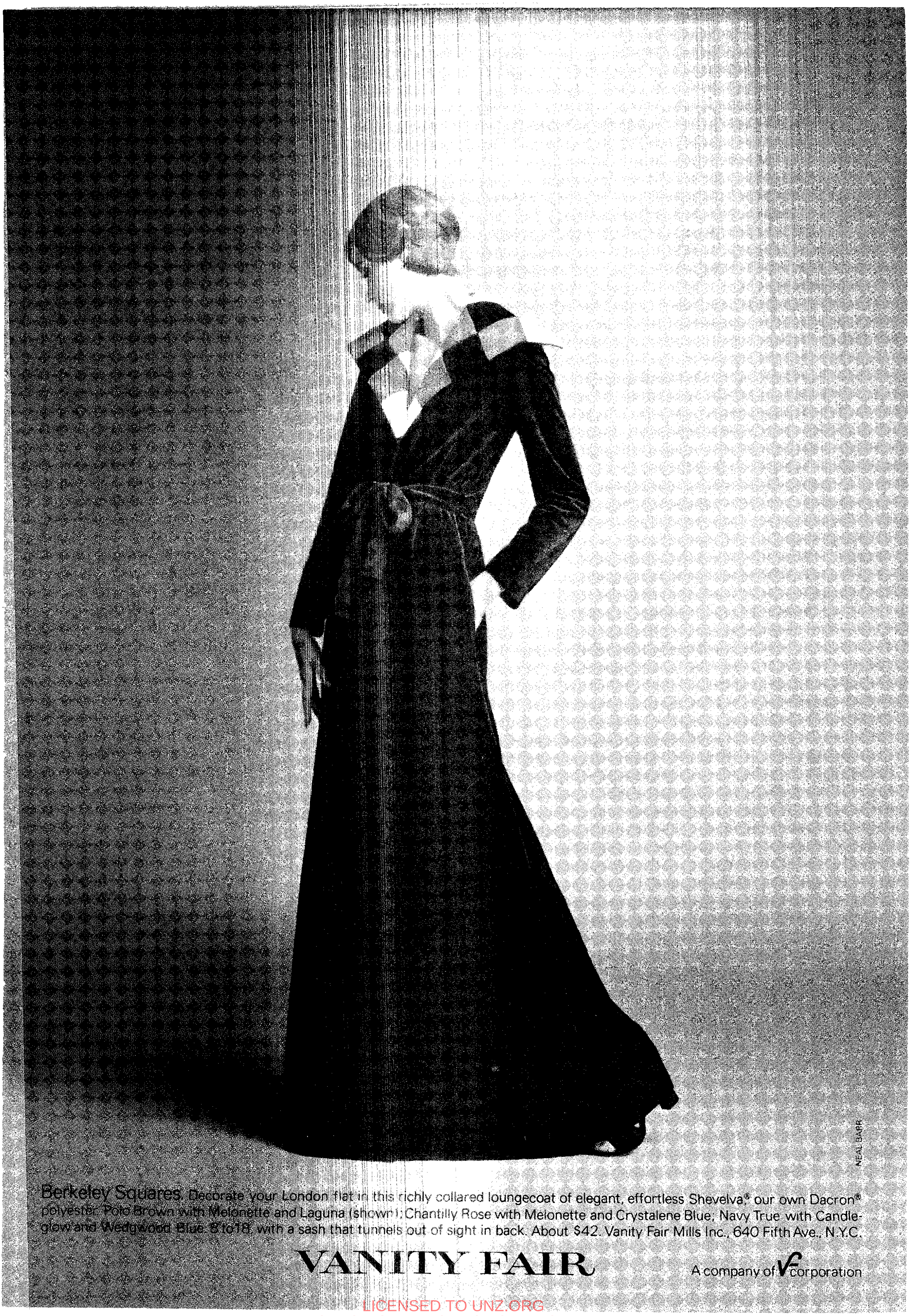
a literal-minded type, to whom the written orders were perfectly clear: we were *not to interfere.* We got little opportunity to work, and came back most thoroughly discouraged. I took a train to Wilmington, where Professor Field met me. It was clear that we couldn't do anything on that ship. He suggested that I do the seismic stations on the land while he asked Woods Hole for help. Persuading them to carry explosives on one of their ships for the first time can't have been an easy job, but when we finished the land part we met him up there. We were regarded with some suspicion, but were told we could have a two-week cruise on Atlantis—a hundred-and-forty-two-foot steel sailing vessel that had been built for Woods Hole—after the regular season was completed. We did a few test shots right away on a little preliminary cruise near Cape Cod. They thought physicists were always seasick, so they sent along an oceanographer—Columbus Iselin, who became director of Woods Hole during the war—in case we became useless. I suppose that my not having been seasick thus far—I had never been on the ocean—was largely from fury. Seasickness is like toothache, you know—you don't notice it if your house is burning. This survey was the chance of my life, as far as I was concerned. We sent Crary off in the whaleboat with a couple of sailors to make the shots. He took a pile of blasting gelatine and dropped the biggest charge eight miles out. The other charges were dropped at regular intervals on the way back to Atlantis, where we had hydrophones on the bottom. Wires from the hydrophones led back on board to the recording device—a galvanometer, which recorded the wave returns by casting a moving beam of light on photographic film. Crary had a radio and signalled us at each shot, so that we could know how long it took the sound waves to reach the hydrophones. Expecting us to be seasick, Columbus seemed surprised when Crary's messages kept coming back clear, and when the whaleboat was close he looked at Crary and said, 'He's seasick *now.*' I had to tell him that Crary was just chewing tobacco. We had our brush with seasickness later. Rutherford was belowdecks developing one of the seismic records—a small strip of photographic paper—with both arms in the sleeves of a portable darkroom; he suddenly turned green and said he was going to be sick, what should he do? I drew back my arm and said, 'I don't know, but if you ruin that record I'll



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BY AUDI

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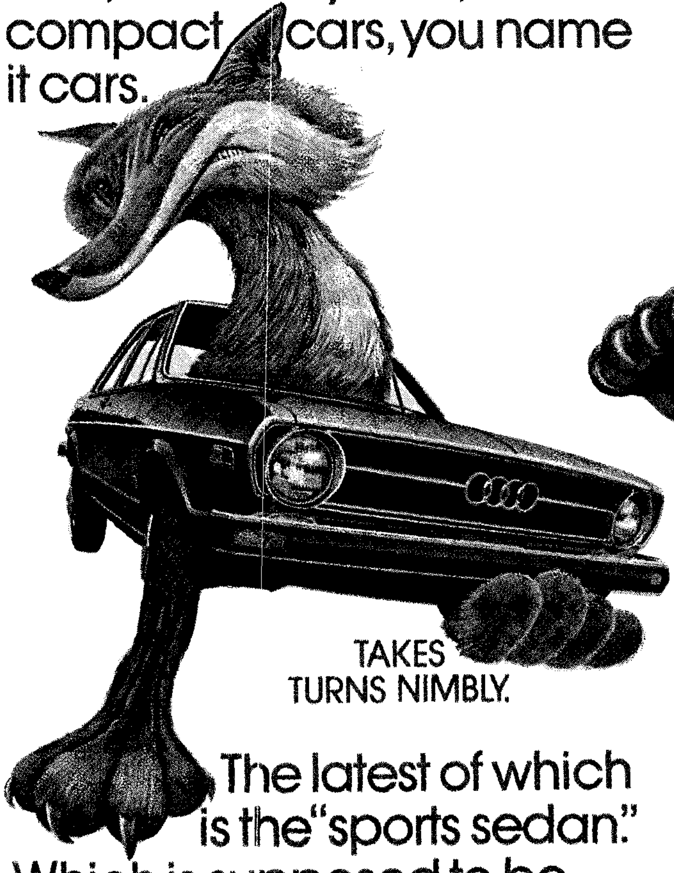

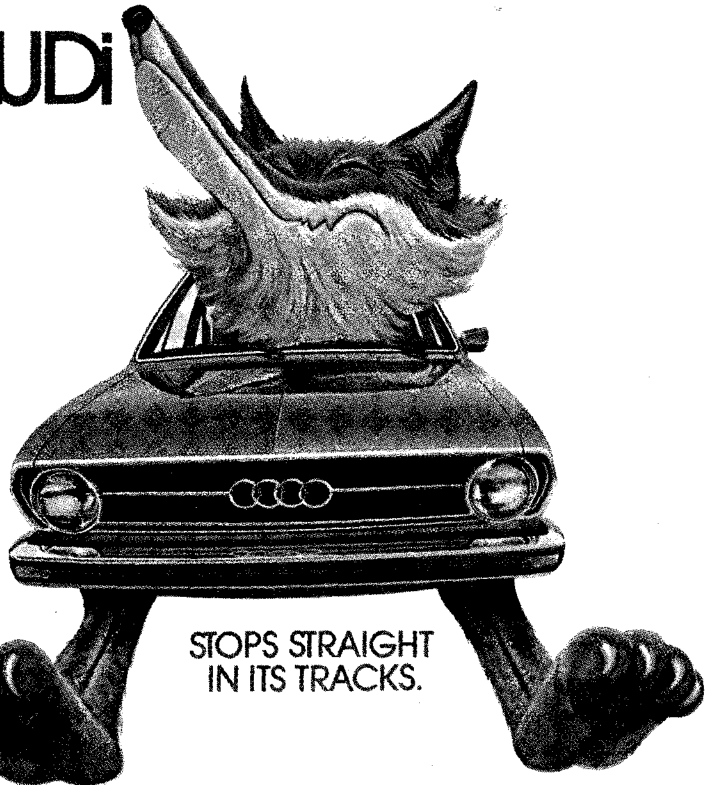

The latest of which is the "sports sedan." Which is supposed to be a sedan that has sports car features. But how many of them really are, though?

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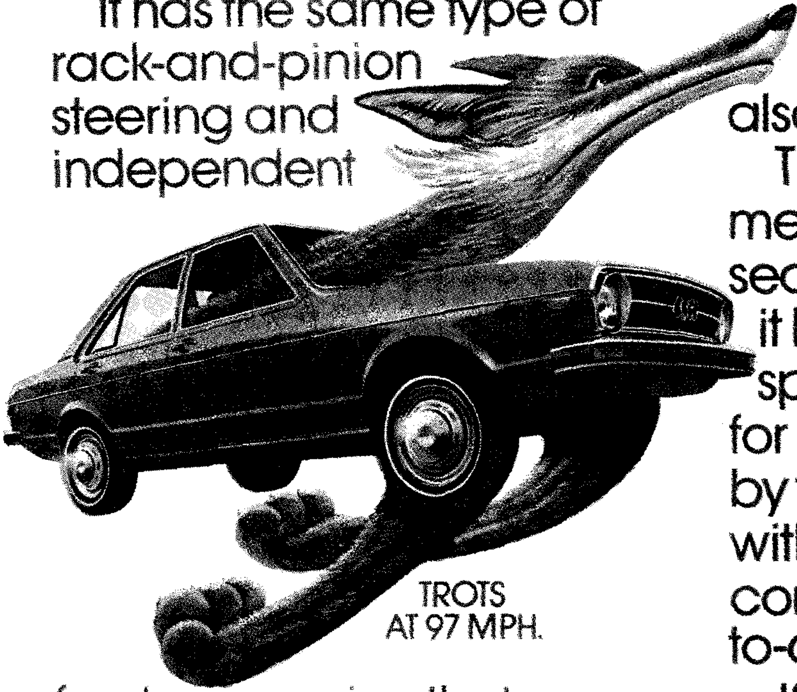
It has the same type of rack-and-pinion steering and independent front suspension that are found on some of the finest sports cars. This allows it to take turns with an agility remarkable for a sedan.



We also put something in the Fox so advanced, sports cars don't even have it yet. A special front axle design that helps prevent swerving when you stop under certain adverse conditions. (Speaking of stopping, the Fox's front disc brakes and radial-ply tires enable it to stop practically on a dime.)

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The interior, we might mention, is relatively large: seats five, comfortably. And it has an amount of trunk space almost unbelievable for a car this size. Its interior, by the way, is fairly smart, too, with things like fully-reclining contoured seats and door-to-door pile carpeting.

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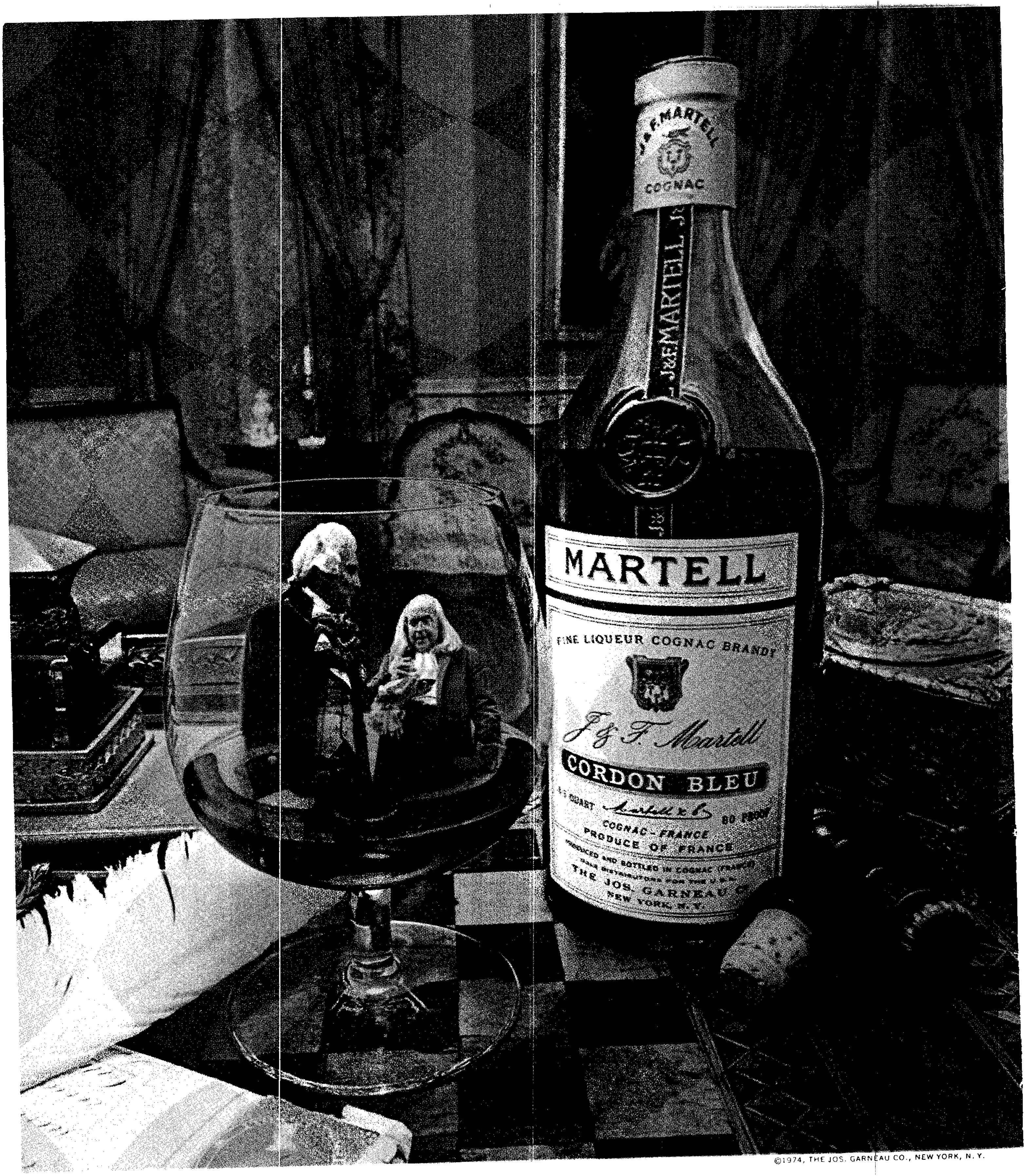
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break your jaw,’ and he didn’t have any more trouble.”

Ewing had a fruitful, if irregular, liaison of almost twenty years with Atlantis. He eventually took her all over the North Atlantic, and he made several discoveries of the first order with her. During that first venture, in October of 1935, he got a good line of seismic stations to the edge of the continental shelf and an accurate analysis of the shelf. Subsequent work corroborated and supplemented his records, and oil companies later found them intensely interesting. (Today, people are going to court to keep oil companies off the Atlantic continental shelf, but in 1937, when Ewing hoped to extend his survey to other parts of it, a director of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey said that he could not justify spending five cents of his shareholders’ money on such a venture.) By what the geologist Walter Bucher later called, in an article in *Scientific American*, “several masterly devices,” Ewing showed that the basement slopes gently and evenly from its outcrop near Richmond to a depth of twelve thousand feet beneath the surface of the sediments at the lip of the continental shelf, and that the continental shelf is merely a thick wedge of sediment (the sort of place where oil forms) resting on the basement. Ewing wrote in 1937, in the *Geological Society of America Bulletin*, “A seismic method was successfully adapted for making studies of marine geology. . . . Any new tool for giving information about the submarine portions of the earth’s crust would be noteworthy because so few such are available.” He was on a submarine measuring gravity at sea—another new tool—before these observations were published.

Though the seismic work off Norfolk got something that was rare at the time—precise and unambiguous information about the submarine portion of the earth’s crust—it was the source of some vexation of spirit to Ewing, because he had supposed that it would mean something to someone. “I got those two fine men—Bowie and Field—their answer, thinking that they’d know what to do with it,” Ewing said once. “But they didn’t seem to. It was only gradually, afterward, I tried picking out its significance myself.” Since he had found that the continental shelf consisted of sediment, underlaid by the continental basement, the most obvious significance was that the edge of the shelf was not the edge

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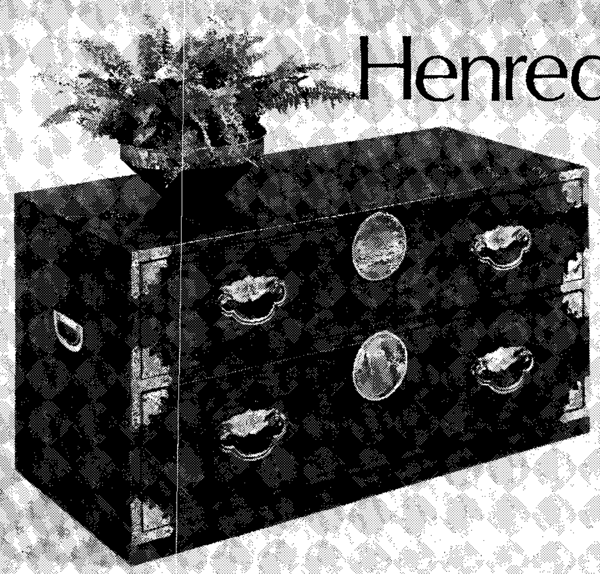

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of the continent, and thus that the real edge—if, indeed, there was any difference between continent and ocean bed—had not yet been found and must be somewhere farther out to sea. In succeeding years, Ewing took his gear out from a hundred fathoms to a thousand. "A thousand fathoms seems like a wading depth now," says J. Lamar Worzel, a former student of Ewing's who was his associate director at Lamont and now is acting director of the University of Texas Geophysical Laboratory, "but for the time it was comparable to what NASA is dealing with today." At this depth, deploying the seismic equipment on the bottom, as had been the practice during the continental-shelf work, was a real challenge. Protection of the detectors and recording devices against water pressure was necessary, and Ewing's minuscule budget forced improvisation. A recorder that went to the bottom in deep water was given five hundred pounds of protective housing, which Ewing frugally contrived from the barrel of a naval gun. He put his explosives, too, on the bottom, but there, under enormous water pressure, they often failed to go off. For the first deepwater cruise, he tried to lower charges, hydrophones, and recorders on a cable, and to deploy them all in a line, more than a mile down. It was all very difficult—his efforts often ended in terrible snarls of cables, instruments, and charges. On later cruises, the hydrophones and recorders were ballasted and sunk without cables, and each unit was deployed with a large bag of gasoline for buoyancy, so that the equipment would return to the surface after having recorded the shots. Ewing's timed ballast-release module was a block of salt. But, ingenious as they were, these early efforts didn't work consistently, and the nature of the basement beyond the continental shelf remained mysterious for many years.

On Atlantis—Woods Hole allowed him to work on the ship for two weeks each summer—Ewing learned to set a high value on time at sea. His gear went into the water at dawn and might be recovered by evening. During his annual two weeks, he would get only a few successful shots. Other men, doing other work, shared the ship. Steaming out to sea and back to Woods Hole consumed several days; if the sea was rough, he would lose equipment; and during one voyage Atlantis had to run off before the 1938 hurricane, making thirteen knots under bare poles. "At sea, you're limited," says an oceanog-

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IBM Reports

Four principles of privacy

For some time now, there has been a growing effort in this country to preserve the individual's right to privacy in the face of expanding requirements for information by business, government and other organizations.

In searching for appropriate guidelines, private and governmental groups have explored many avenues and considered many aspects of the privacy question.

As a company with a vital interest in information and information handling, IBM endorses in their basic purpose four principles of privacy which have emerged from various studies, and which appear to be the cornerstones of sound public policy on this sensitive issue.

1. Individuals should have access to information about themselves in record-keeping systems. And there should be some procedure for individuals to find out how this information is being used.
2. There should be some way for an individual to correct or amend an inaccurate record.
3. An individual should be able to prevent information from being improperly disclosed or used for other than authorized purposes without his or her consent, unless required by law.
4. The custodian of data files containing sensitive information should take reasonable precautions to be sure that the data are reliable and not misused.

Translating such broad principles into specific and uniform guidelines will, of course, not be easy. They must be thoughtfully interpreted in terms of the widely varying purposes of information systems generally.

In particular, the proper balance must be found between limiting access to information for the protection of privacy on one hand, and allowing freedom of information to fulfill the needs of society on the other.

But solutions must be found. And they will call for the patient understanding and best efforts of everyone concerned. In this search, IBM pledges its full and whole-hearted cooperation.

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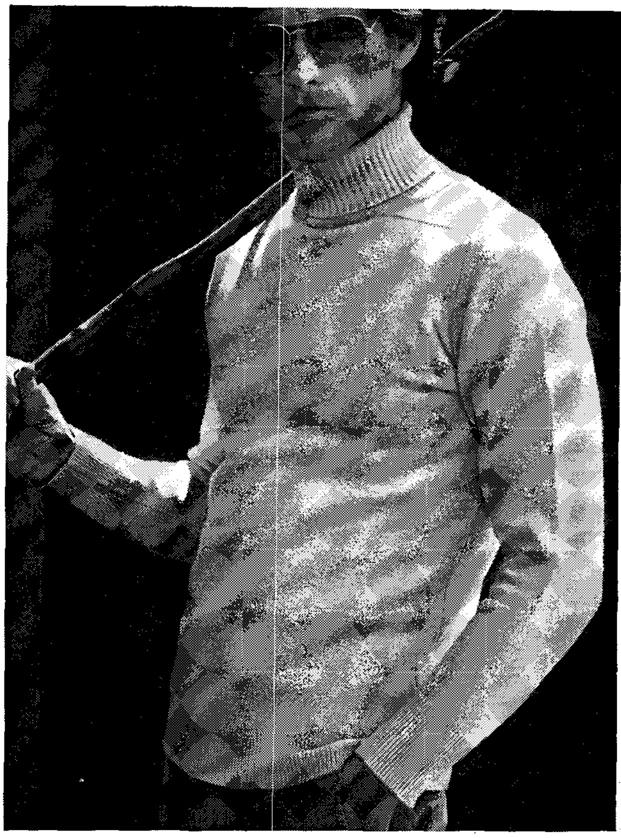
rapher, "and if you're also a limited person, you're stuck." Between stops for seismic measurements, Ewing photographed the bottom. He and Worzel and Allyn Vine, a former student of Ewing's and now a senior scientist at Woods Hole, adapted a camera to use in deep water—it had not been done successfully before—although they had found a notable lack of enthusiasm for the idea among experienced marine scientists. Expert opinion maintained that the water near the bottom was so murky that a photograph would show nothing. They were discouraged from putting a camera on the bottom and were denied financial aid when they went ahead. Preparing a camera against the rigors of great depth was simple for men who had put seismic equipment on the bottom; they put the camera in a pressure case with a window, and a flashbulb for it in a glass carburetor filter bowl. In 1940, Ewing and Vine and Worzel photographed current ripples in the white sands of the Georges Banks, and crabs, shrimp, starfish, and an abundance of other animal life and animal tracks both there and south of Cape Cod. The bottom under the Gulf of Maine was dark and silty, with little life, changing to pebbles and cobbles toward Georges. The pictures were uniformly clear and sharp; the only difficulty, Ewing wrote wistfully, was "to find an interesting subject and put the camera in focus with it . . . and to get the camera back afterwards." Biologists were intensely interested in Ewing's pictures, but oceanographers were astounded by them: ripples and bare cobbles meant currents, which experienced oceanographers had proved did not exist at the bottom at these depths. The camera has since become a basic tool of oceanic research, and pictures have been taken in the deepest reaches of the oceans, more than seven miles down, where they show animals, tracks, sediments, ripples, and rocks.

In the fall of 1940, Ewing took an indefinite leave of absence from Lehigh, which had just promoted him from assistant professor of physics to associate professor of geology, and went to Woods Hole, taking Vine and Worzel with him. Columbus Iselin had asked him to come and do defense work for the Navy. "I hadn't realized how important it was to Columbus, but he had never seen anyone before who could do math and physics and not be seasick," Ewing said once. Besides having a valuable stomach, Ewing could already tell the Navy quite a lot about sound in the ocean. The government millions that go to



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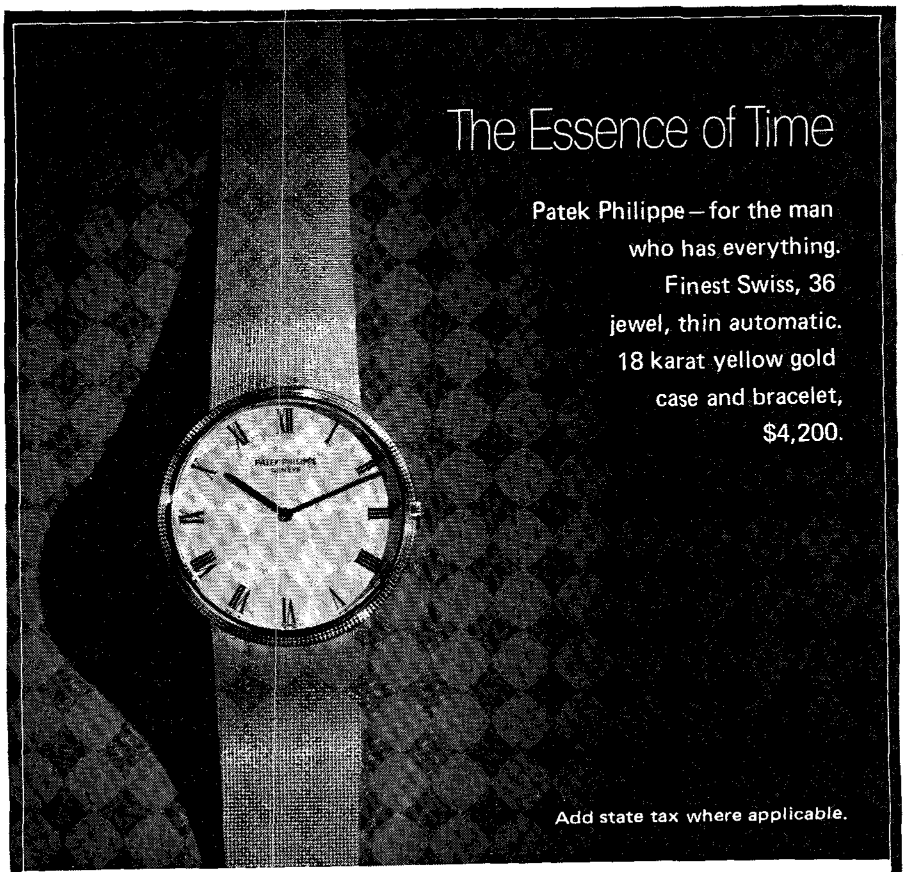

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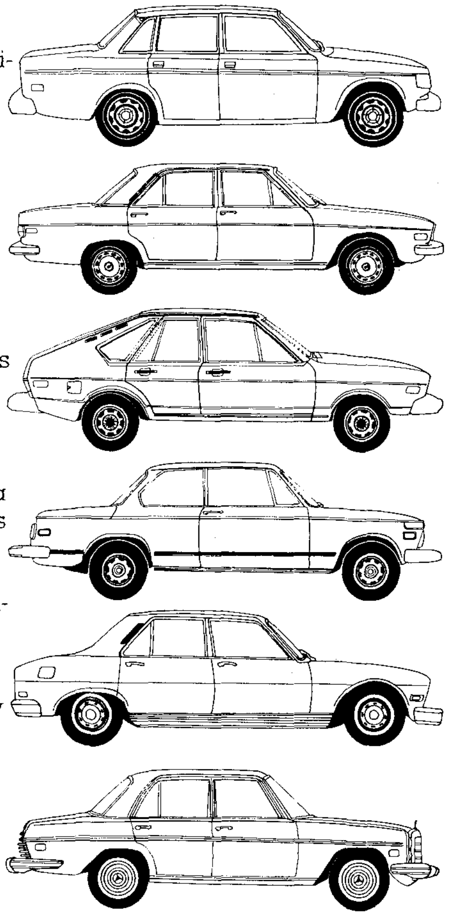
And you could compare such extra-quality features as four-wheel disc-brakes on Mercedes with the same features on Saab. Because both Mercedes and Saab are known for their dedication to precision engineering and automotive research and development. Dedication that has made us both technical leaders in the automotive industry.

Of course, every Saab showroom can't have all these cars.

But you can walk into any Saab showroom and find durability, luxury, economy, performance, comfort and quality.

In every Saab you see.

From $5,198 to $6,228 P.O.E.



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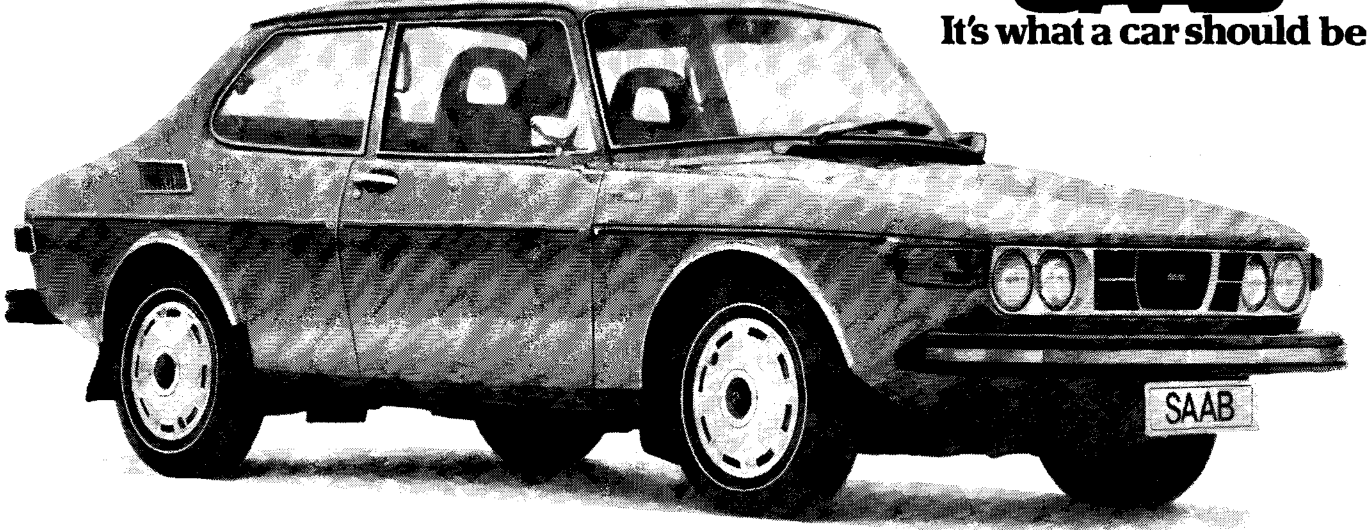

According to EPA test results for 1975 cars in simulated city driving. There are more than 450 Saab dealers nationwide. Price does not include dealer prep., taxes and optional equipment, if any.

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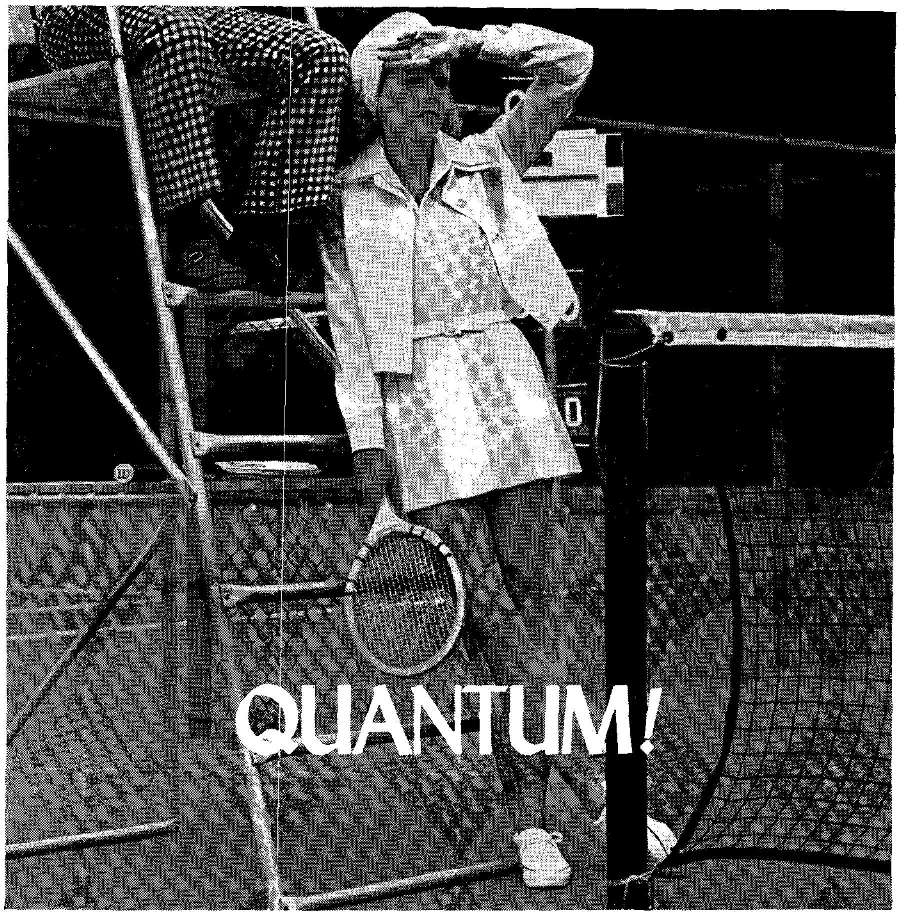
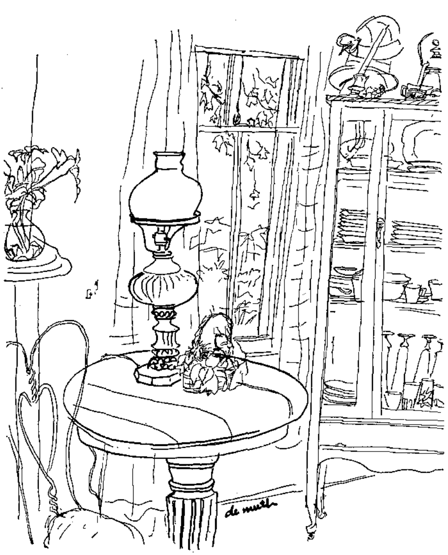


Tennis team-up: Umbrella strip skirt, color-buttoned jacket. Of Celanese **Fortrel** polyester.
Color-cued knit shirt in 100% nylon. Sizes 4 to 16. Available wherever fine sports clothes are sold.
Write Quantum! 1411 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. (A Roxanne Product.)

science these days are the product of the impression that scientists made during the war. Ewing and Iselin foresaw that the government would find itself badly in need of services such as theirs, but the need was apparent to the government only after Ewing, Vine, and Worzel had worked in Woods Hole for several months without salary, borrowing round robin, in a state that Worzel indulgently calls "practically Socialism." By January, they had done some vital work on sonar (sound navigation ranging, a means of locating objects by echoes). Though Iselin and Woods Hole have always been given credit, it was equally Ewing's work, according to Captain Paul Hammond, a longtime trustee and associate of the Oceanographic Institution. The thought of submarines and war was then causing knowledgeable people extreme anxiety. Through a layer of water the very bottom can seem elusive; submarines were a horror. Sonar was the remedy of choice, but in 1940 no one had had much experience with it. It had been around for nearly thirty years, but it was crudely developed and only intermittently used. Scientists had encountered great administrative resistance to putting it on naval vessels, and just a scattering of them had it. Echo ranging was developed several years after the Titanic sank, as a means of detecting icebergs in fog; the depth-sounding and submarine-locating possibilities were suggested several years later. As a submarine detector, however, sonar was confusing. During practice sessions, it sometimes tracked subs with uncanny accuracy, and sometimes the destroyers attacked imaginary submarines and steamed without pause over real ones. Late in 1940, after reading the Navy's records in Washington, Ewing outlined a report, "Sound Transmission in Sea Water," which



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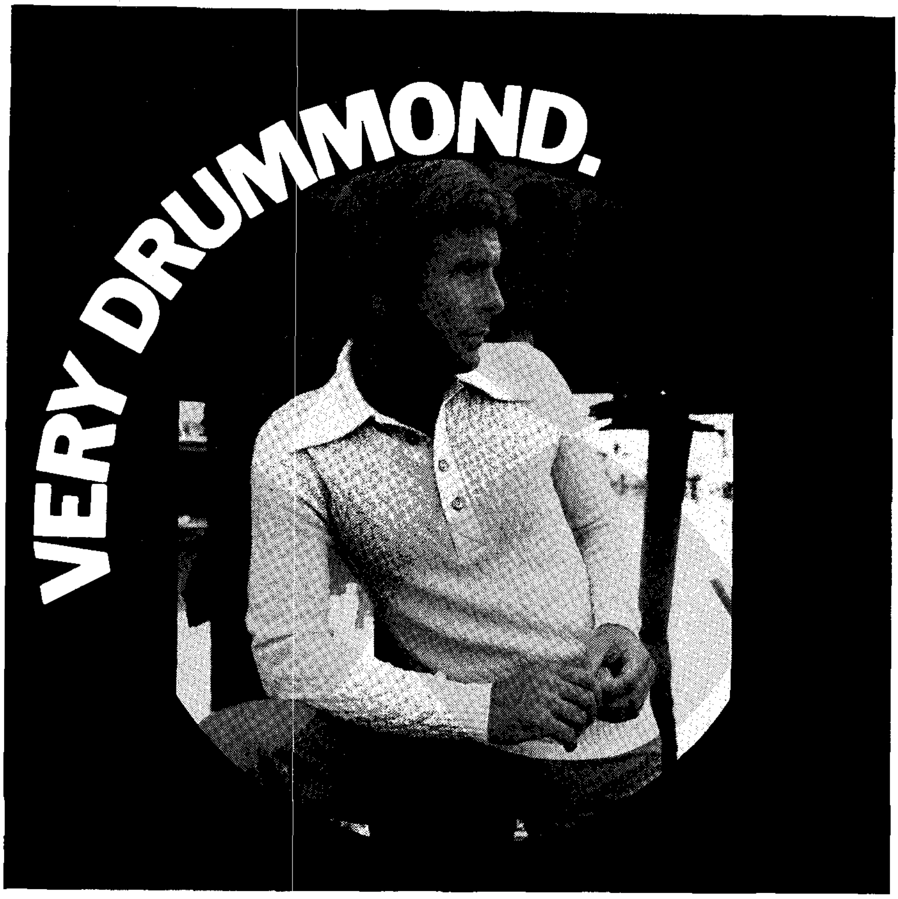
identified the source of the Navy's difficulties, and which, according to Worzel, who completed it the following January, is still the Navy text on the subject. It pronounces that in the water layers of different temperature are created by winds, waves, currents, and the heat of the sun, and their boundaries, like the strata in the earth, refract sound and could conceal a submarine. To help the Navy find these boundaries, Ewing began improving an instrument called a bathythermograph, which had been developed in 1938 by Athelstan Spilhaus, a meteorologist and oceanographer then at Woods Hole, for oceanographic research. It made a continuous record of water temperature as it was lowered, but it took as long as a minute to register one temperature. Ewing, Vine, and Worzel—rescued from anticipated starvation by one of the first government contracts for research in underwater sound—developed a bathythermograph that was streamlined even to its name, BT, and that registered a temperature in a fraction of a second. "One evening, we designed something we thought would tow well," Ewing once said of it, "but we didn't have lawyers smart enough to patent it." Twenty years of research succeeded in improving the instrument chiefly by moving the hitch ring half an inch. Throughout the war, Navy men came to Woods Hole for sonar and BT school, taught by Ewing and several of his associates. With the aid of the BT, Allied destroyers hunted subs and Allied subs evaded hunters. The instrument was indispensable to all navies and oceanographers until a disposable model was developed a dozen years ago.

Ewing's deep-sea cameras were first applied to wartime problems early in 1942, when one of them was taken to New London to locate the Navy's own mines, against which it was helpless. Later in the year, the Navy summoned Ewing to North Carolina to try to identify by photography a wreck that was thought to be an enemy submarine. The task of identification had already strained the Navy's resources; a week of operations by a small fleet of ships with grapnels and divers had recovered no evidence. Ewing and Worzel were allowed an hour on site, after which they developed twenty-two pictures, nine showing the wreck and its German Navy identification, U-352. In one picture, a hip boot could be seen protruding, foot first, from the wreckage, and the commander of a Navy tug recognized a lost grapnel. The Navy considered it vital to identify



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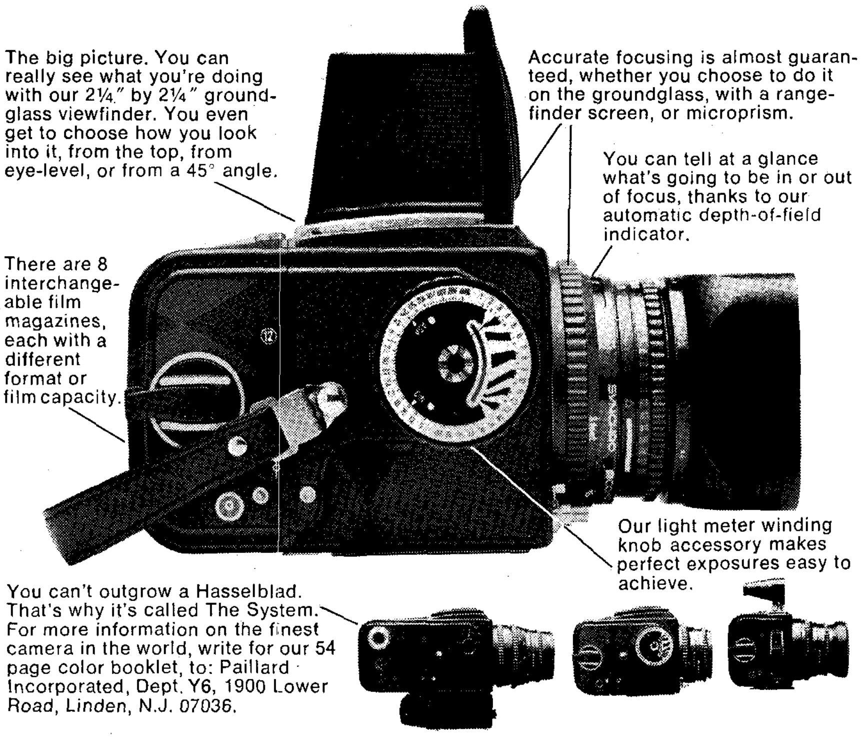
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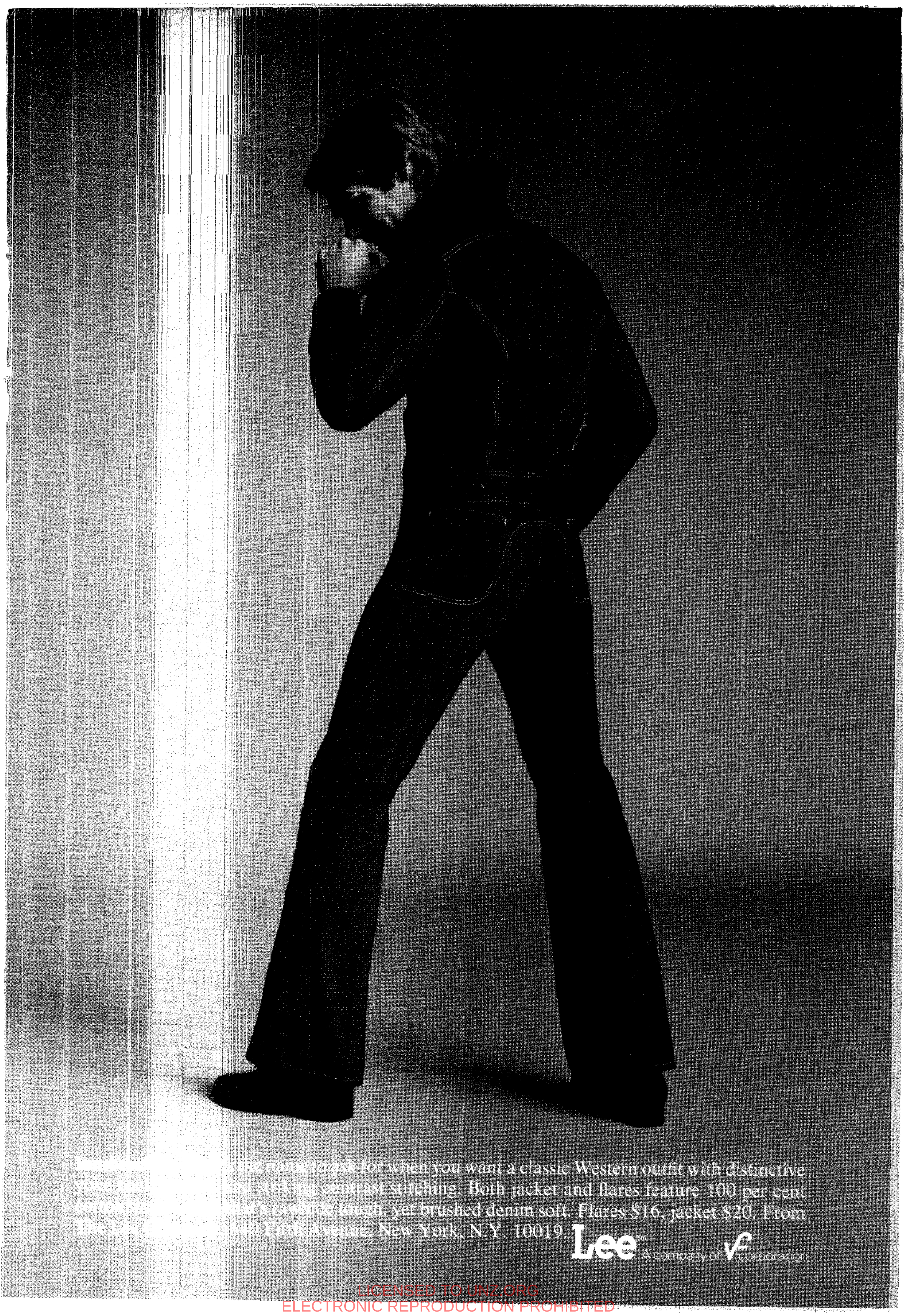

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1975 MONTE CARLO

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We want our new Monte Carlo to make you feel good. Not just about Monte Carlo. About yourself.

You should feel good about the car you're seen in, so Monte Carlo is a clean, honest expression of genuine good taste.

You should feel confident about your driving, so Monte Carlo is an authentic road car, neatly sized and impressively engineered.

Finally, you should feel wise about where you've put your money.

So the 1975 Monte Carlo has a new System which, when you read what it will do for you, should make you feel good.

Chevrolet's new Efficiency System.

Our new Efficiency System is a series of significant engineering improvements, working together for the first time.

It includes: High Energy Ignition, catalytic converter, Early Fuel Evaporation and GM-Specification steel-belted radial ply tires.

With this new Efficiency System, our new Monte Carlo is the most sensible Monte Carlo to own and operate of any we've ever built.

It runs leaner. And by "leaner" we mean the same thing you think of when you say a business runs leaner: more economically.

It runs cleaner, meeting the stiffer new Federal emissions standards, with engines that stay cleaner internally because of no-lead fuel.

It saves you money every mile, with new operating and maintenance economies.

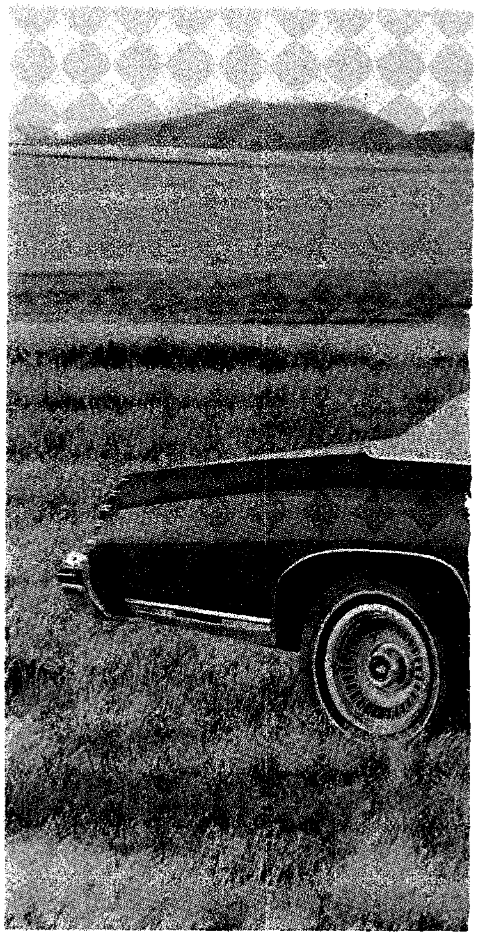
Improved fuel economy.

The standard 1975 Monte Carlo is designed to give you improved fuel economy thanks to our new Efficiency System, new engine tuning and easy-rolling radial ply tires.

Surer starting.

The 1975 Monte Carlo now has High Energy Ignition (HEI). It delivers a spark that's up to 85% hotter than conventional ignition systems deliver.

That makes it possible for you to walk up to your Monte Carlo with greater confidence on cold or humid mornings. And to get efficient combustion at all speeds.

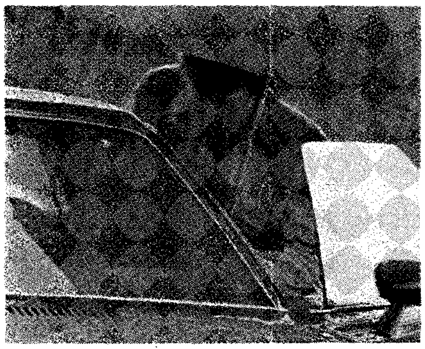


Monte Carlo Landau Coupe

Faster warm-ups.

Early Fuel Evaporation, another part of our Efficiency System, is designed to reduce stall and chugging when you first start out.

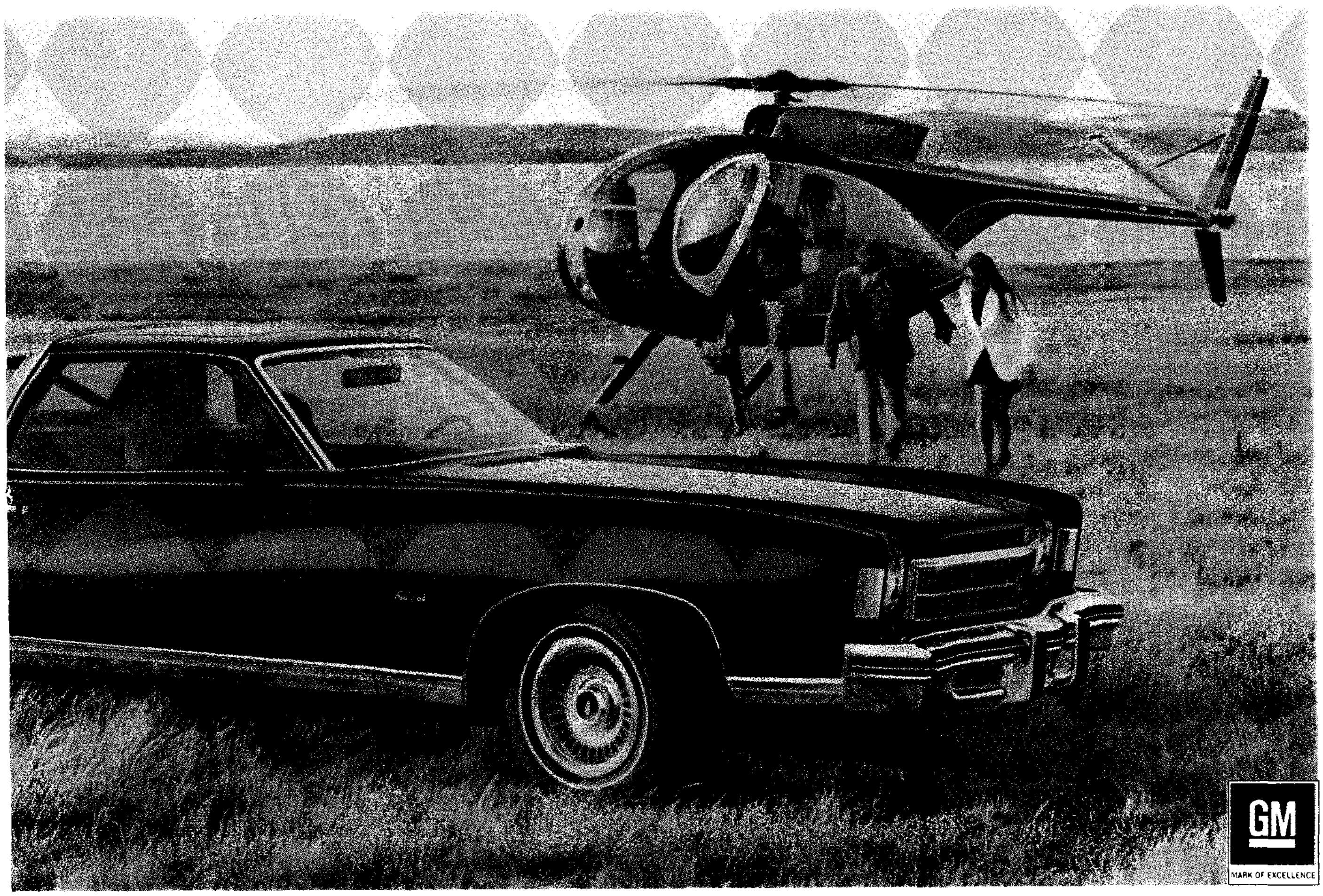
EFE helps make warm-up not only faster, but smoother.



Better performance.

Clearly, our 1975 Monte Carlos are designed to be better performers than those of recent years.

And with a catalytic converter now taking over most of the emission control job, the Monte Carlo engine can do what Chevy engines



have long been famous for: Deliver smooth, responsive, efficient performance.

Fewer and simpler tune-ups.

The 1975 Monte Carlo has no points, no ignition condenser to replace.

And spark plugs, instead of lasting 6,000 miles, should now last up to 22,500 miles.

In other words, tune-ups as you've known them, will be simpler and further apart.

More miles between oil changes and chassis lubes.

The recommended maintenance intervals on our new Monte Carlo have been extended beyond last year's as follows:

Oil change—every 6 months or 7,500 miles (versus 4 months or 6,000 miles).

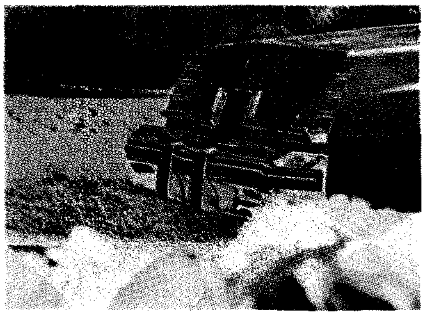
Chassis lube—same as above.

Oil filter change—first 7,500 miles, then every 15,000 (versus first 6,000 miles, then every 12,000).

All that and cleaner air.

With Monte Carlo's new catalytic converter, exhaust hydrocarbons are reduced 50% from 1974 levels, and carbon monoxide 46% from 1974 levels.

So now we can all breathe a little easier.



We'll keep adding to your knowledge.

We think you'll want to know more about something as important to you as the Efficiency System.

So while the engineering facts we have now support what we've told you, there'll be more later.

As we get deeper into the model year, we'll be able to report more specific information than we can now.

And as we expand our knowledge, we'll be able to expand yours.

Good taste, good driving, good judgment.

The 1975 Monte Carlo satisfies all three. Even better than any Monte Carlo before it.

See one soon, at your Chevrolet dealer's.

We think you'll feel good about Monte Carlo *and* yourself.

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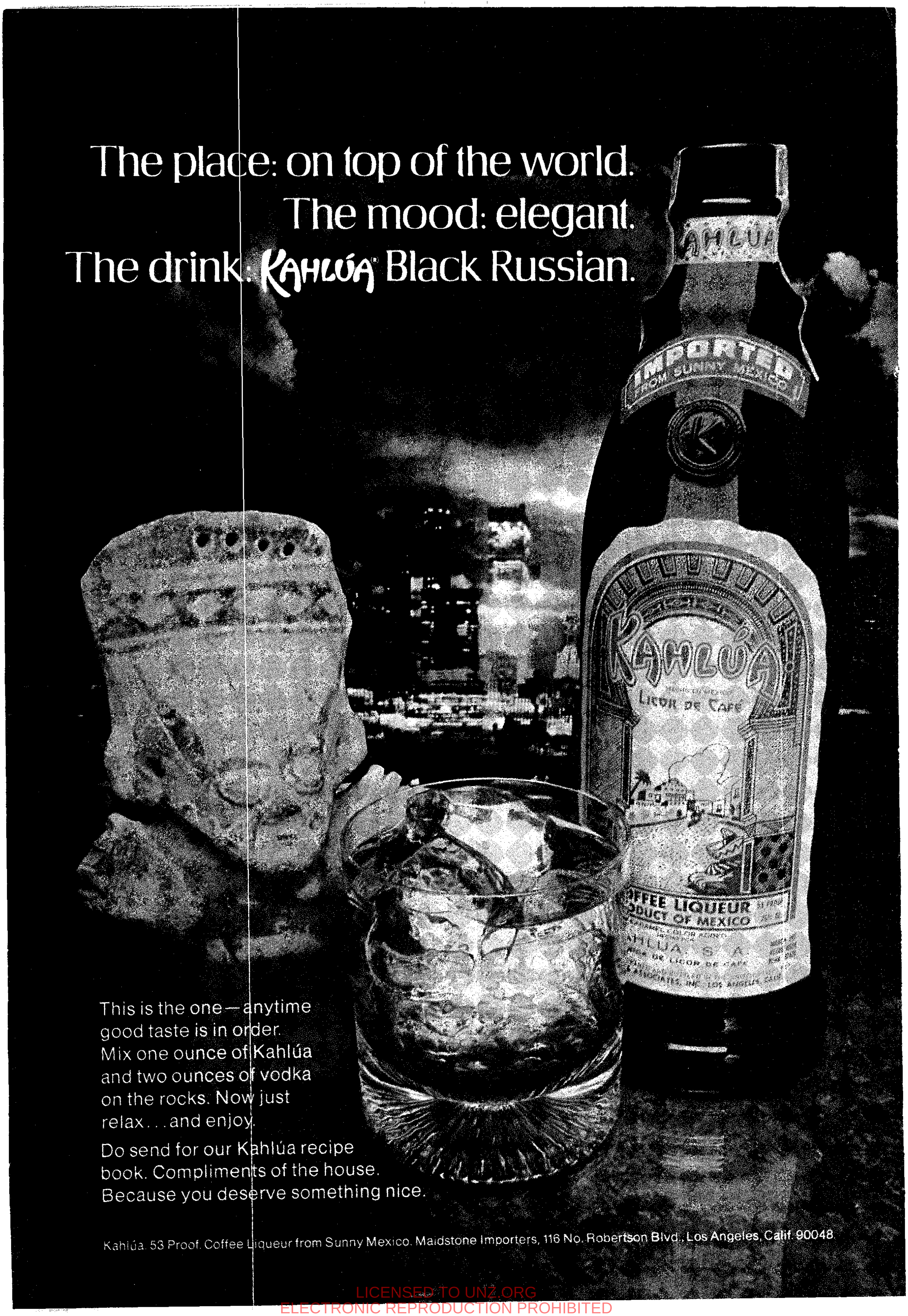
Chevrolet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The drink: KAHLÚA® Black Russian.

This is the one—anytime good taste is in order. Mix one ounce of Kahlúa and two ounces of vodka on the rocks. Now just relax...and enjoy.

Do send for our Kahlúa recipe book. Compliments of the house. Because you deserve something nice.

Kahlúa. 53 Proof. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. Maidstone Importers, 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048 wrecks along the coast, so that, among other reasons, sonar operators would not mistake them for submarines, and thereafter it identified many. In the fall of 1942, Ewing got an emergency call to assist a Coast Guard cutter and a converted yacht engaged in a prolonged depth-charge attack near Nantucket Shoals. They reported that their submerged target, presumably a submarine, "although heavily damaged and making an oil slick, was still moving," according to a paper on deep-sea camerawork written in the sixties by Ewing, Vine, and Worzel. Aboard Woods Hole's serviceable but far from dashing ship Anton Dohrn, Ewing and a hastily assembled crew (the chief scientist cooked, his associates served as dishwasher and messman) found "the two attackers . . . following their prey closely, guns ready for a quick coup de grâce when the target could no longer postpone surfacing." A marker buoy from the Anton Dohrn showed that the target was not moving. Then photographs showed a ship's plating covered with seaweed and a number of small starfish. It turned out to be the ancient wreck of a Nantucket lightship. "The attack ended there," the paper concludes. "In breaking off, the cutter got up to full speed, spent all her remaining depth charges in a salvo at the spot marked by our buoy, and then asked us to lead her to Gay Head Light, reporting that the last salvo had knocked out all her compasses. . . . The chief scientist dreamed of Cervantes on the way back to Woods Hole and Anton Dohrn received a unit citation."

IN 1946, Ewing moved to Columbia University, taking with him some of his group from Woods Hole, where he continued to work summers as a research associate. For several years, he had three small rooms in the basement of the geology building, where the Manhattan Project, which developed the first atomic bomb, had had an atomic pile. Ewing filled his rooms with equipment, data, samples, and new crops of graduate students; seismographs operated under a hatch in the floor. His assignment was to establish for Columbia a program of instruction in the geophysical study of the earth, but for him classroom instruction was only the beginning of the assignment. He began to look about him at the earth much as he had looked about him at the Lehigh Valley fifteen years earlier. In the government's sprawling postwar commitments he spied backing for geophysical ventures. He and Brackett Hersey, who was at

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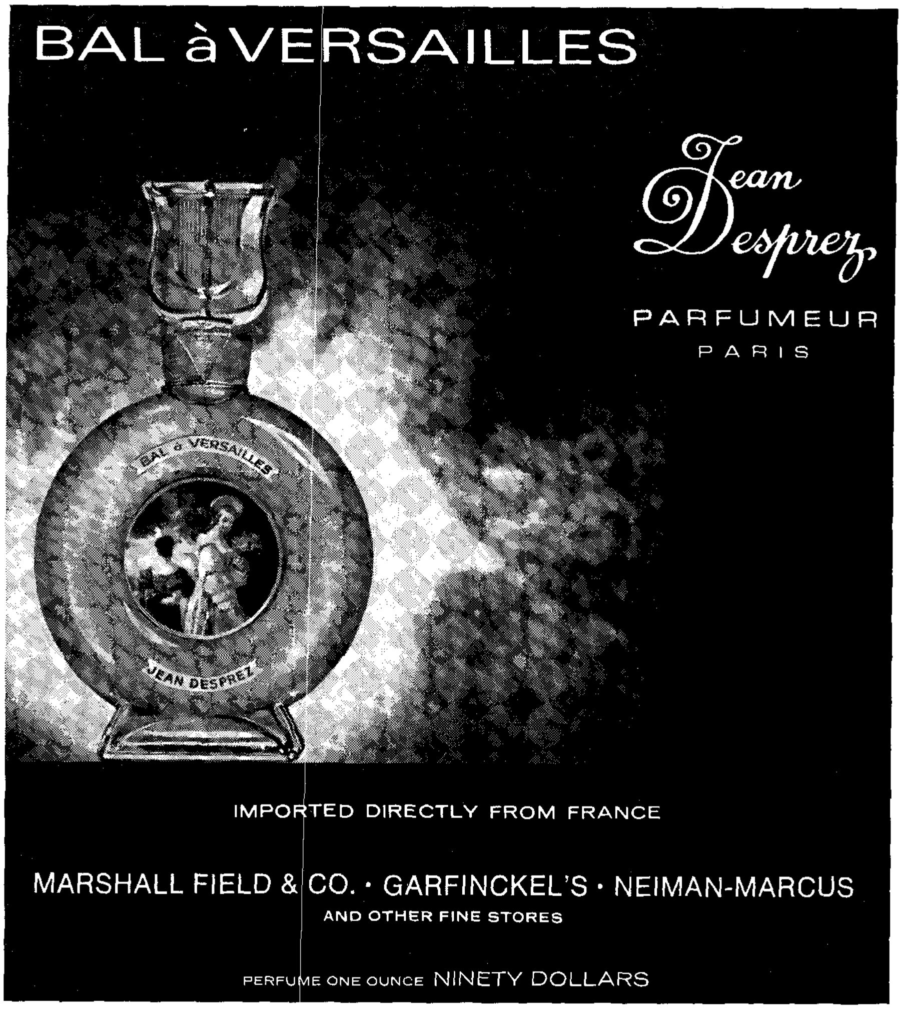
Woods Hole, got a contract from the Navy to survey a hundred and twenty thousand square miles of the Atlantic floor between Bermuda and South America. In 1946, the Navy opened its Office of Naval Research, which for many years thereafter supplied the only governmental support for basic science, from particle physics, through vision, to mass behavior and other equally naval matters. Two of O.N.R.'s first four contracts went to Ewing and Worzel; one of these was for measuring gravity at sea—which could be done on Navy submarines, whose use cost Ewing nothing—and for some years new graduate students in geology were hustled off to look at the Pacific through a periscope before they saw the inside of a Columbia classroom. Others did exile in Bermuda working on underwater sound.

For several years after Ewing arrived at Columbia, he tried to share with his employers the perception that there was little future in trying to outfit ships and operate seismographs in three small rooms off Amsterdam Avenue. Early in 1948, he was offered what he wanted—by M.I.T., which invited him to start a school there for geophysics and the study of the ocean floor. The offer included a large estate on the coast, a full professorship, and also positions for his group of twenty-odd associates and students. "Ewing's reaction to the M.I.T. offer was interesting," says Frank Press, who was one of the students. "A group of us went up with him to hear M.I.T.'s story. When we'd heard them out, he took us off into another room, and after a very short discussion he had each of us vote on a piece of paper whether we should go or stay at Columbia. I don't think many men would have done it, but it was perfectly natural for him—just a part of the way he regularly treated us. The vote was unanimously no." That same year, Columbia had at its disposal Torrey Cliff—a large house, outbuildings, and a hundred and twenty-five acres on the Hudson Palisades—which had belonged to the late banker Thomas Lamont, and which his widow was offering to the university with the suggestion that it be used by the medical school or become a home for the president of Columbia. When these ideas were turned down, Ewing got Torrey Cliff, along with a half-million dollars from the Lamont estate to get something going. He agreed with Columbia that Lamont Geological Observatory—a subdivision of the Department of Geology, which it soon dwarfed—was to be self-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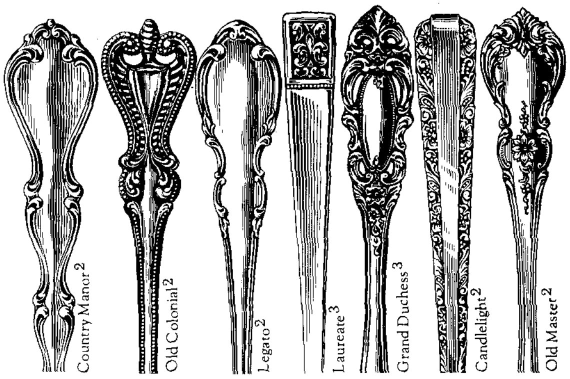
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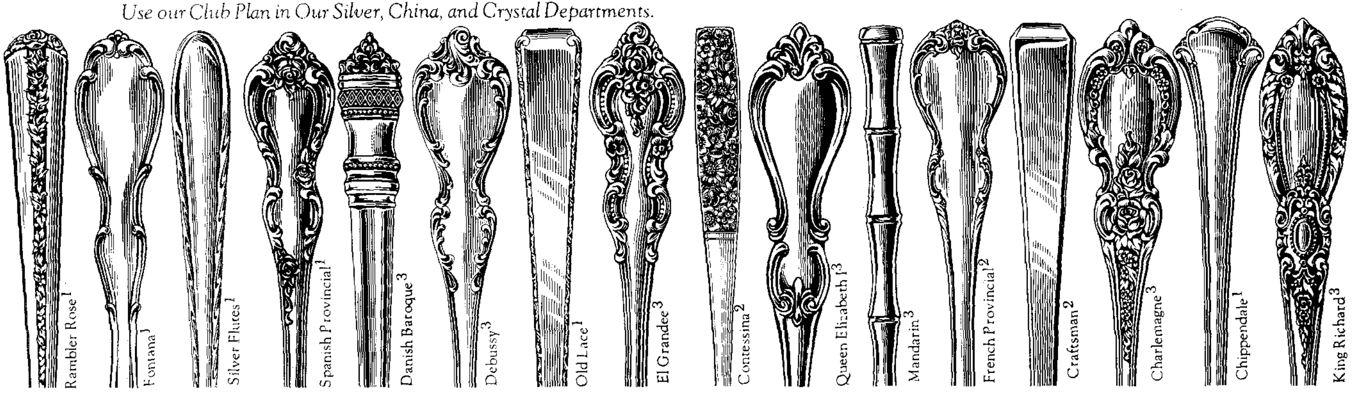
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*Teaspoon	20.00	15.00	23.50	17.63	27.00	20.25
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*Salad Fork	28.00	21.00	32.00	24.00	36.00	27.00
Place Spoon	28.00	21.00	32.00	24.00	36.00	27.00
Spreader	20.00	15.00	23.50	17.63	27.00	20.25
Cocktail Fork	20.00	15.00	23.50	17.63	27.00	20.25
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*Cold Meat or Buffet Fork	58.50	43.87	64.00	48.00	69.50	52.13
Gravy Ladle	58.50	43.87	64.00	48.00	69.50	52.13
*Pie or Cake Serving Knife	30.00	22.50	35.00	26.25	40.00	30.00
*Sugar Spoon	29.50	22.13	32.00	24.00	36.00	27.00
*Tablespoon	53.50	40.13	60.00	45.00	66.50	49.88
*Tablespoon, Pierced	53.50	40.13	60.00	45.00	66.50	49.88
*Hostess Set	250.00	187.51	278.50	208.88	308.50	231.39

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Northgate • Southcenter • Tacoma Mall • Everett • Bremerton • Bellevue Square • Washington Square, Portland supporting, whether by endowment or by contracts and grants for research. Ewing was cautiously urged by his seniors to treat the half million he had as endowment and spend only the income. The principal was about a year's operating expenses, and he cautiously decided to spread it over two years. If in two years, he said, Lamont had not done work that would attract more money, he would close the place down. "My chiefest worry was about the fractured condition of the Palisades basaltic sill," Ewing said a year or so ago. "When I knew it was a deal, I rushed right out with a portable seismograph and set it up in Lamont's pool, which was dry." The Palisades proved to transmit earthquake waves without distortion. Another of Ewing's worries was his new neighbors, in the surrounding settlement of Sneden's Landing—a refreshingly rural spot in the village of Palisades, only half an hour from Times Square, inhabited by well-heeled and sensitive commuters. Ewing was regarded by some of them as a noxious heavy industry. And he had scarcely set foot on the Lamont place—on the first of January, 1949—when a local politician nailed a cease-and-desist order on the door. "I *thought* it threatened to put all the trustees of Columbia University in jail if we didn't stop moving in our equipment," Ewing later said. "I was sorely tempted. It seemed a dandy idea."

The village was mollified, and Ewing and a micropaleontologist colleague, David Ericson, moved their work right into the big house at Torrey Cliff—Ericson because he had no commitments on Morningside Heights, Ewing because he could not wait. The mansion was up a steep, winding drive from Sneden's Landing and was set among fruit trees and azaleas and rhododendrons. Behind hedges, there were flower beds and vegetable gardens. Thomas Lamont had had a staff of gardeners; Ewing's energetic colleague Worzel, who moved in a few weeks later, eventually lined up help at a nearby missionary college. Ewing made himself a study on the second floor out of the Lamonts' bedroom, and later annexed their breakfast room. Ericson installed his sediment samples and microscopes in the dining room, and admired the chandeliers and the walls, which were splendidly painted with birds. Everyone else stayed in town until summer. Then geochemists set themselves up in the kitchen, with their radiocarbon-dating still—a dense thicket of fine glass tubing that sprouted out of the sinks and rose into the stove

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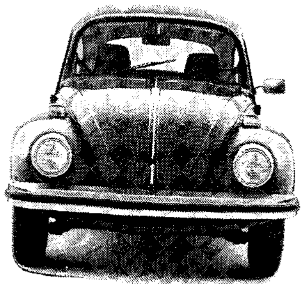

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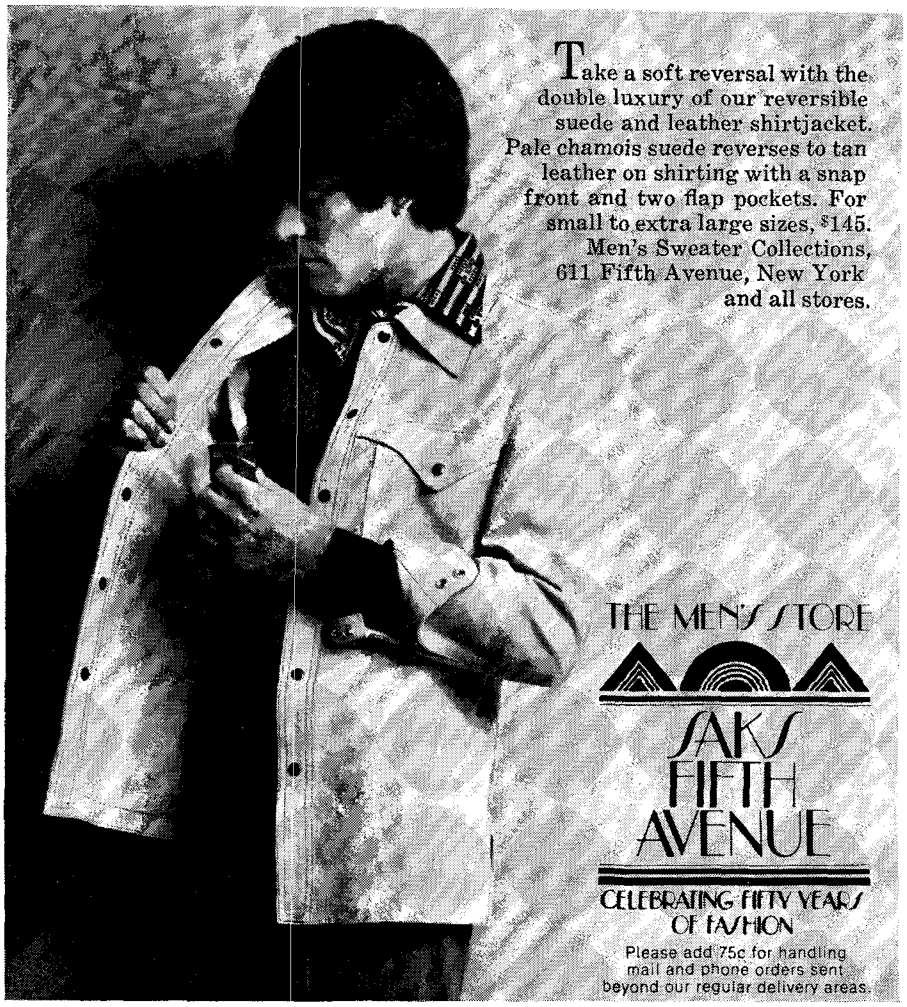

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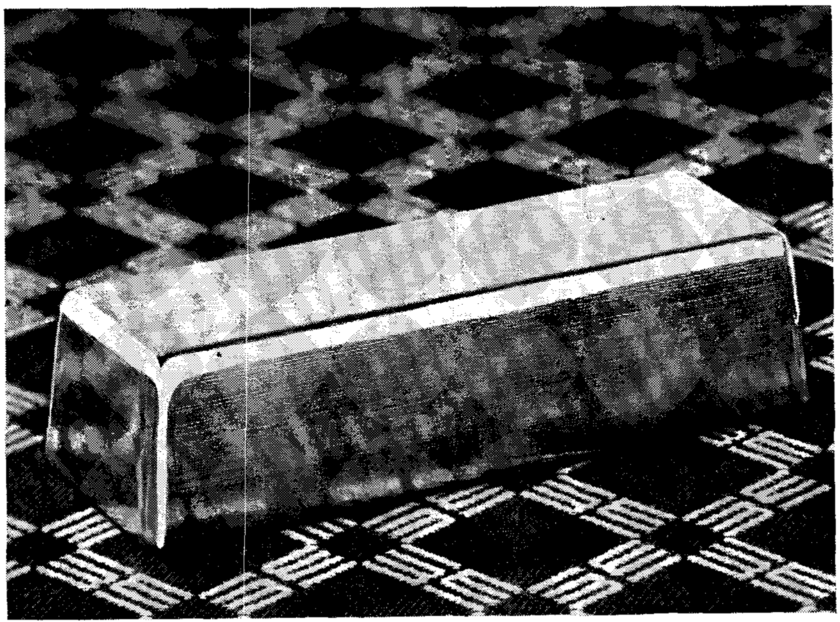

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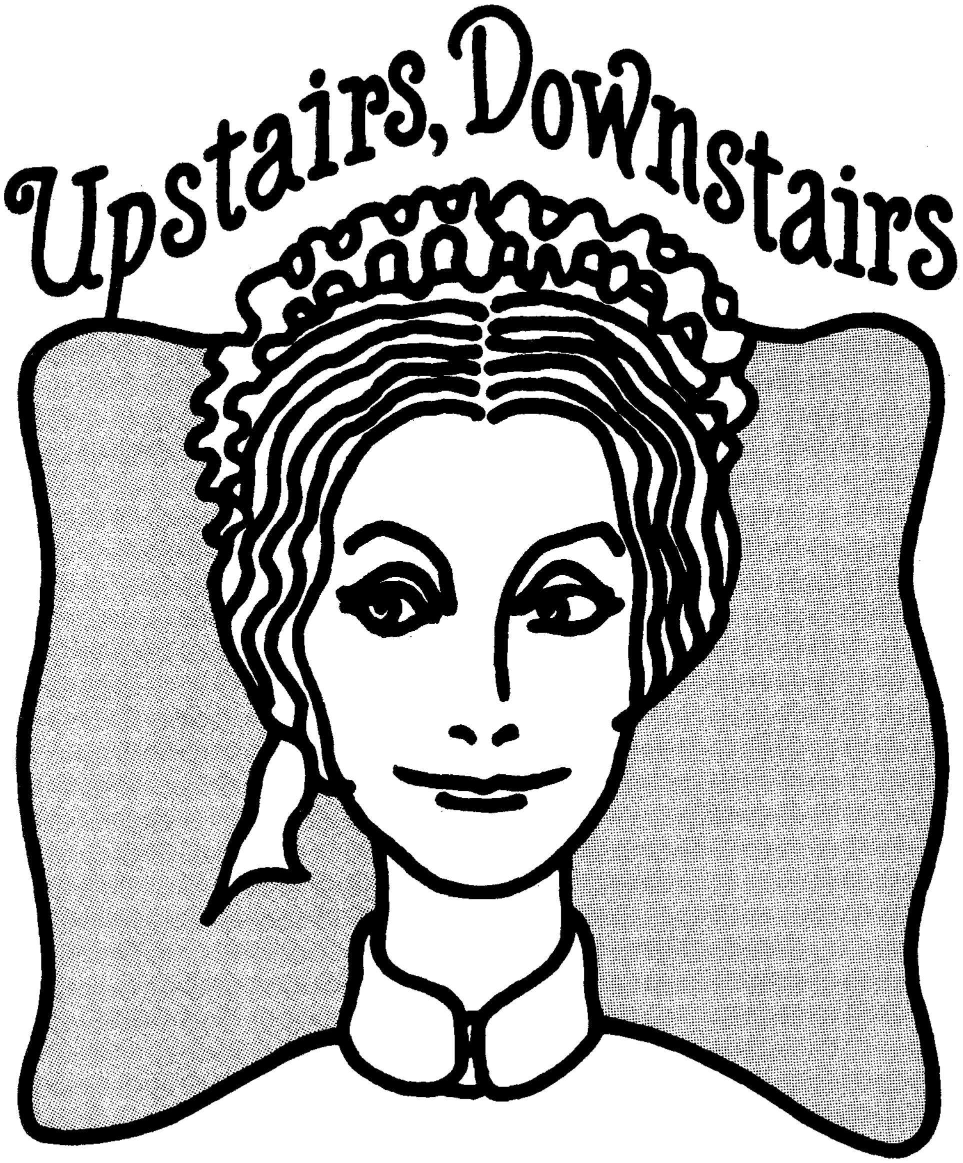
hood. Earthquake seismology and submarine geology went to the second floor, deep-sea cameras to the third. An oil furnace was installed, and the old coal bins were converted into an electronics lab. Sediment samples were stored in the seven-car garage, the indoor swimming pool was boarded over, and presently the tennis courts were built upon. The greenhouses were made into a machine shop. Seismograph styli were washed in Thomas Lamont's bathtub. For some years, the Lamont seismograph complex has been the largest in the world, with stations scattered all over the globe. On some floors of the six sprawling new buildings at Palisades (all larger than the original house), one is apt to come across brightly lit rooms in which banks of seismographs are humming just audibly, their electric pens scratching paths across glacially slow-moving drums of paper. They sound like wainscotfuls of mice. In the spring of 1949, however, before even the original seismograph station was established, in Thomas Lamont's root cellar, Ewing found on his desk one day a card from Frank Press, who was required to report daily on the seismic news of the world: "No seismogram today. Worzel took the seismograph." Drawing boards were set up over bathtubs, and file cabinets over toilets. There were, with graduate students, twenty-four on staff, and each year added about twenty more, until the situation in the house became desperate indeed—and was solved by the equally desperate but temporary expedient of keeping twenty or so constantly at sea. When an administrator was hired, he was given the old downstairs ladies' room as an office. A scientist who arrived in 1952 had to search for a place to sit, and at last found one in a cranny called the butler's ironing room. He borrowed a chair, appropriated some packing cases for bookshelves, and went to work. When it snowed, someone got out a jeep and a wooden plow that in Thomas Lamont's day had been worked behind a team. No one was merely an assistant. Heads of departments scratched for their own data, and new students had them for shipmates. In the close quarters of the house, ideas were exchanged freely and often, generating more. "The parties—on Fridays in the dining room after work—were kind of good then, too," says an early resident. "Kind of noisy and wild. Geophysicists are a rowdy lot—at least, the ones you meet in the field. And cruises were a regular source of West Indian rum."

Lamont is somewhat different to-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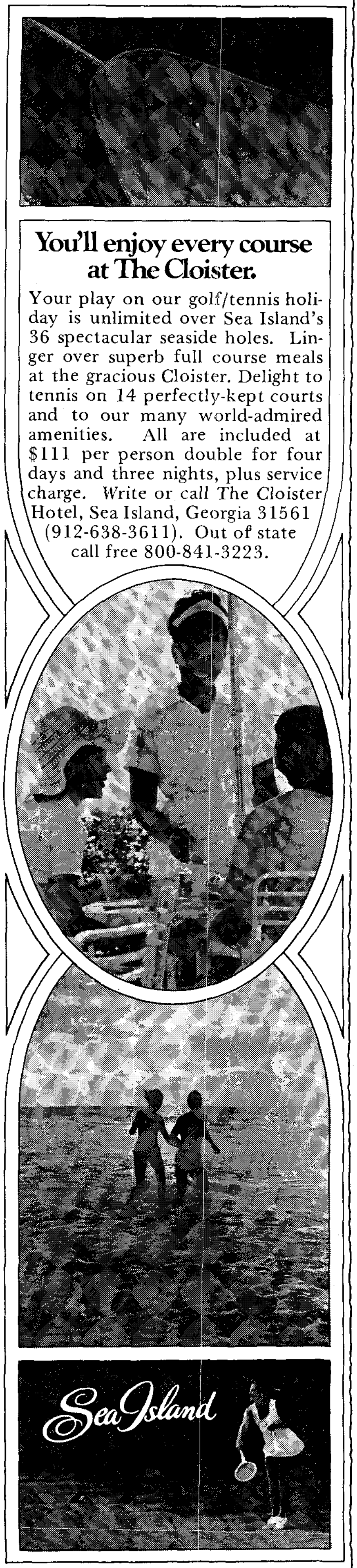
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day, of course. One no longer must enter by the steep, switchback driveway leading to the old Lamont house from the narrow road, lined by lawns and hedges, that passes through Sneden's Landing. A new tarred road, marked by a guard shack and a very small sign, leads off a bumpy state highway west of Sneden's Landing through well-manicured woods, past a few small fields and a few clapboard houses, to a cluster of low, rambling laboratory buildings, some of them steel prefabs. A fork of the road comes last to the old house. In front of it, in bronze, a youthful Lincoln reads a book astride his grazing horse (the statue was a gift to the observatory from the sculptor). In the spring, Lamont smells of blossoms, in the autumn of windfall apples. One may sit under a tree and see or hear twenty or thirty kinds of birds in as many minutes. Despite the pleasantly countrified air of the place, scientists feel that life is more intense here than at other institutions. A visitor has remarked that if an observatory were ever established on another planet, it would feel like Lamont. Lamont has acquired few attractions beyond the excitement of the work. The grounds are a relief from the nearby city, but there is no spectacular waterfront, as at Scripps or at Woods Hole (Lamont ships dock at an industrial pier a few miles away when they do dock, which is rarely more than once a year), and there are few, if any, sailboats nearby to leave work early for. There is not, of course, even a view of the Palisades.

"At the beginning, each of us took on a major field," Frank Press says. "Marine geophysics was shared by all. We wanted, with Lamont, to get into different kinds of work from what we had been doing before. We approached new fields with confidence; we read everything and knew what had been done. From the beginning, there was the twenty-four-hour-a-day, every-day-of-the-week commitment to work which characterizes Lamont as against other institutions. We worked full time in our different fields, and Ewing worked full time with each of us. I took on earthquake seismology. We developed new instruments and looked at new parts of the sound spectrum. We brought our ocean experience to bear on earthquake seismology. Ewing hadn't worked in this field before, but he was a well-trained physicist and as sophisticated a designer of instruments as there was. He wanted his students to be versatile, too, and he would make something and tell you to go make

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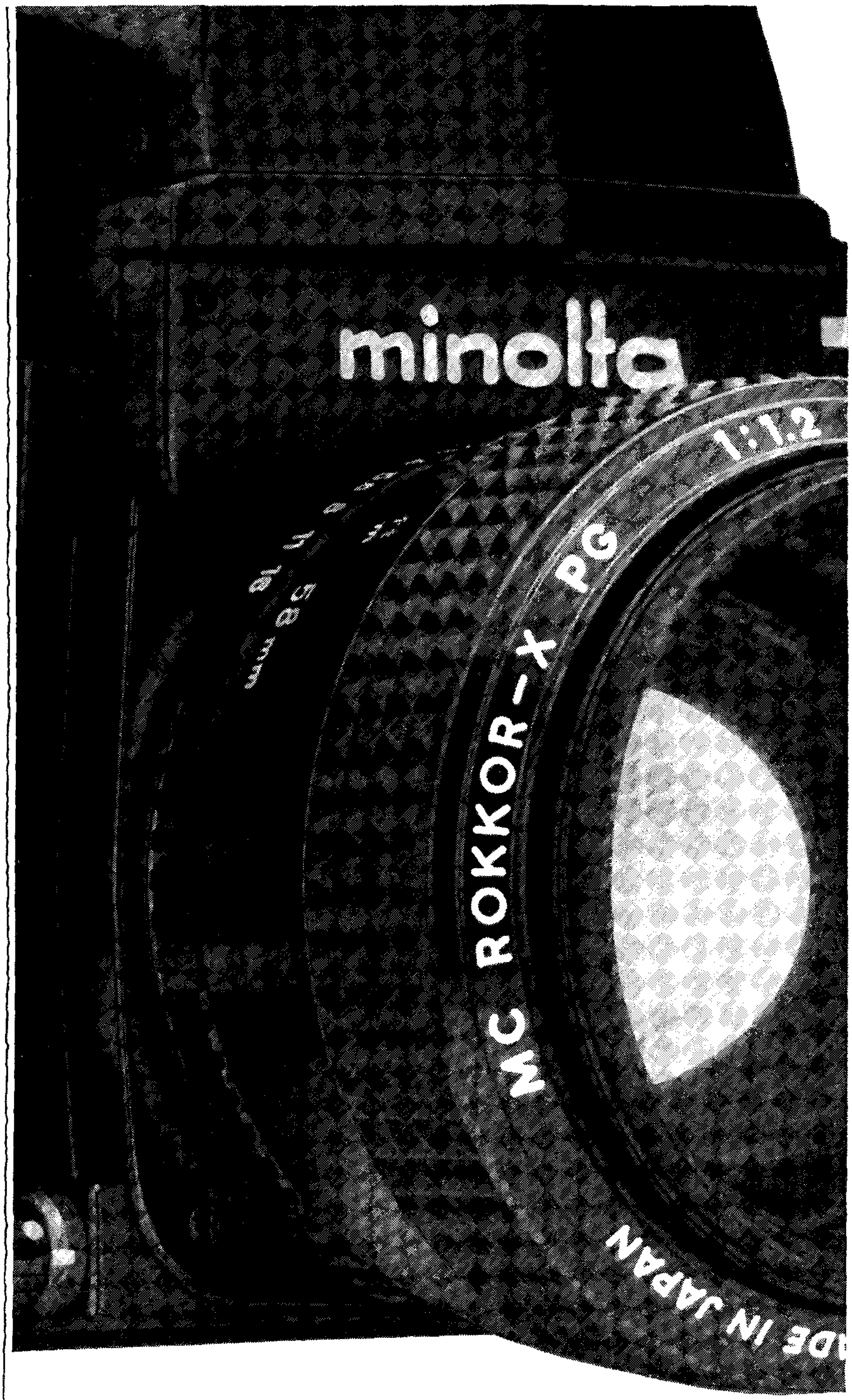
another. We got old, throwaway instruments wherever we could and made them into something else; and we had this from Ewing—that once we saw an instrument, we knew how it could be improved. He was a very tough boss, and a mistake was unpleasant to make, because he'd either make fun of it or do the thing himself. But once he had confidence in you, you got a lot of freedom and support. Our papers were written, sentence by sentence, together. He had tremendous drive. He had a competitive nature and wanted to be the first to discover anything. When we'd run into an obstacle, his response would be 'There must be a solution, there has to be a solution, we're just not being clever enough yet.' Some of us would have been ready to give up. Our contributions were rapid and important, and in three or four years we were competing with thirty-year-old laboratories. Our secret? A diverse approach, elegant mathematical solutions, hard work, and the equipment we built ourselves."

The haste with which Lamont began establishing fundamental truths about the earth and ocean floors was thought presumptuous in some circles.

SINCE his first meeting with Bowie and Field, Ewing had been passionately interested in finding out the thickness of the sediment on the ocean floors (a basis for estimating their age) and also what the ocean crust, or basement, itself was constructed of: whether it was like the continents, as many geologists presumed, or different. But ever since his first work at sea, on the continental shelf off Virginia, the basement had eluded him. Seismic-refraction measurements could tell what the basement was made of, but, beneath deep ocean as well as sediment, the basement was just beyond the grasp of the measurements he was equipped to make. The opportunity he needed came by chance. "One day in January, right after we had moved into the Lamont house," Ewing said a few months before he died, "Woods Hole called and said they had two ships going to Bermuda next month and no one using them on the way. Would we like the time? February is a bad month in which to operate in the North Atlantic, but there was no question about whether we would go. We had been trying for thirteen years, since I first went out on Atlantis, to discover whether the continental basement extended out under the ocean. We had followed it out under the continental shelf and then lost contact. We had made extensive seismic-



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refraction studies in shallow water with two ships and seismic-reflection studies in deep water with one ship. We had shot seismic-refraction profiles between a ship and a whaleboat in deep ocean, but our shots had lacked the separation and the explosive power we needed to reach basement, because a whaleboat was too small to send far from the ship or to carry as much explosive as we needed. Getting two ships to work together in the ocean has been one of the themes of my life. I didn't go on the expedition. It would have been truancy, and I was still a new boy at school. Worzel and Press went, and Brackett Hersey, from Woods Hole, and Gordon Hamilton, who later ran our Bermuda station for many years. They worked with the ships as much as sixty miles apart, using three-hundred-pound depth charges for explosives. They got two good seismic-refraction profiles in two weeks at sea. The rest of the time, it was too rough to work—the ships couldn't get away from the charges before they went off, and the hydrophones were overcome by wave noise. But when we had the data worked up, we got answers that we *thought* were accurate—the first time we'd had figures for the nature of the earth's surface in deep ocean which we could really swear to, though we'd been after them since before the war. There had been educated guesses before, some of them good, but now we really knew. We knew how much sediment there was, and how much rock underneath, and what kinds.

"But out in the middle of the ocean our two little profiles looked kind of lonesome. Among the thoughts we had, Worzel and Press and I, was that it would be awfully nice to get hold of more ships and measure beyond Bermuda, because maybe what we'd seen wasn't typical of the whole ocean. With the measurements we'd made, we'd seemed to be finding much thinner—incredibly thin—sediments in mid-ocean. We drew a line one night, Worzel and I, from Woods Hole to Bermuda and two hundred miles beyond. And I said, 'If in a lifetime we can get enough ship time to make a line of stations to there, my life will be complete.' Every now and then, Worzel and I talk about it when we look at our ships' tracks on the world chart. I didn't dream we could ever look at any appreciable part of the world seismically at sea. There wasn't that kind of money in our lives then, or anywhere that we could see. We couldn't conceive that we'd ever get ships to the Pacific and Indian Oceans. We

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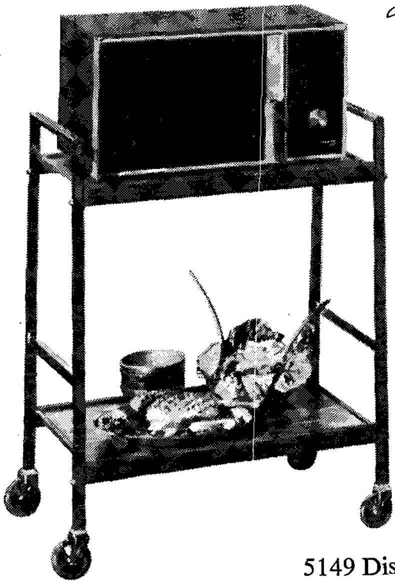
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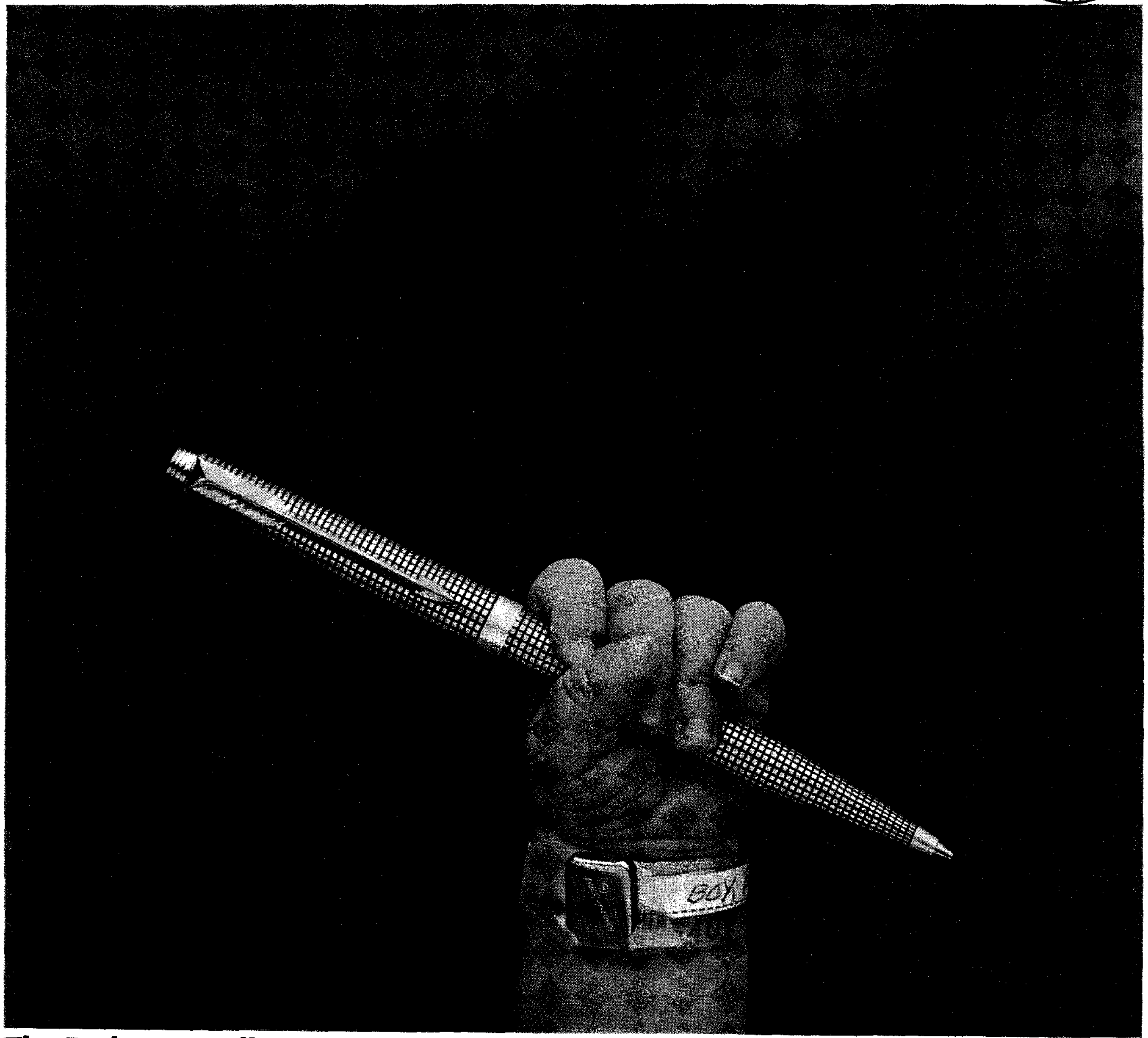

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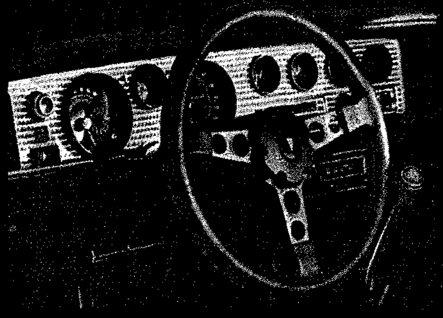

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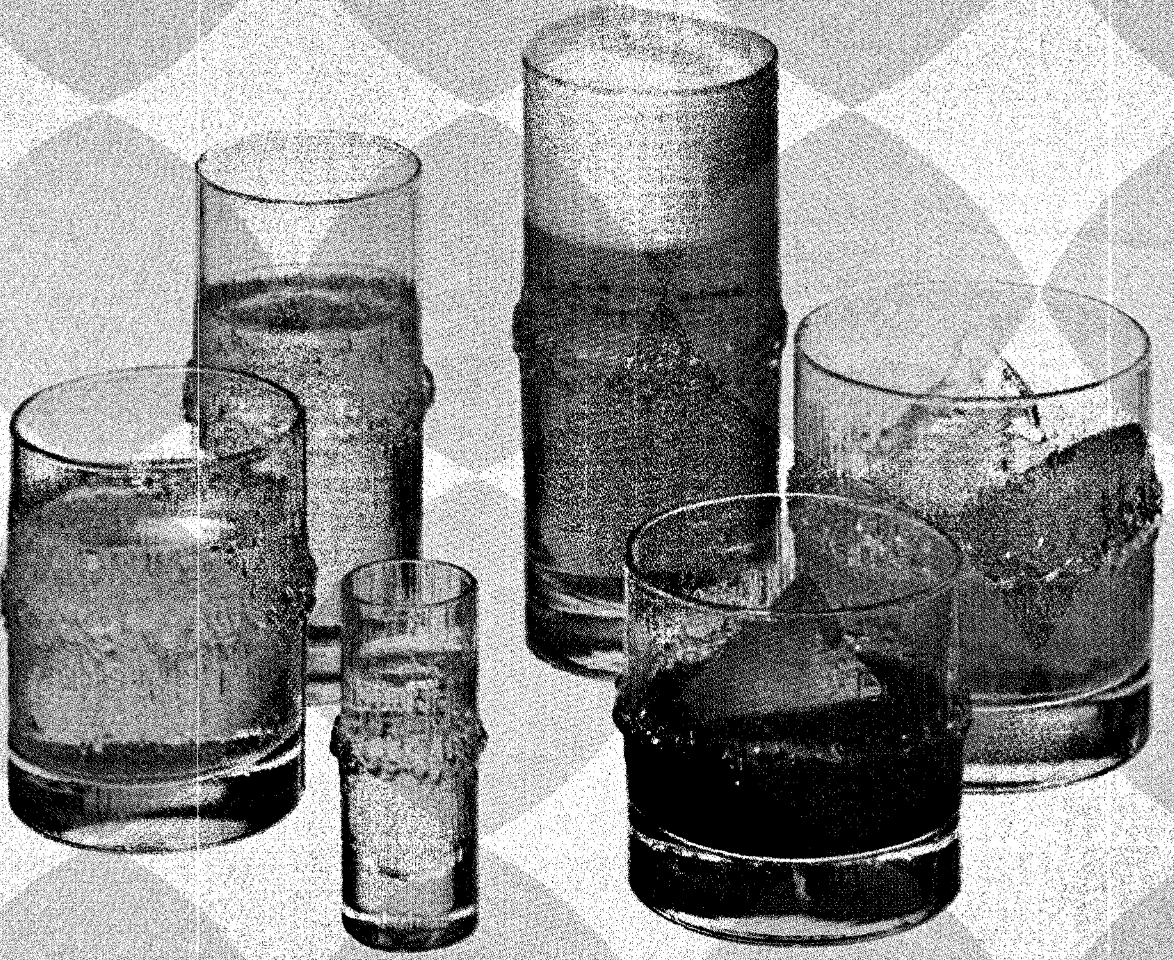

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weren't much concerned in those days with theories, either. We were principally concerned with the question: What is the earth? And there weren't many answers.

"That's how Lamont got into earthquake seismology in such a big way—because we didn't think we'd ever have enough ships to do the job of seismic profiling that we wanted to do at sea. I wanted to look around, not spend my life looking at one station. We tried, Press and I, to think of the implications of our experience with explosion waves for earthquake-wave propagation, and did our investigation of the world's oceans in a hurry, using earthquake waves. What we did was find how to use a part of the seismogram called the coda. The name tells you how much seismologists thought of it. It consists of beautiful great big swooping waves—they're called surface waves—and it was universally considered useless. When it appears, it's the largest part of the seismic record; and because the coda appeared only when an ocean lay between the source and the recording station, it had been thought—correctly, as we proved—to be an effect of the ocean on the earthquake waves. Unfortunately, a distinguished English mathematician, Robert Stoneley, had supposedly proved, with excellent mathematics, that surface waves were not influenced by the oceans. We realized that Stoneley, however, had entirely mistaken and anachronistic notions about the depths of the oceans, and these had led him to false conclusions. I saw my first coda during the war, when I used to go down to Washington for meetings. The train back to Woods Hole was at midnight, and I would go around to the Coast and Geodetic Survey office before five and spend the evening reading seismograms, as you might detective novels. They didn't have very good records, but they had plenty of them, from many parts of the world. I got real curious about that coda, and I saw a lot of it. Then I'd come out before midnight, trying, because I had to get past a guard without having a pass, to look as much like a tired, dyspeptic bureaucrat as I could. There were times when that wasn't any trouble.

"We designed and built seismographs to get surface waves and began to accumulate records. Our data were good, and gave us good results. It was natural to think we could apply to surface waves that travelled along an ocean floor between an earthquake and our seismograph the same mathematical treatment we had applied to ex-

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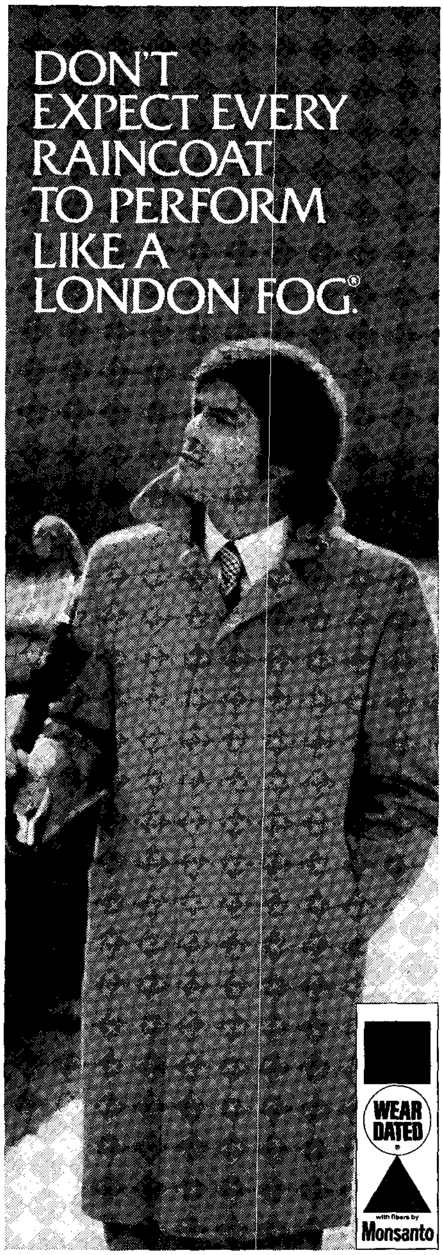

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plosion waves that travelled along the floor of the continental shelf between two boats a few miles apart. The records look very similar. But where we'd been working, with explosions in the *shallow water of the continental shelf,* with waves that came thirty per second, earthquake waves might come one wave many seconds and many miles long. It was a matter of scaling things down seven or eight octaves. We had all the arithmetic from experiments we'd done for the Navy on the propagation of sound waves on the continental shelf. All we did—and we did it in one night, in 1949—was plug in the different units: greater distance, longer waves, and deeper water. And they fit. That was our paper. It was a poor man's way to cross lots of oceans. The surface waves told us that the figures we got on that little cruise to Bermuda—for the nature and thickness of the sediments, and the nature and thickness of the basement right down to the top of the mantle—were typical of all the ocean basins. We were able to show that, contrary to the prior assumption of almost all geologists and geophysicists, the ocean basins are all alike; that there are basically two classes of crust on the earth, continental and oceanic; and that there is a remarkable consistency within each class. The continents were known to be essentially granite, and quite thick—the mantle is about twenty-five miles down. Our profiles from the North Atlantic showed an ocean crust only three miles thick, and this was wholly unexpected. The wave transmission in the oceanic crust was consistent with basalt, which is denser and heavier than granite and is exceptional on the continents. A few men had been enterprising enough to suggest that there might be some basalt under the ocean. We found that the ocean floors are all basaltic."

Ewing and Press's demonstration was elegant, with pleasing symmetry, and about as basic and elementary a matter as could be. During all the years in which geologists had discussed the earth's surface, they had not known what three-quarters of it was made of. "The completeness of the segregation of the sialic [granitic] rocks into continents is underscored as one of the major problems of geology," Ewing wrote in the fifties, when scarcely anyone was paying attention. Similarly, the existence and the thinness of the oceanic crust are among the most important things known about the earth; geologists have speculated that the oceanic crust is the chilled surface

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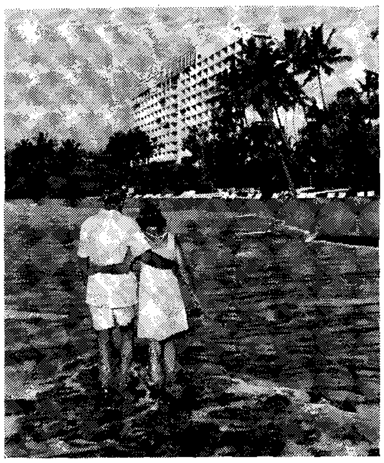
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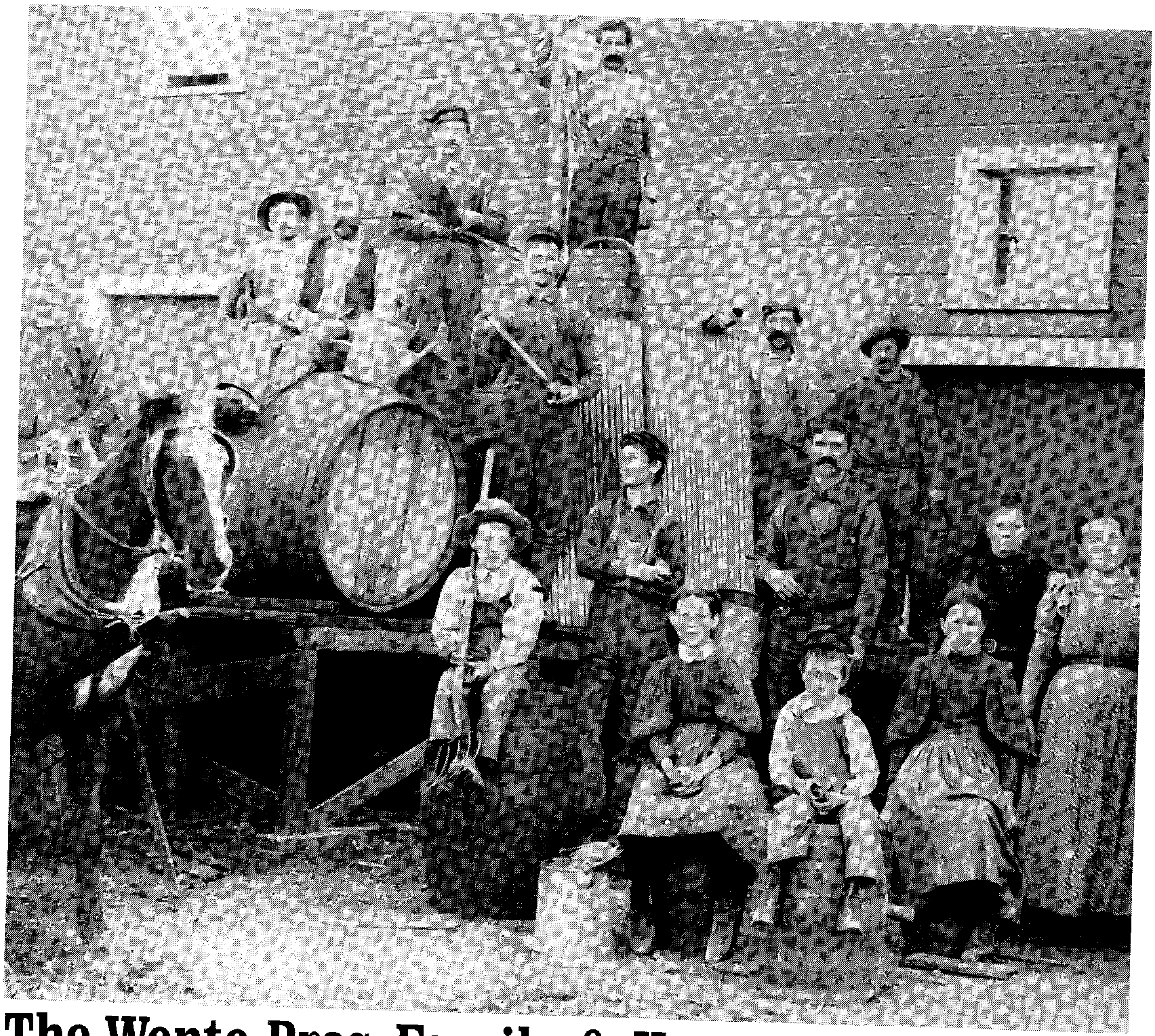

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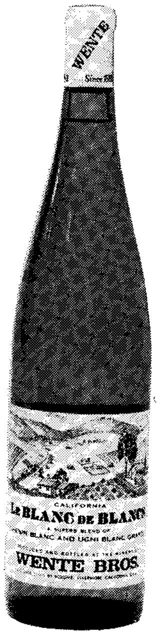

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of the earth's mantle. Today, geologists see it as basic to the creation and renewal of the earth's surface in earthquakes, eruptions, and mountain ranges. But again Ewing had the experience of discovering a significant fact and finding no one prepared to make use of it. The continental ghetto, and the singular oceanic crust and its extraordinary thinness, might seem suggestive enough to have raised a storm of ideas and of the theorizing and speculation that are not uncommon in geology. Perhaps, however, they were stimulants too powerful, too suggestive, and the mind, instead of responding, boggled. "We were kind of naïve then," Ewing said once. "We thought you discovered something and published it and the world would know about it. But several years later even leading seismologists hadn't heard of our paper." The implications of the brutal fact were grappled with by a couple of marine geologists after more than a decade, and by other geologists after two decades. But in the meantime a lot of geology was disproved and needed to be rewritten. Many geologists had claimed that there were ancient continents sunk beneath the seas. A leading authority had said that the oceanic crust was "nowhere more than fifty miles thick." And distinguished seismologists had described the crust under all the oceans but the Pacific as made of granite, like the continents. None had had the benefit of good data. A variety of theories, now untenable, needed to be scrapped, a treatment that was not always administered. Ewing said once, "There was the interesting doctrine that the Pacific was different from the other oceans—the only 'true' ocean, maybe made by the moon flying out of the earth at some early date—and the Atlantic and others were just sort of low-lying continents. Well, they're exactly like the Pacific."

In Ewing's office at Lamont was a letter signed by the leading Japanese seismologists complimenting him on his solution of surface waves. Ewing thought that his work on surface waves might turn out to be the most important he had done. During the fifties, he and Press and others built surface waves into the most powerful means of learning about the earth's crust and upper mantle—where earthquakes, volcanoes, and mountains, for whatever reasons, have their origins. Ewing put seismographs in remote parts of the world to get better records. To learn about the earth's mantle, the layer under the crust, he and Press began building machines to record longer and

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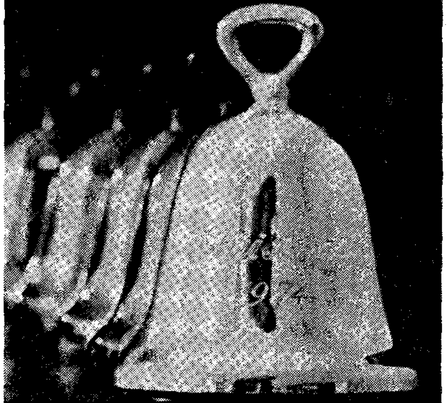

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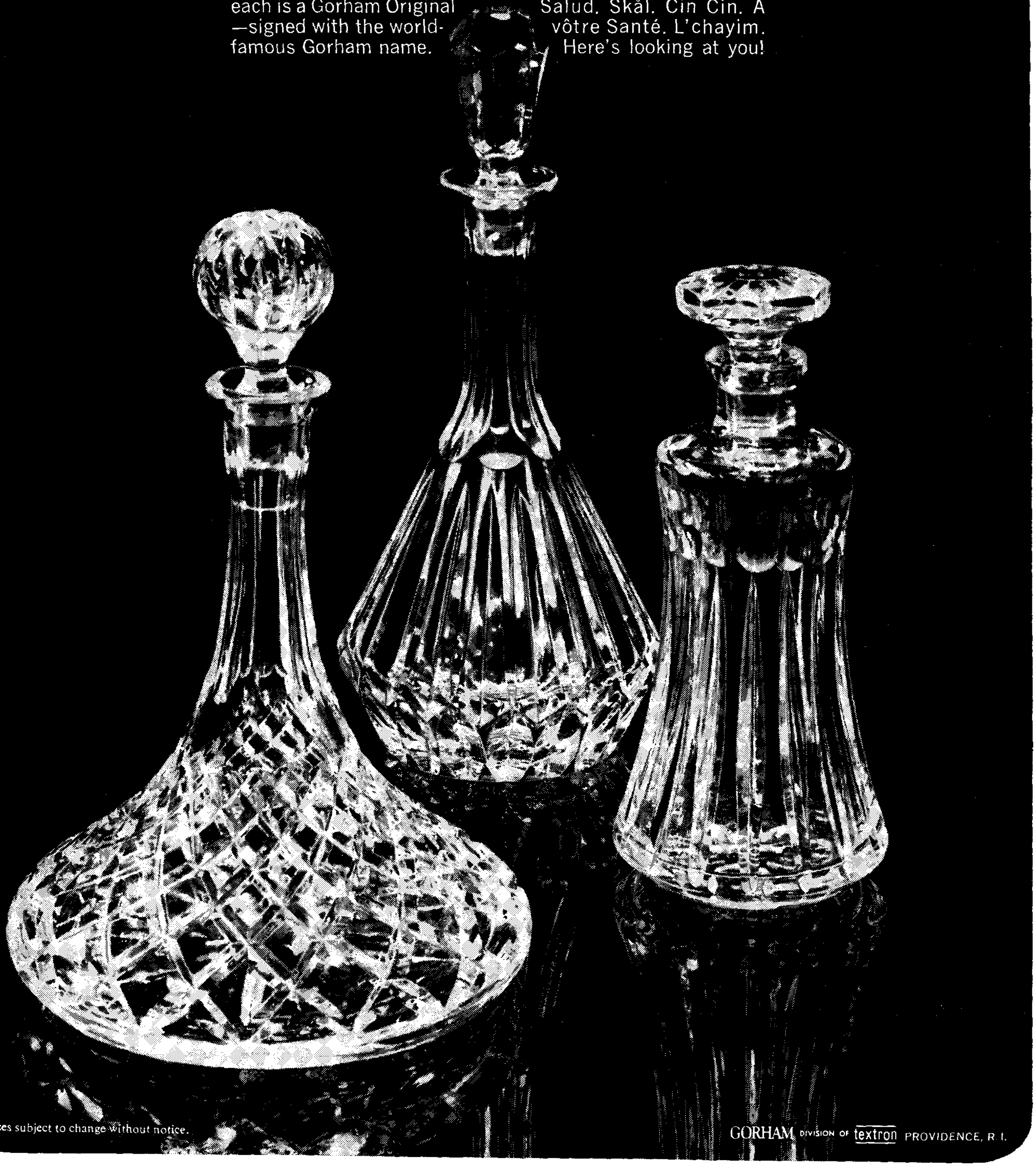

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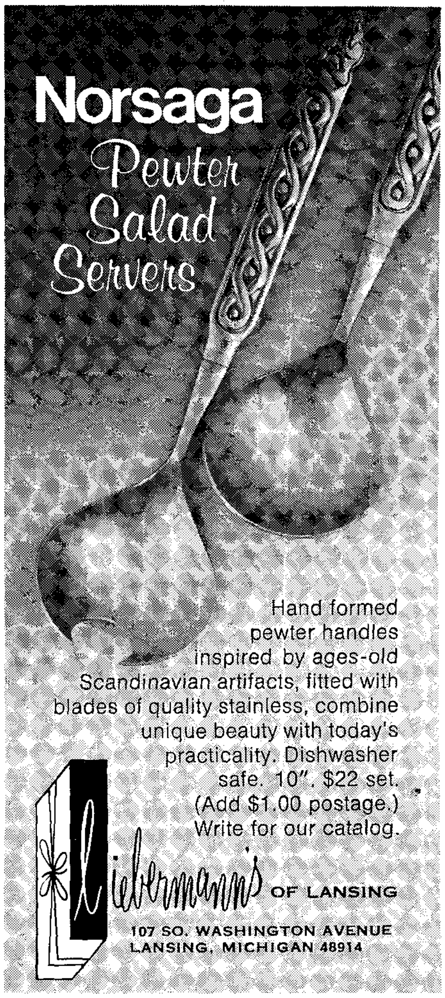
longer surface waves. (The longer the waves, the deeper into the earth they reach.) By 1959, they had picked up waves with a frequency of one per thousand seconds; each wave was about the length of the United States. "Computers were just coming in, and as fast as they were improved we had more complicated problems for them to solve," Ewing recalled later. "We would conceive of a paper and write it in the same day. We lived through a period when the earth sciences changed from an immature, descriptive field to a mature body of knowledge."

GOVERNMENT support of science increased during the fifties; the National Science Foundation, which now provides most of that support, was established in 1950, and older agencies, especially the Office of Naval Research, became richer. The Navy paid for a seismic-refraction survey, lasting several years, of the Atlantic west of Bermuda from Newfoundland to the Antilles, and in the summer of 1950 Ewing shot a line of seismic-refraction profiles with two ships three hundred miles southeast of Bermuda. That was just a little over a year after he had told Worzel his life would be complete if he could get two hundred miles beyond. (The oceanic crust was the same there as it was west of Bermuda, and as it was in the earthquake surface-wave studies.) Three or four years after Lamont was established, it was competing with older institutions for a limited number of research ships. As Lamont needed more time for more projects, less was available. There was Atlantis, but Woods Hole wanted more of her, too. Ewing became unhappy. "We had a year or two of using random ships belonging to other institutions and having them withdrawn from us on very short notice," he recalled a while ago. "The Navy recognized our needs, and we proposed to convert one of their ships to use fifty-fifty with Hudson Labs, across the river, which was working on underwater sound. The Navy told us to monitor the conversion, and we spent the better part of a year in Brooklyn Navy Yard and never had a day on her. They said Hudson Labs had better have the first six months, and then when our time came around a meeting was held in Washington and some lieutenant commander got up and said that the ship was being withdrawn for work of higher priority. In lieu of the six months, they gave us the money to charter—for three months—the Kevin Moran, an oceangoing tug, on which



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we jury-rigged a heavy-duty winch. We took her to Newfoundland and West Africa, and then to Brazil with Atlantis, on which we returned home.

"In 1952, Worzel had the luck and skill to find Vema, a three-masted schooner, and see her potential, and next year we chartered her, with an option to buy. I've often thought that the spirit in which we took that option can only be compared to saying as you drive to New York across the George Washington Bridge, 'Here's a dollar for passage and a nickel for an option to buy in ninety days.' The price was a hundred thousand dollars. I had no idea how we'd get it, but the option didn't cost much. Ultimately, with the help of the university treasurer, we bought Vema for the trustees, without telling them. They were surprised, to put it mildly, that anyone could do it to them. One called me up the very day the deal was closed and said, 'If this costs Columbia five cents, it will cost you your job.' He'd found out when we insured Vema, because he was selling insurance to the university. I told him, 'If in five years you're not prouder of Vema than of anything else Columbia's got, you can have my job.' Vema saved us time and saved us money, but we had to make a very big change in our procedures to use her efficiently. We were geared to using someone else's ship three months of the year and studying the data for nine. But by then there were five and six people in a room in that old Lamont house, and no place to sit. So we just worked all of our people four times as hard for a while and kept some of them and the ship at sea for eleven months of the year."

In the succeeding years, Ewing, at least, became prouder of Vema than of anything else Columbia had. Vema is two hundred and two feet long, slim and handsome. When Lamont bought her, her topmasts were gone, but she still had all three lowers. She had a fine aristocratic bow and an elegant stern; a few pictures show her under full sail, heeled over, her rail buried in water. Her bowsprit, with a fierce eagle below it, projected thirty feet beyond the deck forward, the main boom about as much aft. The tops of her masts were a hundred and twenty feet above the deck; they hung an extravagant amount of sail, and Vema still claims the speed record for the passage from Montauk to Bishop Rock, Ireland, under sail. Vema cruises under power alone now, and over the years her appearance has been changed by replacements and alterations. With

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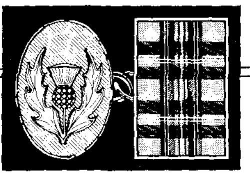
Vema, Ewing felt that his laboratory was truly founded. "The real laboratory is at sea," he later told a student. "Buildings are just places to house data." Elsewhere, it was remarked how a pipsqueak lab had provided itself with the largest research ship in the world.

ON the morning of January 13, 1954, Vema, starting her third voyage for Lamont—from New York, bound for the Gulf of Mexico—was running before a nasty winter gale between Cape Hatteras and Bermuda, and pitching and rolling violently. The wind made loud noises in the rigging, the gray seas assumed the aspect of broad, hard hills and valleys, and on each roll the scuppers caught a piece of the passing sea and sluiced it across the decks. It was early morning, gray and luminous, and many men were still asleep. Ewing walked forward from the after deckhouse to the chartroom to check Vema's position. A few rolls later, the lashings around four fifty-five-gallon drums of lubricating oil stored amidships gave way. The drums began to rumble back and forth across the deck, battering gear and fittings and threatening to stave in the wooden deckhouses. Ewing, along with his brother John (a geophysicist, who had joined Ewing's research group during the war), and Charles Wilkie and Michael Brown, the first and second mates, came on deck in a hurry. They captured the drums one by one and got them back in place and secured. Just as they stepped back, saying, "Those will never come loose," a freak wave washed all four men and all four drums overboard.

In seas of any size, there are waves travelling different courses and occasionally merging with each other. The odds are that every thirteenth wave will be twice as large as the average, every thousandth three times as large, every three hundred thousandth four times as large. No one knows which it was that washed over Vema. Ewing said wryly afterward that he suddenly became part of an emulsion of men, oil drums, and seawater. Water almost covered the ship, and then she rose clear. When Ewing came to the surface, he saw the two mates holding on to a drum, and John swimming toward the ship's log line. He himself had swallowed a lot of water and felt in poor shape. He tried to swim to a drum, failed, and began shedding clothes, which weighed him down. In a letter he wrote to his children afterward, he said he had wondered



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how long it would take his shoes to reach bottom three miles down, and thought how silly they would look if one of Lamont's deep-sea cameras should photograph them. He heard Wilkie call for help but could not see him; all he could see was waves. He heard Wilkie cough and choke, and then heard him no more. Wilkie drowned. Each time Ewing surfaced, the waves knocked him under again and rolled him around, and he swallowed more water. He concentrated on floating and breathing, and listened to the water bubbling and rattling in his lungs at each breath.

Vema was about a mile away. There was some genius in the handling of her then. Her complement was at the time, as it is now, largely Nova Scotia seamen and fishermen, familiar with trouble at sea. The captain had brought Vema about, but he couldn't see the men in the water, who were hidden by the high seas. The sailing master took the wheel while the captain climbed to the cross-trees and signalled where they were. The sailing master had commanded Atlantis in the thirties, in the days when Ewing had floated his seismographs, and had become practiced in bringing a ship alongside small objects in the water; Ewing had persuaded him to come out of retirement for this voyage. Things larger than men can disappear in even moderately rough water, and it usually is considered impossible to get a ship close enough to a man to pick him up without running him down. (Seamanship manuals prescribe dispatching lifeboats, while the men in the water patiently wait.) Vema, her present master says, handles like a sports car. She stopped just upwind of John Ewing, and he was pulled aboard. The log line had moved so fast it burned his hands and he had had to let go, but then he had found a ladder and floated on it in what he said afterward was comfort. His brother thought when he saw the ship stop that her steering had failed, as it had the day before. Vema started again, but turned away from him—in order to come up on the other tack, he supposed. He was not doing well, and wondered if he would last until she reached him. He couldn't manage to swim, because of all the water he had swallowed, and he was too exhausted to hold his breath and float. For some moments, he blacked out. "I guess you'd think that a person would be pretty much alone out there, at a time like that," Ewing wrote his children the next day. "I wasn't alone a bit. It seemed as though all the good people I love and who love

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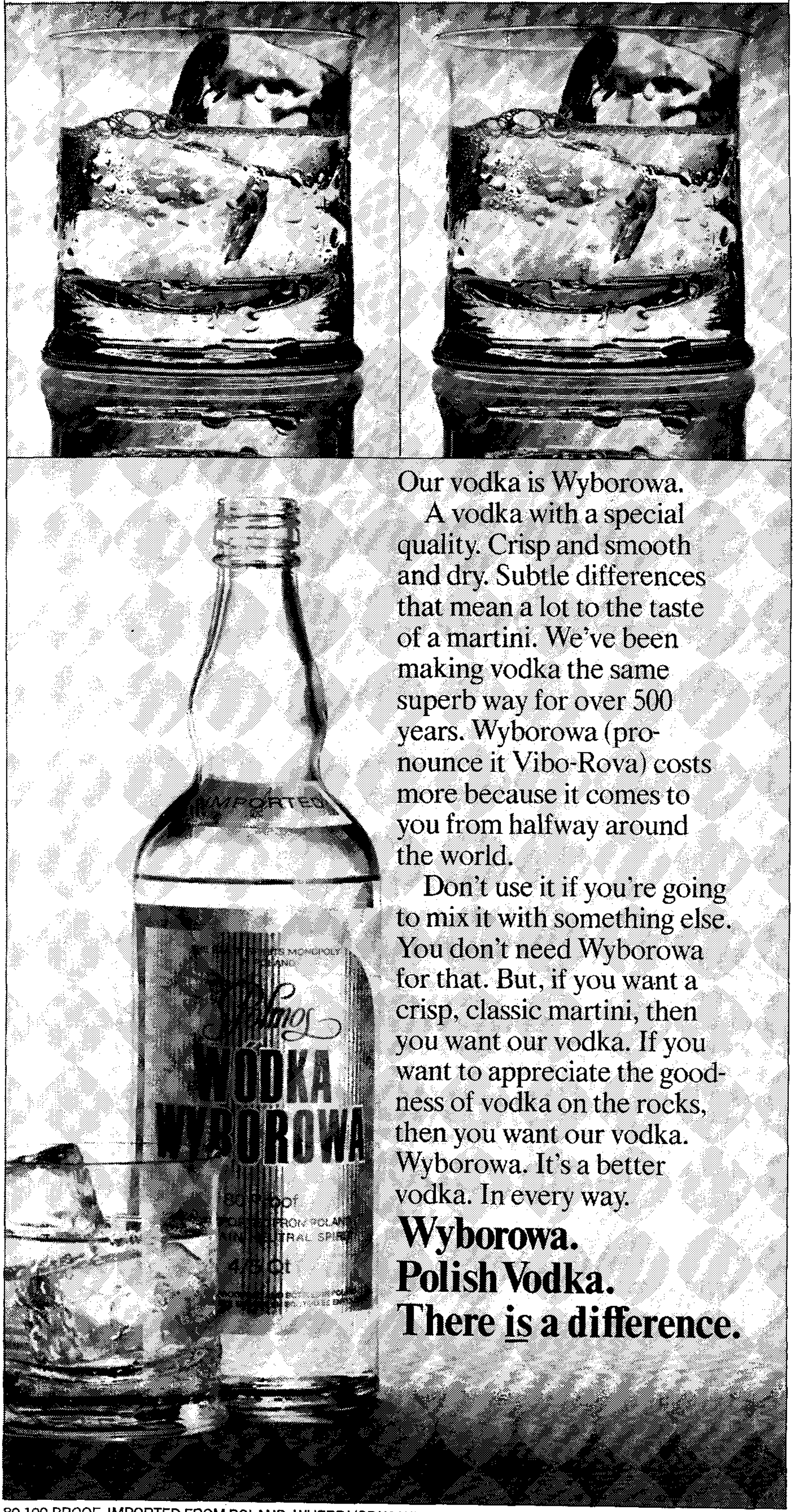

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me were there and were encouraging me. Then they all went away and just you children were there, and it seemed that I needed to come and do something for my children. It seemed that all of you . . . were about to drown, and I had to keep swimming to save you. Then only little Maggie was there. I couldn't see Maggie, but I could hear her. She was calling just the way she calls down the stairs when she hears my voice when I come home at night." Then a loud voice said, "Doc, I could hold on to this barrel easier if you'd take hold of the other end." Mike Brown, the second mate, was there, pushing one of the oil drums ahead of him. He and Ewing held on, and their weight balanced it. The ship was coming toward them and a line was heaved. Brown caught it and, still holding his end of the drum, let the men on board pull them to the ship's side. Vema's rails were going under with each roll. As she came down, Brown put his arm over the rail and went up with her. The same roll pushed Ewing under. "I saw a rope right beside me just as I went down, and I got hold of it," the letter continues. "I thought I'd never come up, but when I did I still had hold of the rope. And then on Vema's next roll the men caught me by the arms. I don't remember anything more for a long while, until I woke up in a bunk under a pile of blankets. Now it's the next day and I'm awfully thankful to be alive. I have learned that the steering gear broke down just as the men threw the heaving line to us. If it had happened sooner I could not have been saved."

Vema drifted for an hour while the steering gear was fixed. Ewing had a concussion, and his left side was partly paralyzed. He was flown to New York from Bermuda the next day for treatment, but he was back aboard before the end of the voyage, his only lasting damage a slight limp that affected him, when he was tired, for the rest of his life. John Ewing had a battered leg, which soon healed. Mike Brown took a shower and stood his watch.

—William Wertenbaker

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

•

He will conduct the orchestra in Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter Overture," Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 in D Minor, and Bach's "Fudge in G Minor."
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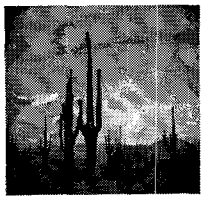

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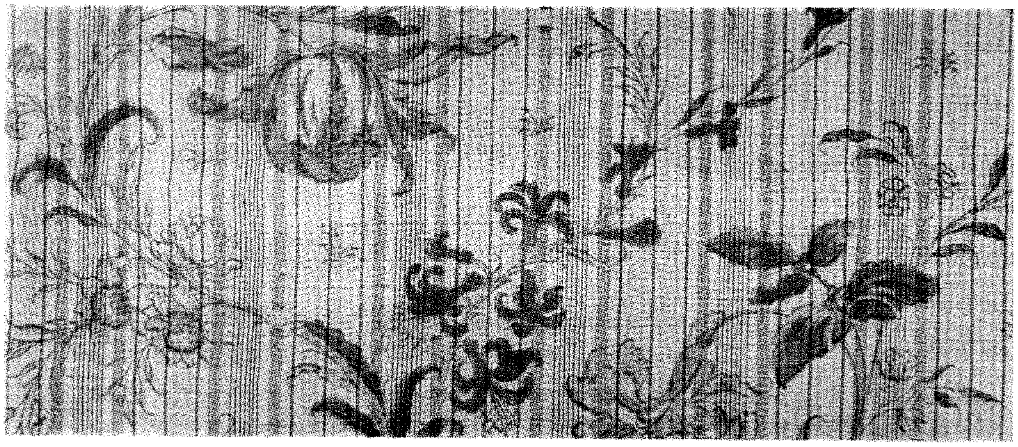

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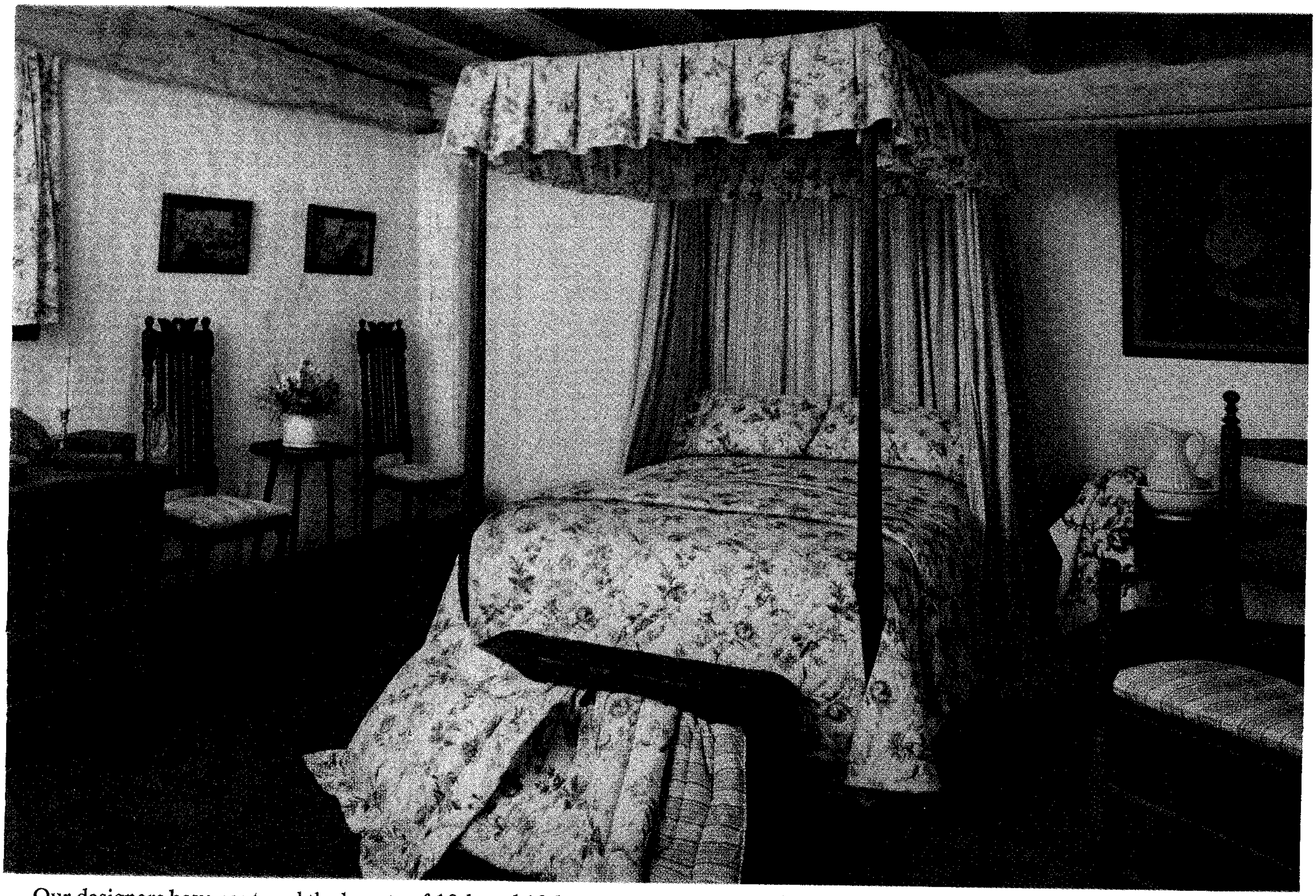

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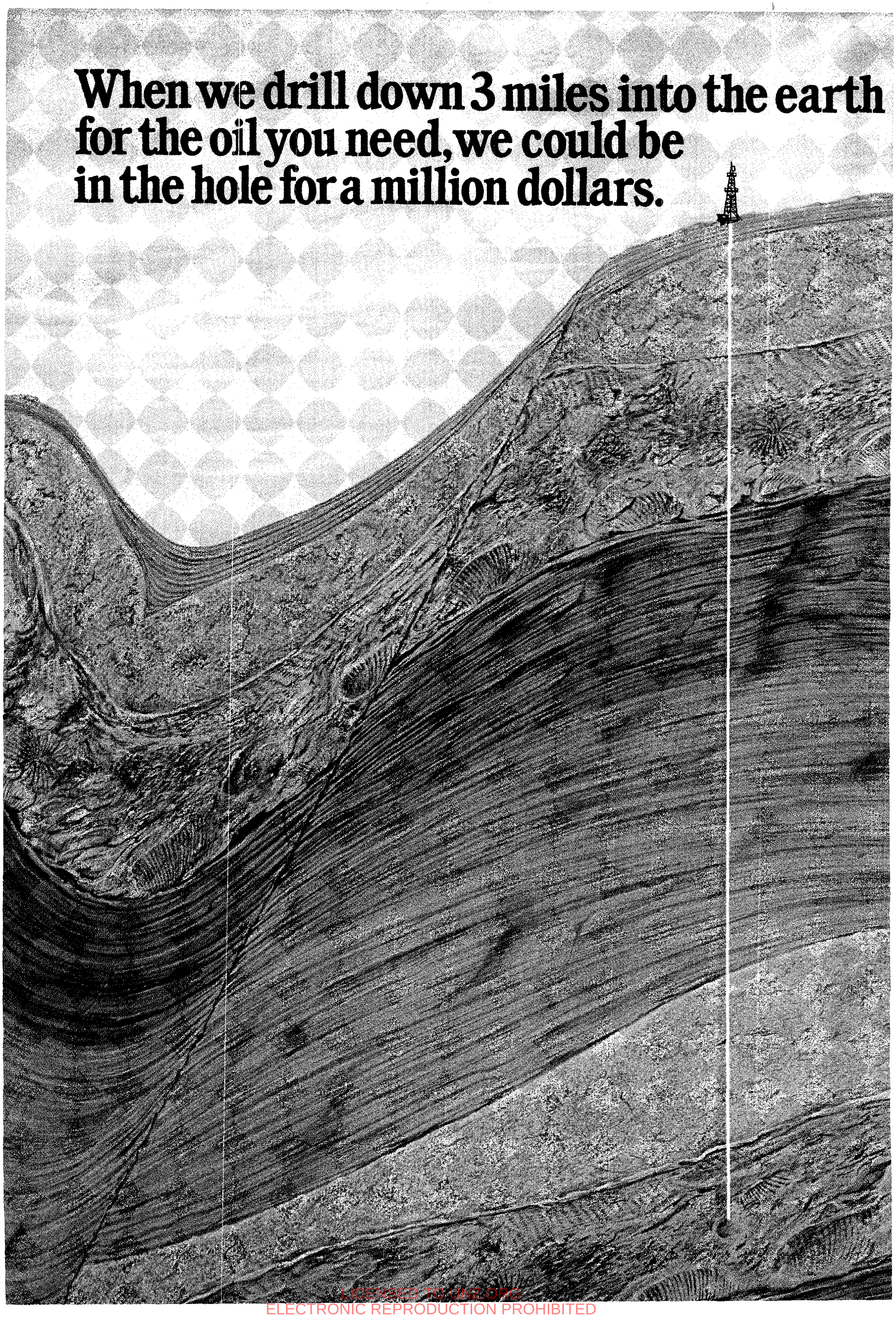

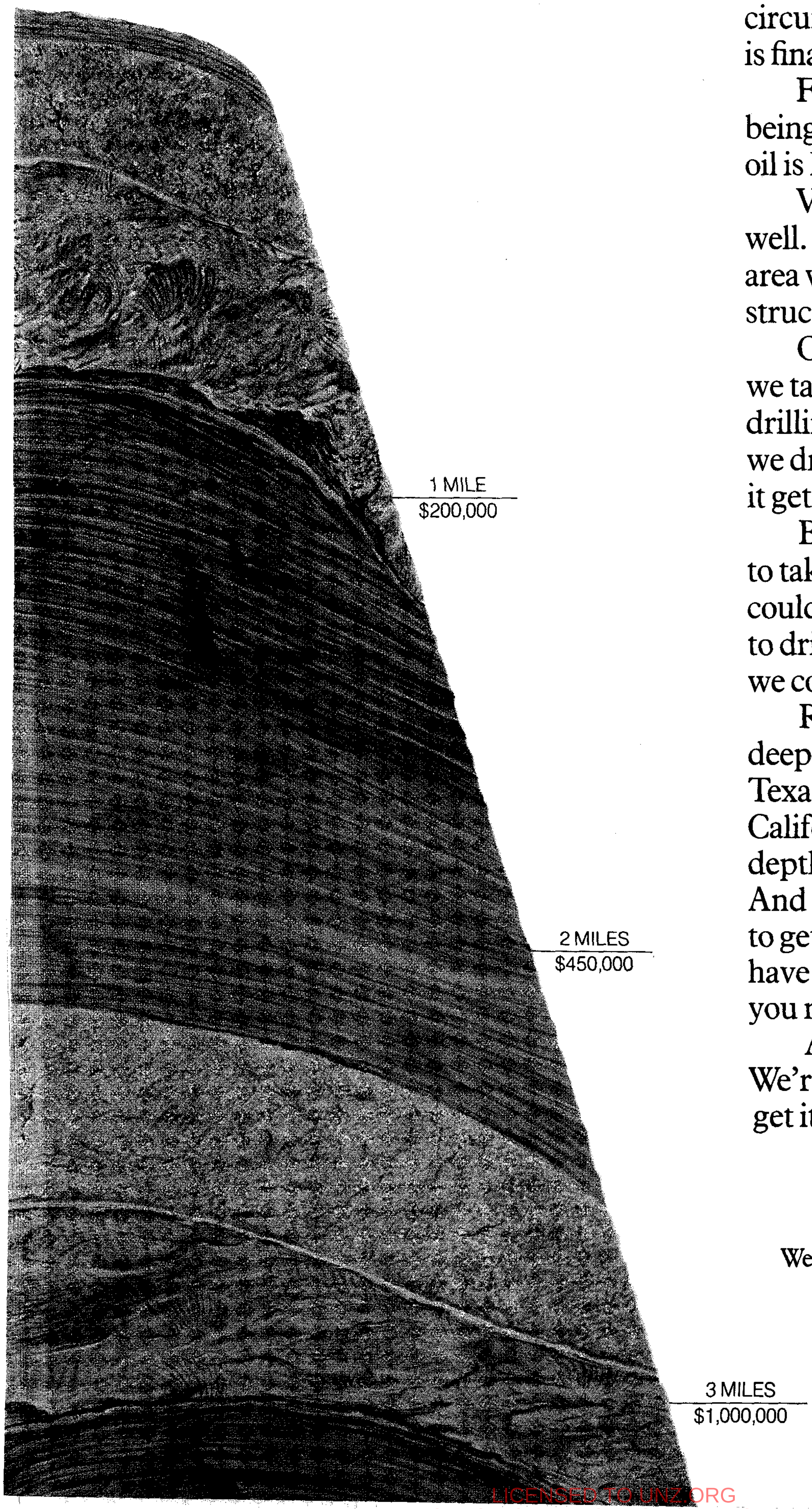

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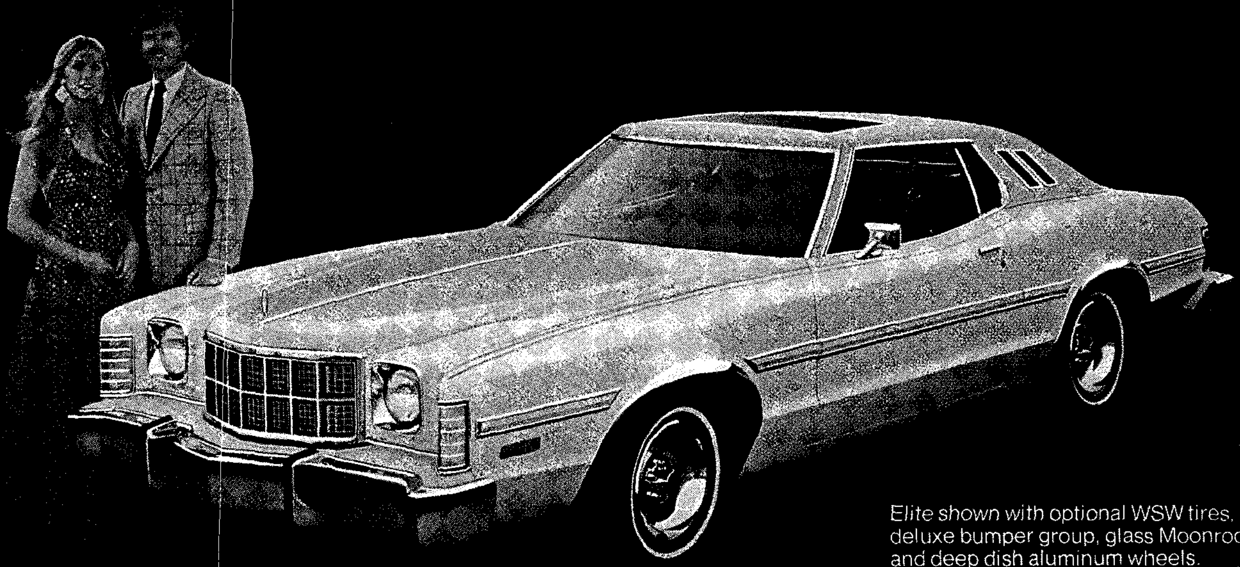

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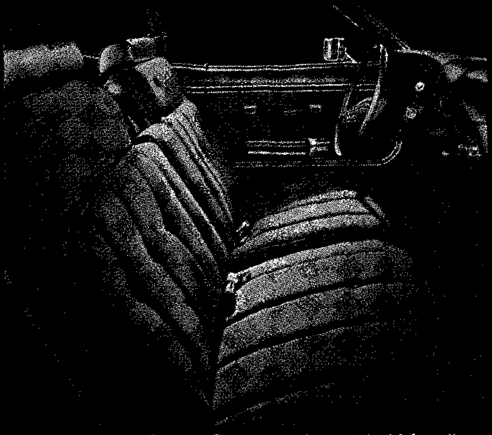

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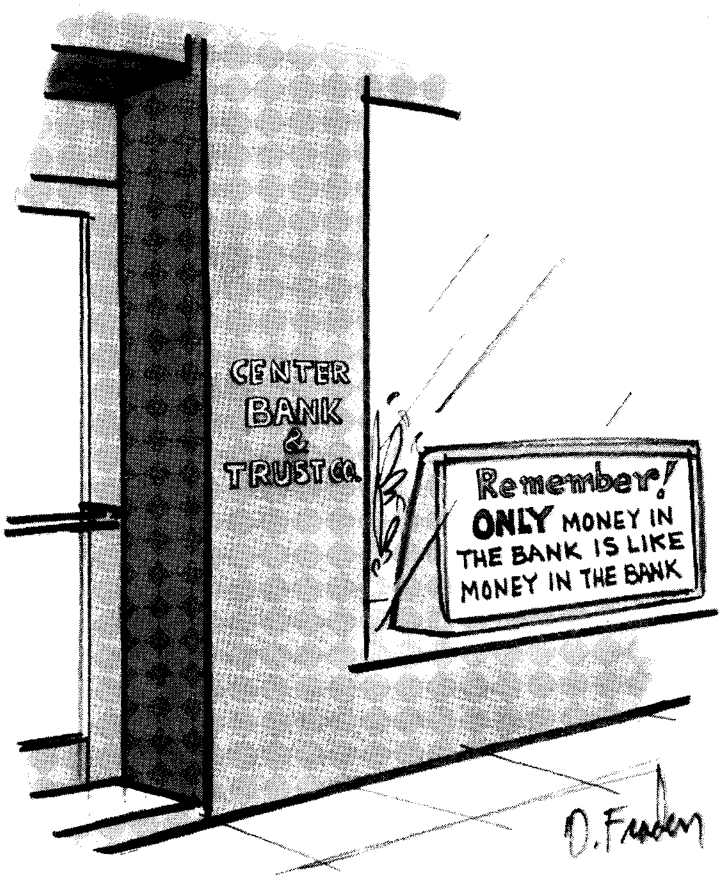
UNHORSED

ON its most readily accessible level, Peter Shaffer's "Equus," at the Plymouth, is a mystery story: somewhere in England a quiet and well-behaved stableboy takes a long steel spike and plunges it into the eyes of six horses, blinding them. What has been the occasion for this monstrous event? It is obviously an act of madness, but madness explains nothing—it is only a device for not explaining things and thus for avoiding instead of resolving problems that prove intolerably difficult for a community to face. The woman magistrate before whom the boy is brought is shocked by the deed but is honorably determined to get to the bottom of it. She appeals to a friend, a doctor in a local psychiatric hospital, to take on the case. The doctor demurs; he is already overworked, and the last burden that he wishes to accept at such a moment is still another specimen of adolescent derangement. Nevertheless, the magistrate prevails; the psychiatrist consents to see the boy. When he attempts to question him, the boy responds with a litany of singsong TV commercials. So the struggle between them is joined, and what a struggle it is! The ignorant stableboy and the learned doctor prove to be admirably matched adversaries, for what the boy lacks in knowledge and experience he makes up for in cunning; he has been desperately mutilated in his upbringing, and this mutilation has served to make him a master of self-concealment. For his part, the psychiatrist, also much mutilated, is a master at luring his patients into revelations of their darkest secrets. The plot of "Equus" is all simply and artfully, in a series of questions and answers, the working out of the mystery: How did an innocent boy come to reach the point where he felt obliged to blind the horses he loved?

Mr. Shaffer is an ingenious playwright, as we have had reason to observe in his "Five Finger Exercise," "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," and "Black Comedy." He is also a superb writer of dialogue, and in "Equus," which he might once have been content to turn into an exercise (this time for ten fingers, and perhaps for ten toes as well), he has taken far greater chances than before. His psychiatrist poses questions that go beyond the sufficiently puzzling matter of the boy's conduct to the infinitely puzzling matter of why, in a world charged with insanity, we should seek to "cure" anyone in the name of sanity. The doctor faces in his personal life a misgiving likely to paralyze him in his practice; he discovers that the boy, sick as he seemingly is, has had the joy of passion greater than any that the doctor himself has ever felt. If he cures the boy, it will be at the expense of that passion, which the doctor envies and would like to share.

Mr. Shaffer offers his big, bowwow speculations about the nature of contemporary life in the midst of a melodrama continuously thrilling on its own terms. The confessions of the boy evoke onstage the presence of his parents, of the keeper of the stable, of the pretty girl who seduces him, and even of the horses he has blinded—men wearing simulacra of horses' heads and horses' hooves, who lend an eerie, pre-Christian, totemistic air to the judgment being passed on the boy who has made them his victims. Mr. Shaffer convinces us that there is a pagan "horseness" separate from the life and death of individual horses and well worth our reverence; we violate it at our peril, as we violate our humanity at our peril. The word "equus" stands for more than a single horse, as the word "man" stands for more than a single man. It appears to be Mr. Shaffer's conviction that if only we could be who we are without having to bear the crushing weight of an identity, we would have no need for violence.

"Equus" has two formidable roles—that of the psychiatrist and that of the mysterious boy—and both are played with exemplary skill, the psychiatrist by Anthony Hopkins and the boy by Peter Firth. It is Mr. Hopkins who at once commands our attention and never lets it falter by so much as a moment. Mr. Firth has a part that is intrinsically vivid and full of surprises and therefore comparatively easy to make a success of. He is twenty-one and is enjoying the sort of début here that twenty-one-year-olds are quite right to dream of. Frances Sternhagen is excellent as the boy's mother, and so are Michael Higgins as his father and Marian Seldes as the conscientious magistrate. (I had the feeling that Mr. Shaffer had intended to make something more of the relationship between the magistrate and the doctor and hadn't found room for it, more's the pity.) That fine actress Roberta Maxwell has little more to do than shuck off her clothes, and I must say that she accomplishes this feat to dazzling effect. The scenery and costumes are by John Napier, and the lighting is by Andy Phillips. "Equus" has been directed by John Dexter, with an energy that threatens to lift the Plymouth a hundred feet into the air over Forty-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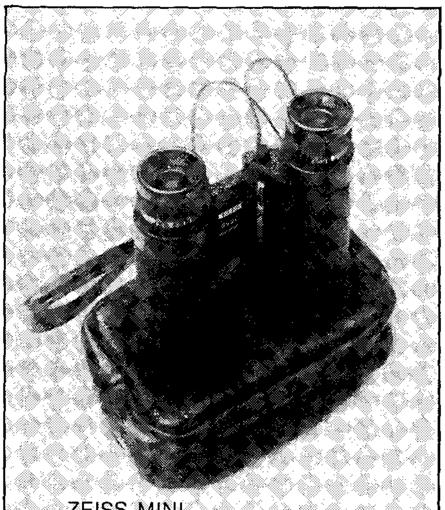
OFF BROADWAY

Tricky Dick

MICHAEL MORIARTY, who was so good as the young homosexual in last season's "Find Your Way Home," makes a curious and very interesting Richard in the New York Shakespeare Festival production of "Richard III" at the little Newhouse, in Lincoln Center. His golden hair shoulder length, his handsome face undistorted by makeup, and standing tall and straight (no "bunchback'd toad" here, although one arm is damaged and he is slightly lame), he is a corrupt angel—a delinquent who, up to his frenzied "A horse, a horse," rarely loses his cool. It is, as I say, an interesting and most unconventional performance, full of telling human detail—the smile that shuts off, a flicker of the eyelids when someone obviously avoids touching the damaged arm, the rage quickly brought under control when the younger of the two little princes imitates his gimpy walk, and, above all, the marrow-deep hatred and distrust that justify all his murderous craftiness—although I am not sure that it entirely encompasses a role as theatrical and inhuman as Richard. His confiding of his nefarious plans to the audience, for instance, seems somehow out of character, and there is no relish in his wickedness. Nevertheless, I think Mr. Moriarty was right to try to play Richard as a private man, and in large measure he is successful. The production as a whole, though, under Mel Shapiro's direction, is not, in spite of Marsha Mason's subtle, emotional seduction scene, as Lady Anne; the moment when Paul Winfield, as Buckingham, goes dead on Richard after being told to arrange for the killing of the princes in the Tower; and the good work by a number of the other actors. There is no style, and the lack of decorum in this royal court is shocking—even ridiculous; at one point, Bette Henritze, as old Queen Margaret, is made to leap upon a table during one of her endless imprecations.

THE wagerer of Mark Medoff's "The Wager," a farce at the Eastside, is another nefarious schemer. He is John Leeds, a graduate student at some California university or other, and the bet he makes is that his roommate—a phys.-ed. major and sexual boaster—will not be able to seduce the very pretty wife of a professor who lives next door. It is a bet that Leeds, in a way, would like to lose, for what he really hopes will happen, as he demonstrates in a little chalk talk before the action starts, is that the professor will discover the affair and shoot the roommate. This Leeds, a victim of badly curdled feelings, is a fellow who has never been in love and is terrified of his own attraction to the wife, and he wards off all intimacies with an incessant banter—prissy, academic, and unkind—that, in spite of an amusing line here and there, sets the teeth on edge, as it is doubtless meant to do. There is a lot of plot. There are also a few funny moments, but the play is mean-spirited and, for all its brittle surface, simple syrup inside. It is hard to give a damn about these characters, and the playwright's knowledgeability about his hero is insufferable; we are so *on* to Leeds. No question about the performances, though; under the deft direction of Anthony Perkins, they are all they should be. In the leading role, Kristoffer Tabori is so strong that he almost makes Leeds acceptable; Kenneth Gilman is entertaining as the stoogey jock roommate (it is hard to believe that these two young men could share a postal zone, much less an off-campus apartment); Linda Cook is appropriately engaging as the professor's wife; and John Heard does very well as the poor professor, who is treated with utter callousness by everyone concerned.

A COUPLE of years ago, Andrei Serban, a Rumanian director who has studied with Peter Brook, presented at La Mama his extraordinary adaptation of "Medea" (based on the plays of Seneca and Euripides), in which the actors shouted and growled at one another in Latin and Greek to percussive music by Elizabeth Swados and lighting by Laura Rambaldi. The effect was startling, barbaric, and unforgettable, although I doubted then, and doubt still, whether the production did a great deal for "Medea." Now Mr. Serban has brought his "Trojan Women" (based on the play by Euripides) to the new and very comfortable La Mama Annex. This adaptation is just as extraordinary—even more startling and Brook-oriented—and, I would say, totally misguided. Of all anti-war plays ever written, "The Trojan Women" is among the most eloquent, the most direct, the most dramatic, and the most shattering. The action of Mr. Serban's production takes place all over the floor of the auditorium, on the stage, and on balconies along the side walls, and the audience



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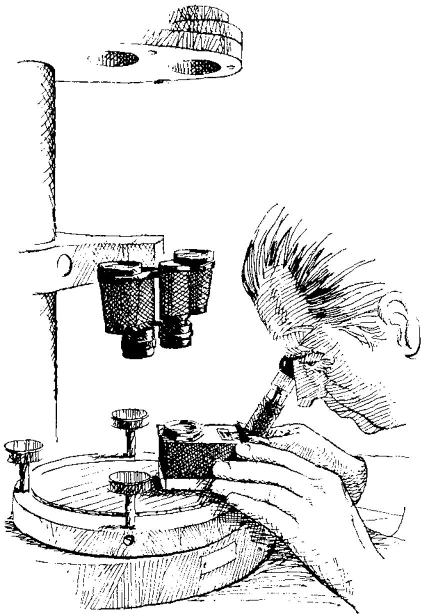

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follows it on foot, making way for various floats and processions, and backing off from screens of orgies and cruelty and plunder and rape. The play has become a pageant. From Euripides' participants we have been turned into Serban's pedestrians, admiring one shocking or beautiful tableau (many are indeed beautiful) after another, admiring Miss Swados's savage, percussive music, and feeling absolutely nothing. I have even forgotten if there were any words, chanted or sung. The remarkable lights and sets were designed by Laura Rambaldi and Jun Maeda, respectively.

ENCHANTMENT is on hand at the Judson Memorial Church, where "Listen to Me" will be running only until November 4th, Friday through Monday. Al Carmines' enchanting music is a perfect match for Gertrude Stein's enchanting libretto and lyrics. Never has a Judson production been more melodious or pure or funny or full- and high-hearted. As is almost always true of Miss Stein's work, the beginning presents some difficulties, but once one has entered her world the illusion of clarity, of utter sensibleness, is maintained all the way through. "Listen to Me" is about (insofar as the word "about" can be used here) the love of a man and a woman that starts happily and ends sadly, and about many other matters besides; the mood of the first act is bright, the mood of the second act is more sombre. The script is filled with marvellous, incontrovertible discoveries. ("As soon as nothing is happening, everybody eats better" is just one example out of many.) Mr. Carmines, that merry and inspired man of the cloth, of course presides at the piano, but he spends quite a lot of time away from it, too, taking part in the action, and even making, at one point, a very convincing barking dog. The performance, under Lawrence Kornfeld's understanding direction, is fine (no chorus this time; just twelve good singers, whose acting is exactly what is called for), but it is really the two progenitors who count. This association between the late Miss Stein and the quick Mr. Carmines is more than a collaboration—it is an affinity. —EDITH OLIVER

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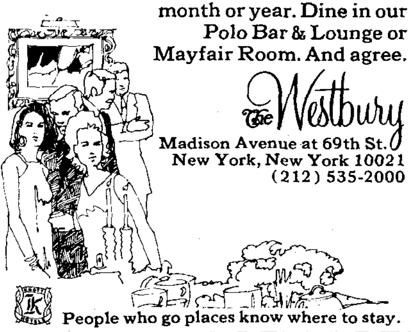

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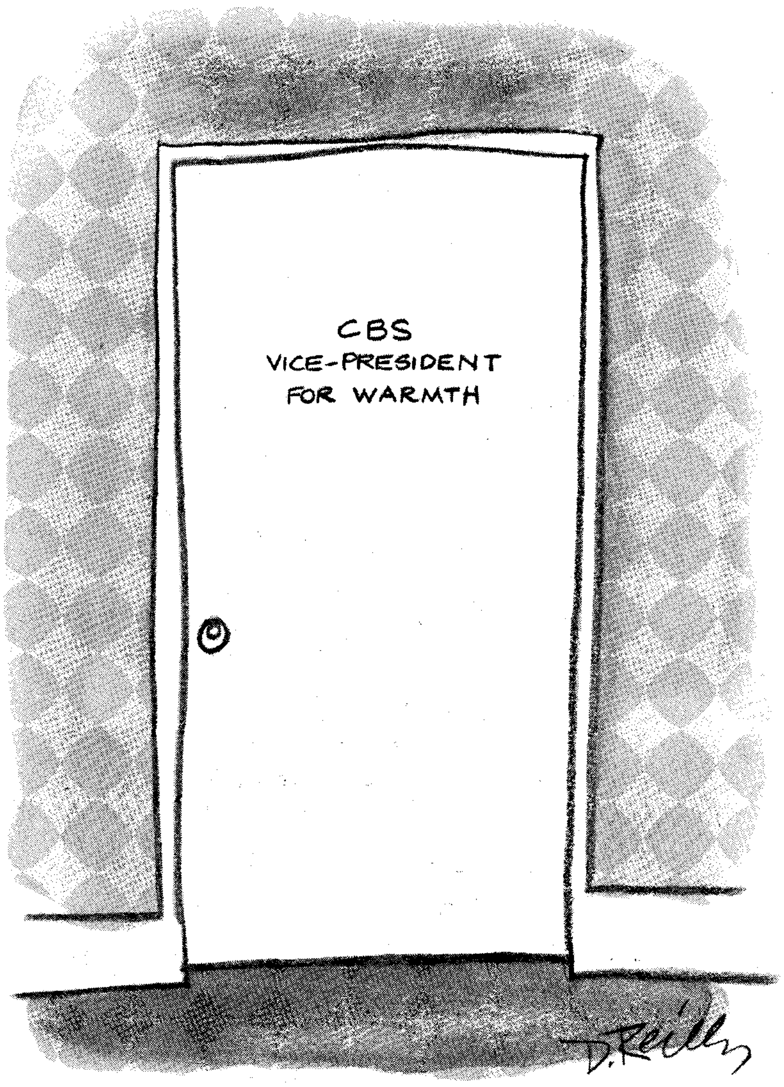
250 AND BEYOND

Royal B. Cutts could have been cast for the role of state legislator by the Vermont tourist commission. He is sometimes found in bib overalls. He is active in the Grange. He lists his principal occupation as insurance agent, but his office is in his house and his house is four miles from the nearest village. Clients who drop in may find him tending his maple-sugar operation. He describes his politics as "progressive-conservative." When his political opponents want to criticize him, they say he is stubborn or insensitive; then they say he is a man of great character. For ten years, he has represented a southern-Vermont district in a legislature best known outside the state for having passed what are probably the strictest environmental-control laws in the country—a legislature filled with men like Royal Cutts, conservative Vermonters in their sixties who had become convinced that the land and character of the state were in danger of being destroyed by an epidemic of land speculators and ski developments and tacky subdivisions. As the chairman of the House Natural Resources Committee, he had become well known as a proponent of the environmental laws, and last spring he was talking about the possibility of seeking the Speakership in the next session of the House. Then, this fall, Royal Cutts was defeated in the Republican primary for the Windham-I district.

The post-election analyses offered a number of reasons for his defeat. Another town—Newfane—had been added to the district since the previous election, and the winner of the primary, a contractor named Bruce White, was its head selectman. A Democratic candidate whose views on environmental legislation are virtually the same as Cutts' had cross-filed into the Republican primary, presumably draining off some liberal votes that might have gone to Cutts on the basis of his environmental stand alone. Some people in the district said that Cutts had been defeated because, in the manner of a lot of legislators who become prominent in the capital, he had lost touch with his own constituents. But the element in the Windham-I primary that attracted attention around the state was represented by an advertisement endorsing Bruce White that had appeared in the Brattleboro *Reformer*, the nearest daily paper, the day before the voting. It was placed by an organization called the Green Mountain Boys, supported by two home builders' associations. It said that Vermont was suffering economically because of "irresponsible and ill-conceived legislation"—the environmental-protection laws. Royal Cutts, some politicians began saying, may have been the victim of an environmental backlash.

Cutts's defeat came six months after the environmentalists suffered their first important defeat in the legislature, when a proposed land-use plan for the state failed to emerge from committee. Four years ago, Act 250, a piece of environmental-control legislation unprecedented in this country, was able to pass the Vermont legislature on a voice vote. Act 250 was aimed at subdividers and quickie developers—under its provisions practically no commercial building project could begin until district commissioners were satisfied that it would not adversely affect natural resources or municipal services—and it was passed at a time when what many Vermonters wanted to aim at subdividers and quickie developers was a shotgun. The completion of Interstate 91 had made southern Vermont easily accessible to Connecticut and New York. A skiing boom and a second-home boom seemed to be feeding on each other. Subdivisions were built on mountainsides that had only a few inches of topsoil; developers of ski resorts, in the words of one southern-Vermont politician, "spent hundreds of thousands on façades and not a dime on sewage removal." The governor at the time, a conservative Republican named Deane Davis, took a tour of the area most affected, established a commission that recommended strict subdivision regulations, and became the champion of Act 250. The national environmental movement was at its height, and the sponsorship of the act by Governor Davis reassured any conservative legislators who might have suspected that they were being stampeded by the people conservative state legislators tend to refer to as "the crazies." By 1972, two years after Act 250 was passed, the only serious organized opposition to environmental-control laws that had surfaced was a group called the Landowners Steering Committee—the landowners in question being almost entirely in a relatively undeveloped area of the state known as the Northeast Kingdom. The explanation



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ordinarily offered around the state for the origin of the Landowners Steering Committee is simple: some members, having acquired large tracts of undeveloped land, had watched patiently as the Interstate, enriching people along its path, moved in their direction—or watched as patiently as any landowner can watch when one of the things he is watching is other landowners get rich. Then, as the golden thread was about to reach the Northeast Kingdom, the state seemed to start, of all things, discouraging development.

The Green Mountain Boys were not organized until this summer, four years after the passage of Act 250. (Although environmentalists occasionally express outrage at their opponents' appropriating the name of Ethan Allen's storied army, they acknowledge that Allen himself was a land speculator.) The members are concentrated in southern Vermont rather than in the Northeast Kingdom—the chairman, William Staats, lives in Newfane—and their resentment of environmental laws has less to do with a lack of land profits than with a lack of work. Staats, like Bruce White, is a builder who is used to working with his hands. The co-founder of the Green Mountain Boys, Leonard Buchanan, is a house painter who used to make his living clearing land. Although Staats often attacks arrogant bureaucrats and defends the Vermonter's Constitutional right to do as he pleases with his private property, the appeal of the Green Mountain Boys is based on economics rather than political philosophy. They argue that laws like Act 250 are driving away development and therefore jobs, that "hyperenvironmentalists" who are rich or retired really want to stop all development rather than merely protect the streams and mountaintops, and that the Vermonter who has to make a living has therefore "been treated like the weed in the garden."

These are arguments, of course, that have been heard throughout the country for several years, and Staats has been making them in letters to the Brattleboro *Reformer* since before the passage of Act 250. But they now have enough appeal to establish an organization that, according to Staats, has grown to more than a thousand members since July. (Many fewer people than that can have an effect on Vermont legislative races if they are willing to ring some doorbells; Royal Cutts lost his primary 231 to 197.) The appeal has come partly from what former Governor Davis calls "an accumulation

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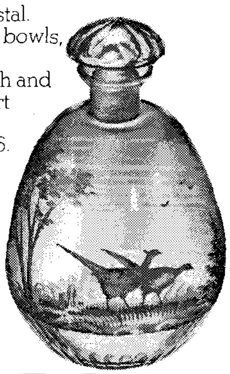

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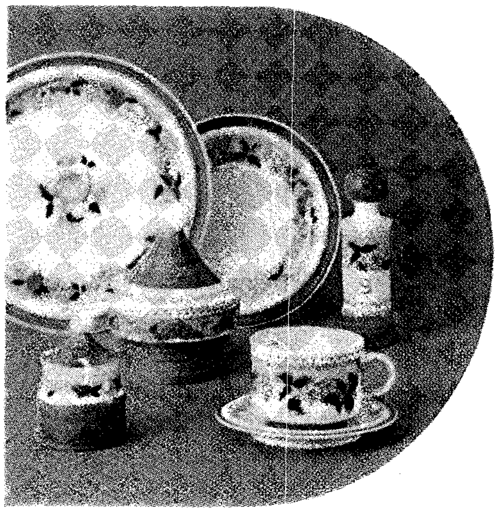

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of aggravations" over the administration of Act 250 and other environmental laws. Bureaucratic delays and inconsistencies have apparently been greatly reduced as adjustments have gradually been made in a system that no state had tried before—environmentalists often point out that only a few projects out of every few hundred are actually denied Act 250 permits—but people with land to sell or construction services to offer believe that the red tape has discouraged building. Supporters of the law say that the lack of building in Vermont is caused not by Act 250 but by the shortage of mortgage money and the expense of gasoline and the general slowdown in the second-home market. Whatever the cause, Vermont farmers who have been counting on their land to finance their retirement find that it is less sought after than they thought it would be, and "depression" is the word the present governor, Thomas Salmon, uses to describe the state of the construction industry. "People just get frustrated and look around for the nearest thing to blame," one supporter of environmental laws said recently. "They blame Act 250 for just about everything but abortion on demand."

THERE is not much disagreement in Vermont these days about what position a sensible politician should take on environmental-control legislation. "The pendulum has swung" is a phrase often heard from people on both sides, but nobody believes it has swung far enough to make all-out opposition to environmental legislation a wise position. Practically nobody in Vermont public life is on record as favoring the repeal of Act 250. After some criticism about his accepting the official endorsement of the Green Mountain Boys, Bruce White wrote the *Reformer* to state that Act 250 was "good basic regulation," which he would change only by improving the administrative process. The Green Mountain Boys suggest changes in Act 250 that would more or less negate it, but they find it politic to stand publicly for revision rather than repeal. In campaign speeches and political circulars for this month's general election, there is a lot of talk about improving the administration of Act 250, but the premise of state control of subdivisions and ski lodges and shopping centers now seems to be an accepted part of government operations in Vermont.

"We may be in a period now of consolidating our gains," Royal Cutts said shortly after he had lost the primary (and had announced that he would remain in the race as an independent). "This may be a time of just holding the line until people get used to this sort of thing." The crisis atmosphere in which the original environmental legislation was passed has receded with the second-home market. Under financial pressure, Vermonters, like anyone else, are more likely to question any proposal that anybody claims may cost jobs or reduce opportunities to expand the tax base. Vermont already has on the books not only Act 250 but the only state capital-gains tax on the sale of undeveloped land and a controversial recycling charge on bottles and cans. Gene Godt, the Democratic candidate in Windham-I, said recently that after a long discussion about Vermont's pioneering environmental laws a local businessman who had become a member of the Green Mountain Boys finally said to him, "I'm just tired of being first."

Act 250 mandated that a land-use plan be passed later by the legislature—including a state map that indicated what kind of development and how much could take place where—but even "hyperenvironmentalists" are now talking about the possibility that the state might be able to make do for a while without one. The land-use plan that died in committee during the last legislative session had some special problems—it was complicated, and presented in spurts, and embroiled in a power struggle in the executive department—but a lot of politicians believe that a brilliantly merchandised land-use plan might have had trouble attracting a legislative majority even in the days when environmental bills seemed to be sailing through state legislatures like Memorial Day resolutions. To the extent that an electoral backlash against environmentalists exists in Vermont, it has less to do with resentment over Act 250 than with anticipation of land-use planning. The movement for "local control" that found its way into the Republican state platform this year may be partly inspired by developers who long for the days of dealing informally with a couple of selectmen instead of formally with a state commission, but to a greater extent it seems to reflect a broad resistance among Vermonters to the notion of someone in Montpelier telling them which part of their town can be used for what. The votes that Royal Cutts apparently lost specifically because of a confrontation brought on by the environmental issue were in the towns of Stratton and Wardsboro,

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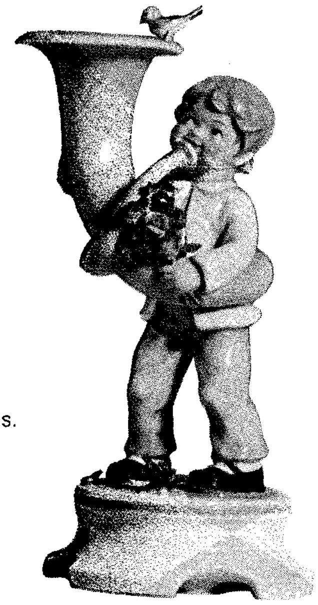

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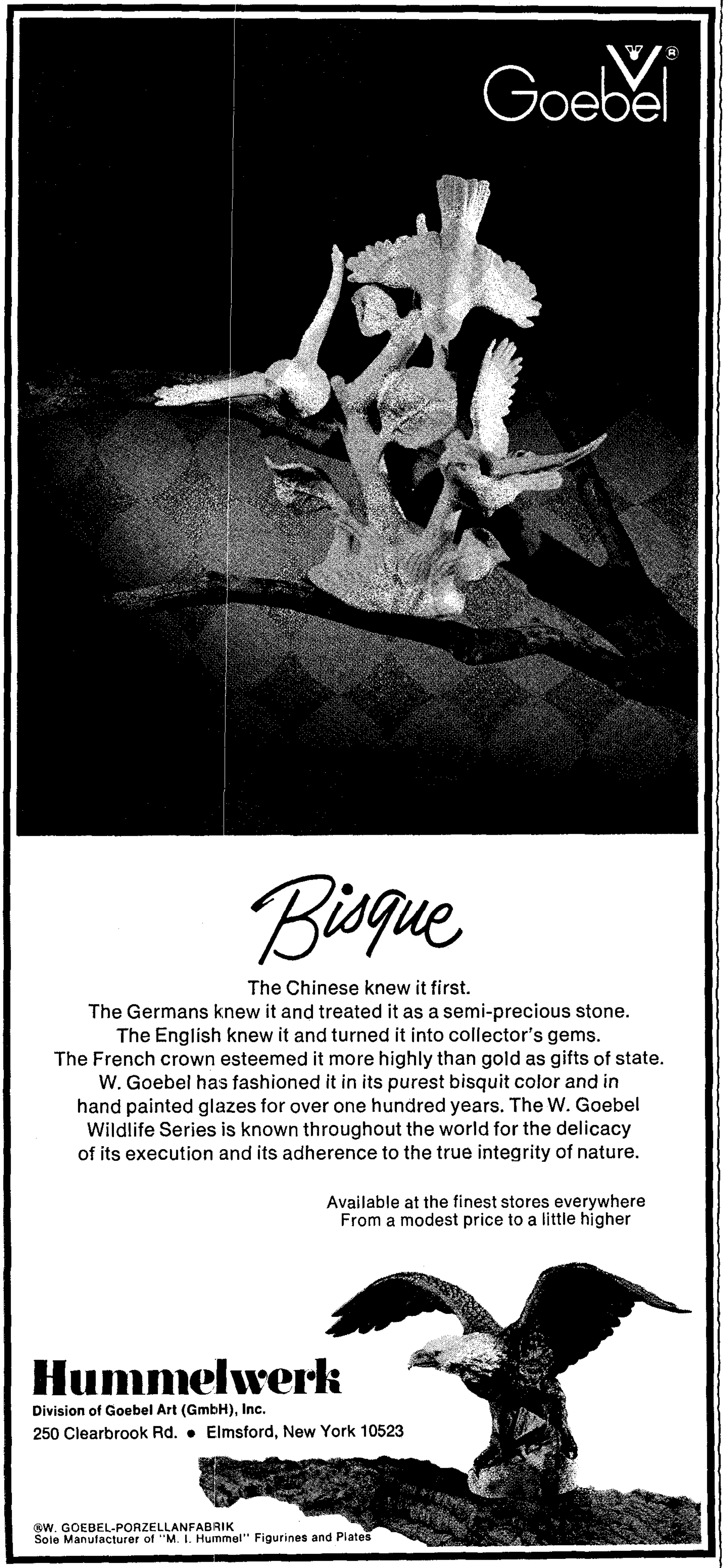

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where at a public meeting he had defended a proposed land-use map that would have put just about the entire area into the category of conservation land—meaning that not more than one permanent residence could be built on each hundred acres. Cutts apparently compounded his problem by some undiplomatic pronouncements about being for the land-use plan even if his constituents were not. He had carried both towns in the past, but in this primary he got only one-third of the votes in Wardsboro. In Stratton, he did not receive a single vote.

Opponents of a land-use plan call it statewide zoning. Proponents can offer some explanations of how land-use planning differs from zoning, but in doing so they sometimes sound like Pentagon officials trying to explain why an incursion is not an invasion. Vermonters have never liked zoning. Their dislike of it, of course, was one of the factors that brought on the statewide control of Act 250, since land developers in the nineteen-sixties often found themselves completely unencumbered by any town regulations that indicated where, say, a gaggle of ersatz Swiss chalets might be appropriate and where it might pollute the streams and appall passersby. The reasons given for the unpopularity of zoning in Vermont usually begin with the information that the average Vermonter is an independent type who, having come into ownership of land his family has battled to survive on for many generations, does not like the idea of anyone telling him what he can or can't do with it. That sentiment is undoubtedly widespread in Vermont, although even an urban American who may have come into ownership of an office building by overnight real-estate manipulation is likely to share the Vermonter's antipathy toward any public control over what he can do with it. Where real estate is concerned, most Americans seem to subscribe to a theory that amounts to Ownership of Anticipated Profits—meaning that a law that may limit those profits is confiscatory. Persuading just about any American that his private land is partly public—to the extent that its value depends partly on public roads, for instance, or public schools—is as difficult as persuading an old-time Ivy League alumnus that his private university is not really private in the way it was before government grants and tax-deductible gifts. The effects of a land-use plan would be much broader than those of the Act 250 permit system. "Making an out-of-state developer stop pouring sewage in the stream is

O.K. with everybody," a Vermont politician said recently. "But telling me my land is only agricultural land is another matter."

In the view of some planners, Vermont now has a consensus on the necessity of protecting tangible natural resources—the streams, for instance—but broad resistance to controls based on the less easily measured goals of long-range planning. What a land-use plan would do, Arthur Ristau, the director of the State Planning Office, says, is to make a leap from judging merely the quality of a development to judging its "locational suitability." There is a lot of difference between saying that some land cannot be used for a subdivision because the nearby stream would be polluted and saying that it cannot be used for a subdivision—even though the nearby stream would not be polluted—because a planner has decided that residential expansion on the other side of town would make for more efficient use of municipal power supplies or school buses. Land-use planning involves a lot of decisions that are not susceptible to expert testimony and precise quantification. How much of the state's agricultural land should be preserved for agriculture and where should it be? If a farmer cannot sell his land for development, should he be taxed less? If so, who will make up the difference in tax receipts? Deane Davis, the former governor, believes that the state will have to "go through the agony" of adopting a land-use plan sooner or later, and Governor Salmon is committed to the adoption of a land-use plan. "Most people in Vermont were sensitive to the need for certain things to be done," Davis said recently. "But I don't think people were aware that there is a price to be paid."

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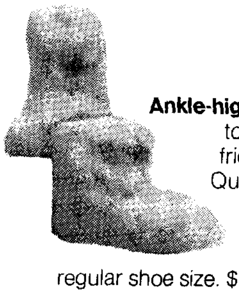

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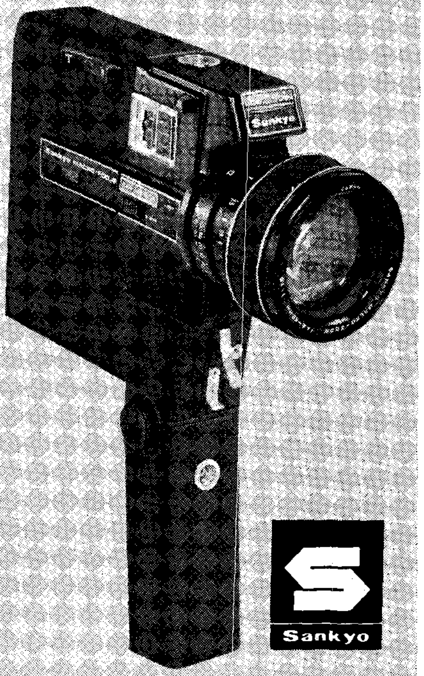

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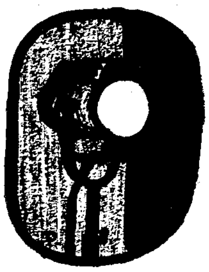
THE AIR

Kidvid

WHILE in Chicago recently, I turned on the television set around noon, in the hope of catching one of those Cheshire Cat late-morning news programs (whose announcers seem to vanish, grinning, into the thin air of game shows and soap operas instants after they have appeared), and instead—perhaps being a few minutes off the mark—I found myself face to face with Bozo the Clown. This particular Bozo wasn't exactly an old friend, but he was familiar—and there was something decidedly familiar about the type of program. "Hi, everyone! And how is everyone feeling today?" asked Mr. Ned, the m.c., who was dressed as a ringmaster, in riding breeches, doorman's jacket, and a battered top hat. A studio audience of children of ages from five to fifteen waved their arms and made cheering sounds. "You feel fine, do you?" asked—or, rather, declared—Mr. Ned. "Well, that's great, that's *great!* I bet you're glad to be here." More scenes of arm-waving and sound-making. "Well, thank you, thank you."



It was a bit like being taken back in time, the way that listening to an old song sometimes takes one back, or did before the nostalgia craze. Not, certainly, to my own childhood but at least to the early childhood of my children, when for an hour or so of peace and quiet each evening we'd place them before a television set showing one of those kiddie programs—often m.c.'d by men in funny hats, and disgorging endless, jangly cartoons, or the Three Stooges, or Superman, or Soupy Sales. Such addled, peculiar entertainments these were! I remember a young fellow dressed up as an old sea captain: Cap'n Dan. There was also an old fellow dressed up as a fire chief: Fireman Ed. Fireman Ed showed Popeye cartoons, in the spirit of a lifetime curse, and laughed spasmodically in a mirthless and furious fashion. "Well, kiddies, is everybody happy? Is everybody *really happy?*" he used to bark, like one of the Hounds of Fate. For a while, too, in the early nineteen-sixties, there was a species of Japanese-made cartoon that was much in vogue—or, anyway, was much in evidence—and featured bold, unabashedly erotic designs, much noise, and a kind of cheery sadism. Sometimes I used to watch with the children: the older ones alternately chortling or hypnotized, the youngest sobbing wildly, as their parent stood behind them in the doorway making vague, patriarchal murmurs. Scenes of family life, mid-century!

And so there again, or still, was Bozo. In Chicago, the program is called "Bozo's Circus," and it is shown each day at noon on the station owned by the Chicago *Tribune*. In addition to Mr. Ned, there was, naturally, Bozo himself, a tall, ungainly clown who talked in a kind of falsetto Pidgin English, and a short, ungainly clown who giggled and fell down often and was called Cooky. Mr. Ned announced an obstacle race. A dozen or so children stepped listlessly in and out of tires, and then placed large hoops over themselves and then removed the hoops. A studio organ played "Roll Out the Barrel" frenetically. "Did *you* have fun?" said Mr. Ned. "Did you all have fun?" Bozo and Cooky stood dutifully beside the ringmaster, their arms laden with packages. "Guess what we have here. A Wood Sculpture Kit from Craftmaster! It's entertaining and educational, too," said Mr. Ned, handing over a package to a young boy who was standing with one foot inside a tire. There were cereal commercials. Then a Bozo cartoon—an ancient, barely animated wheeze. Then there was a strangely languid interlude of seemingly interminable pratfalls performed by Bozo and Cooky. The children remained mostly silent and amiable. An old Mr. Magoo cartoon unreeled itself: Magoo's Chinese houseboy got scratched by a cat; the cat stuck its tail in the light socket; the houseboy fell out of a bell tower. More commercials: a toy called Weebles Marina, and Count Chocula cereal. A trampoline was hauled into the center of the "ring," and a group of leotarded citizens known as the Jumping Jays bounced up and down on the trampoline in a leisurely way for three minutes . . . for five minutes . . . for close to ten minutes. "Now, boys and girls, and moms and dads," announced Mr. Ned, "the Jumping Jays are going to attempt something *extremely difficult*—a three-man balance on the trampoline!" They missed it on the first try. Mr. Ned stared into the middle distance. The organ played

THEATER OF THE STOMACH

It's a little scary at first.

There you are sitting around this enormous table (which turns out to also be a grill) when suddenly he appears. A man dressed like a chef but with the unmistakable air of a samurai warrior.

He bows. Just to be on the safe side, you bow back.

Smiling inscrutably, he takes out a knife. You make a grab for your chopsticks.

He reaches into the cart he's wheeled in. From it he brings out rows of these really beautiful fresh whole shrimps.

Suddenly, the man turns into a kind of whirling dervish. Zip, zip, zip... his knife flashes through the rows like lightning. The shrimps (now cut into bite-size morsels) seem to dance to the center of the grill. He presses on. With magnificent, sweeping gestures he adds freshly ground pepper to the shrimps. Then butter. Then soy sauce. The action never stops. He even spins around and throws sesame seeds out from over his shoulder.

At last comes the moment of truth. He flips a sizzling shrimp directly on your plate. You taste it. You have a small fit of ecstasy.

Naturally, that's just the first scene. The show goes on this way... course after course after course. He performs. You eat. He performs again. You eat again. Steak. Chicken. Mouth-watering vegetables of every variety. You've never had such a feast, you've never seen such choreography.

Finally, it's over. He bows. You sigh. He thanks you. You thank *him*. He walks off.

If you weren't so full you'd get up and give him a standing ovation.

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"Anchors Aweigh." At last, three Jays achieved a transient balance and bounced off. After another flurry of commercials, the finale was announced. "All right, all of you moms in the audience, I want you to sit up nice and pretty, because it's time to play the Mommy Game," said Mr. Ned. "It's a game especially designed for moms, because Mom can be a winner, too—and if a mom wins today she'll be able to make her own home movies, complete with sound, with this new Kodak miracle camera! Now, the way you start the game is this: you see these marshmallows *here* and that jar over *there*? Mom, all you have to do is place a marshmallow on this knife and then run with it and drop it into that jar." Several women lurched about the studio with their knives and marshmallows while the children waved their arms and the organist attempted the "William Tell" Overture, then thought better of it and turned again to "Roll Out the Barrel." The winners were paraded in front of the cameras and burdened with more prizes. "Listen to this, friends!" said Mr. Ned. "A Hoover Dial-A-Matic! Listen to this! A Kodak miracle movie projector from McDade & Company!" Gradually, circustime drew to a close. There were a few more commercials. Mr. Ned and Bozo and Cooky waved at the cameras. The women and children in the audience waved. A placard was briefly introduced: "GIVE A HOOT! DON'T POLLUTE!" "All right, boys and girls," said Mr. Ned, "I want everyone, including moms, to stand and join us in our Grand March . . ."

THE fact is that today there are not so very many children's television programs that resemble "Bozo's Circus," with its particular spirit of carnival cheapness and its almost quaintly primitive exploitation of children and parents. To be sure, "Romper Room"—also brainless and overcommercial—persists in many areas of the country. There is a Bozo cartoon show in the New York area—on UHF Channel 68. The likes of Popeye, Casper, and Felix the Cat pop up periodically in the swamp of afternoon programming which exists on most independent stations—like aging or fallen sports heroes who continue to play baseball in the Mexican provinces. But for the most part these old workhorses from television's first great Era of Captive Children—the Cap'n Dans and Uncle Dons, the funny costumes and scratchy nineteen-forties "Looney Tunes"—have been retired. Fireman

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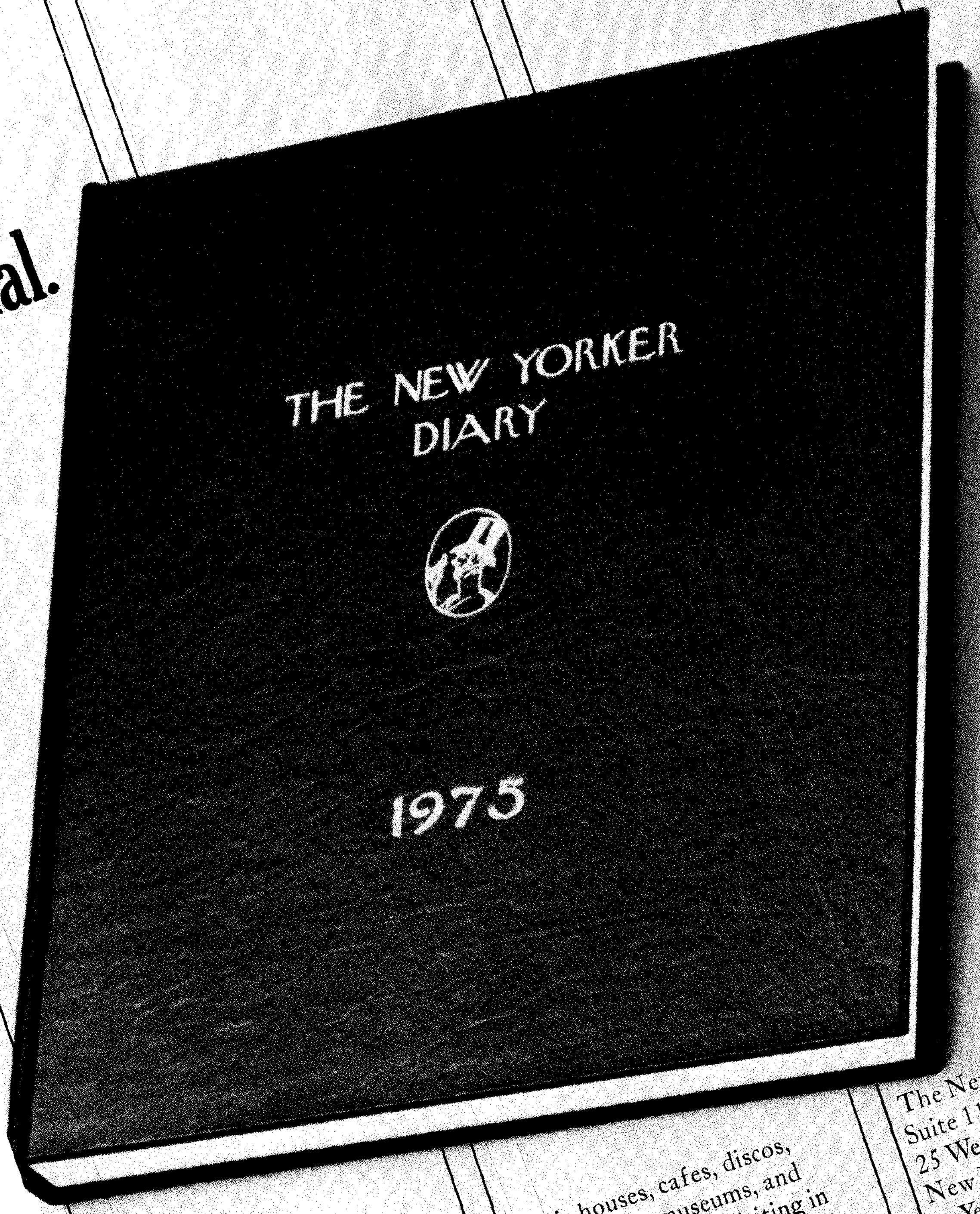

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Ed has hung up his hat. Mr. Magoo has been farmed out to foreign television—doubtless to addle the minds of the Third World. Slowly, tentatively, we have been entering a new era.

I suppose one might call it the Era of "Sesame Street," but that seems a bit unfair to "Sesame Street," and also maybe somewhat too kind—or, at least, not very accurate—about what most of commercial television has been doing in the area of children's programming. Certainly the Children's Television Workshop, which produced "Sesame Street" in 1969 and "The Electric Company" in 1971, has been an enormous influence—both in its success in producing regular programs that on their own artistic merit attracted a large audience of children, and that proceeded to inform the children's viewing time with something "good," rather than nothing or something "bad," and in its demonstration to adults of the nation of what was possible. For the "Sesame Street" audience (based on Nielsen figures) now numbers around nine million children between the ages of two and five—not to count the many others, of all ages, who watch the program. Artistically, and also in terms of mass appeal, the Workshop productions have been a fine achievement.

Not that they are immune from criticism. Both "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company" not only teach an unabashedly linear approach to literacy and education but, in addition, do so within a context of propounding what are generally called white middle-class values—perhaps one might call them *higher* white middle-class values. Why is it, a number of people have asked, that when we are dealing with such unformed minds and employing such effective instruction techniques, we are teaching the "Sesame Street" audience (which is often poor and black) *those* values? John Holt, an able and passionate writer on children's education, has frequently criticized "Sesame Street's" implicit condescension to its poor black clients, and also its devotion to orthodox education. "The program asks, 'How can we get children ready to learn what the schools are going to teach them?' " Holt has written. "Instead of 'How can we help them learn what the schools may *never* teach them?' "

It's hard to deny the deep meaningfulness of Holt's question, especially as it pertains to the traditional approach to learning in this country. Indeed, there has been a righteous passion in much of the recent writing about

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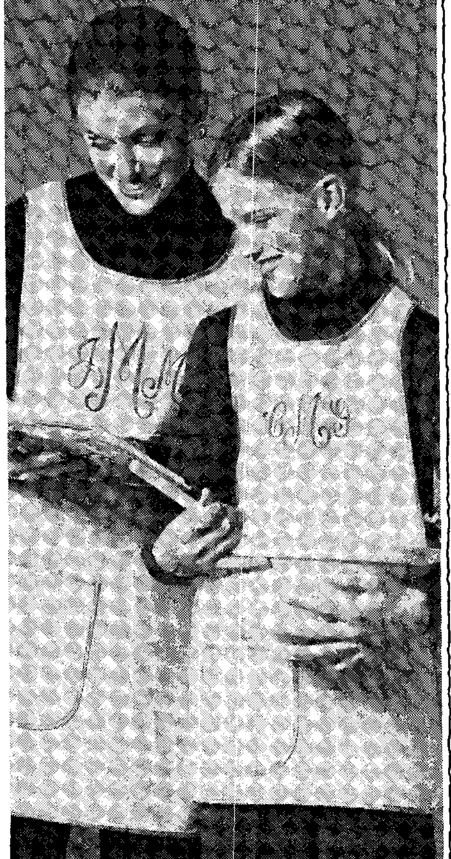

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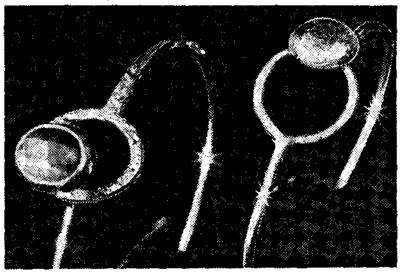

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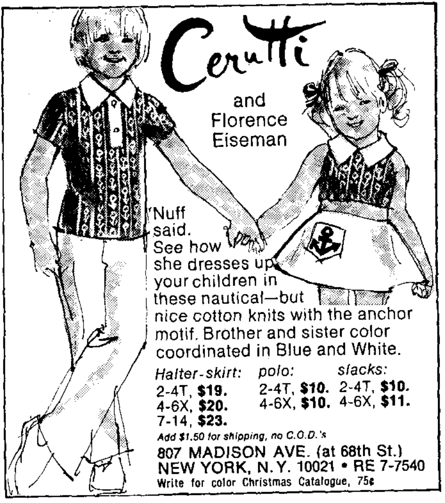

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American education—voices saying, “Can’t you see? What we’re talking about isn’t radical but only *sensible*”—which is creating as moving, and, one hopes, as prophetic, a literature (although not quite so well written) as those equally righteous, impassioned novels about the possibilities of human sexuality earlier in the century. At the same time, given the situation of the moment, it’s harder still to disagree with the perhaps more filtered, bureaucratic reasoning of the Workshop’s producers. “Schools do need changing,” wrote Gerald Lesser, “Sesame Street’s” educational designer, in his book “Children and Television,” “but in one form or another they are probably here to stay. While we seek ways to make them more useful and humane for all children, television perhaps can help to prepare poor children to take advantage of the education that exists.”

The Children’s Television Workshop, then, roughly thirty years after the inauguration of television broadcasting in this country, has produced two graceful and directly useful children’s programs, where certainly nothing comparable had existed before. It has not devised anything organically new—a new way of seeing the world. But it has helped young children and poor children to learn to read and to count. It has provided children of American cities (who are the majority of American children) with an imagery of city life which is admittedly somewhat tidied up but which is neither defined mainly by detectives and car chases nor entirely ignored and deprecated in favor of some sweet, ancestral never-countryside or those totemic, speechless, perpetually galloping African animals. And—in spite of some of the deeper questions involved—it has provided, especially through “Sesame Street,” on a daily basis a view of ordinary human life and relationships which is consistently humane and reasonably truthful, and which in our culture has generally been available to a mass audience only through the occasional (and expensive) happenstance of art or literature.

Both the merit and the demerit of these Workshop productions is that they are designed for specific sections of the children’s audience: “Sesame Street” for very young children who need instruction in elementary literacy (as well as, perhaps, in elementary life and behavior), “The Electric Company” for school-age children who need special assistance in reading. But the point really is not what these programs do or don’t do—for, clearly, within a well-

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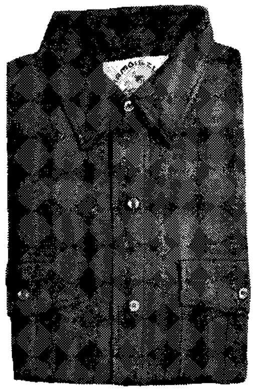

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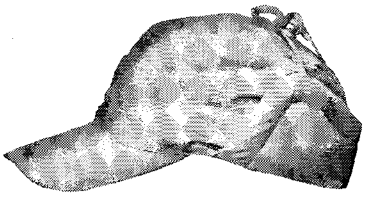

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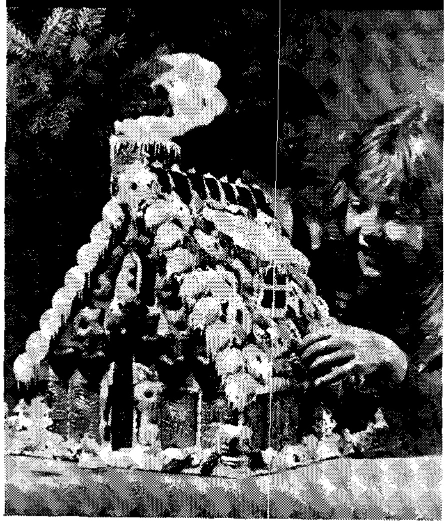

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defined area they do a great deal. The point is: What has the commercial-television establishment been doing to take advantage of the Workshop's discoveries of *what can be done*? In dealing with this question, money is often mentioned—or, rather, the lack of it—for the Workshop's expenses (which have been paid by large foundations, such as Ford and the Carnegie Corporation, and also by H.E.W.) have been considerable. Nearly eight million dollars was spent on devising and producing "Sesame Street" through its first year, and that rose to twelve million dollars in 1971 as "The Electric Company" was added. It would be foolish to ignore the money problem here, but it's hard to see that the major obstacle to better children's television is a simple lack of funds. Besides, large sums of money exist (albeit breathing nervously) within our gross national product, as, indeed, they exist within the various industries—both broadcasting and advertising—that feast off our television machines. The difficulty, such as it is, usually lies in what different citizens and institutions choose to do with the money.

THUS far, the record of how the great commercial broadcasters have responded to the possibilities of children's programming has not been very inspiring. It's true that Bozoism has largely declined, and that most of the funny men have put away their funny hats. It's true also that the voice of the Television Consumer has finally begun to be dimly heard in protest—and about something other than the cancellation of last night's "Space Bunny" to make way for "The Miracle of the Fishes." There have been complaints about too many commercials on children's programs, and too much violence. An organization called Action for Children's Television, originating in Massachusetts, has lobbied for better programs. Lately, indeed, there has been a slight movement—or, anyway, a shuffle—of network executives to the barricades. Educational consultants have been hired. Executive pronouncements have been made proclaiming executive abhorrence of violence and sudden executive enthusiasm for themes of "social responsibility."

The result of the convergence of these various forces on the most profitable, and viewable, territories of children's programming—or "kidvid," as *Variety* calls it—has been a modest improvement here and there but hardly anything to warrant a great deal of self-congratulation from the networks

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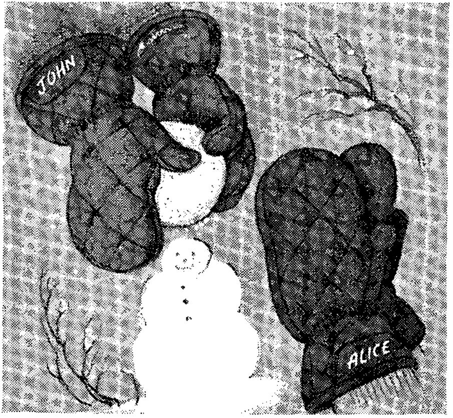

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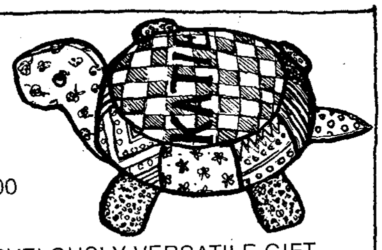

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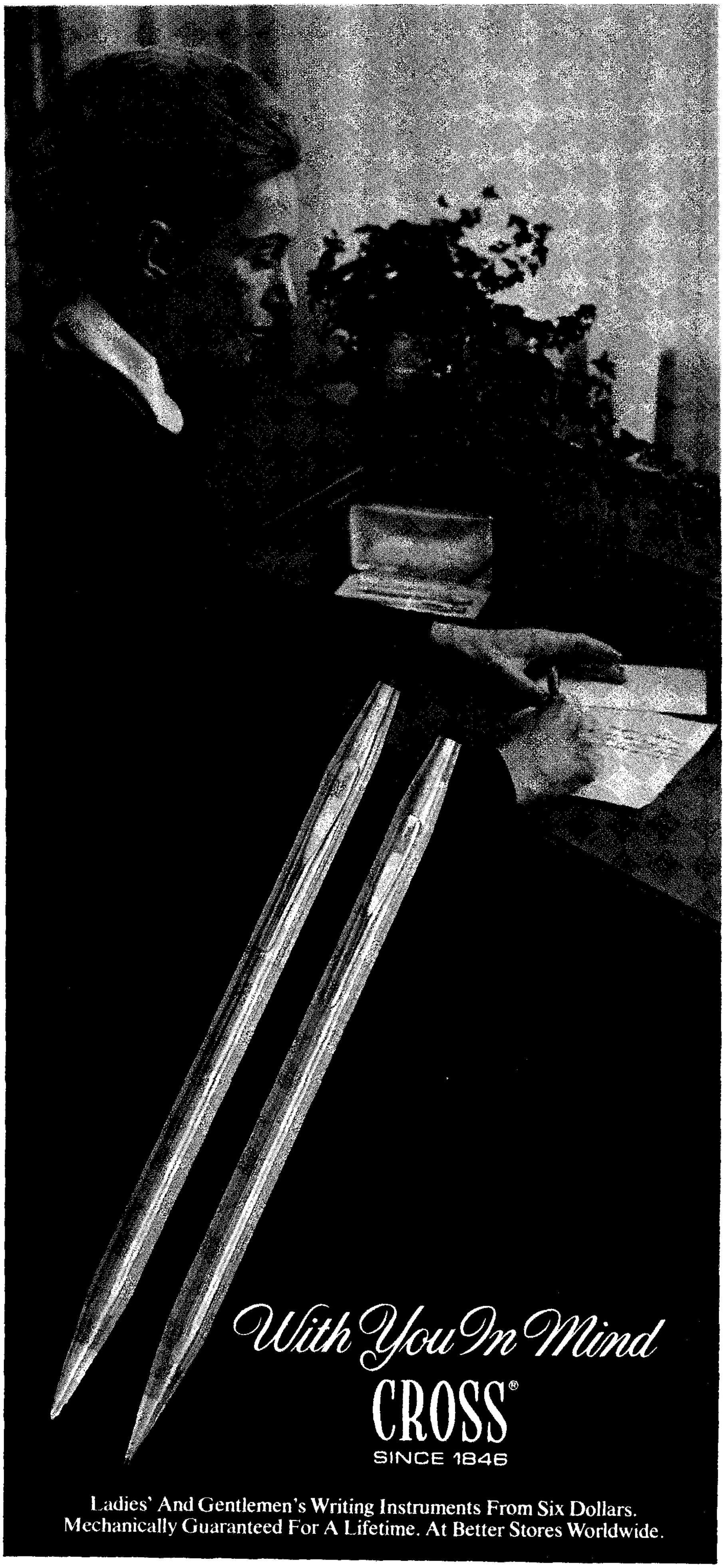
or thanks from the set-owners. What's chiefly annoying about this phase of the new era is the many evidences of insincerity and commercial manipulation at work. Such a shy, well-intended commercialism as we now breed in our nation, with its "Penrod" grin and a box of Crispie-Crunchies in one hand, and a couple of quickly hired educational advisers in the background!

For instance, instead of taking advantage of the gradual rise in sophistication of the young audience by finally getting rid of that tacky and antiquated array of early U.S. Superpower cartoon heroes (those Wonder People of our dreamlike nineteen-forties, who wafted about the skies expressing the worst of our sexual, political, and military fantasies), the networks in 1974 have in several cases merely given them a new coat of paint and tossed in a fillip of modish social consciousness and dropped them back into the key kiddie arena of Saturday morning. Thus, Saturdays on ABC there is an hour-long program called "Super Friends": a cartoon show that features Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman, and Aquaman, all together in a kind of body-stockinged, Nietzschean street gang—zooming and zipping about the world, solving all manner of global problems as an announcer periodically intones, "Their mission is to fight injustice, to right that which is wrong, and to save all mankind!" Presumably, while President Ford is trying to cajole Mom and Dad into rescuing at least part of North America by turning off the refrigerator light and driving only halfway to Grandma's house at Thanksgiving, Junior and Sis can watch how things really get done as Superman and Aquaman deal with "a break in the Great Coral Reef!" Observed Superman quite sensibly, before dropping an enormous tanker into the break in the G.C.R., "A break in the chain of life can have drastic consequences, you know." Two cartoon human beings—Wendy and Marvin—and Wonder Dog fitfully hover in the background of the adventures, doubtless introduced by an educational consultant to add a human touch. Likewise, an avuncular cartoon military officer, Colonel Wilcox, perhaps provided by a military consultant. "The people in the world are counting on you," said Colonel Wilcox before Superman dropped the ship.

At around the same time, NBC, not to be outdone in well-trodden, charmless foolishness, shows a cartoon version of the old television series "Star Trek." Here cheap or undistinguished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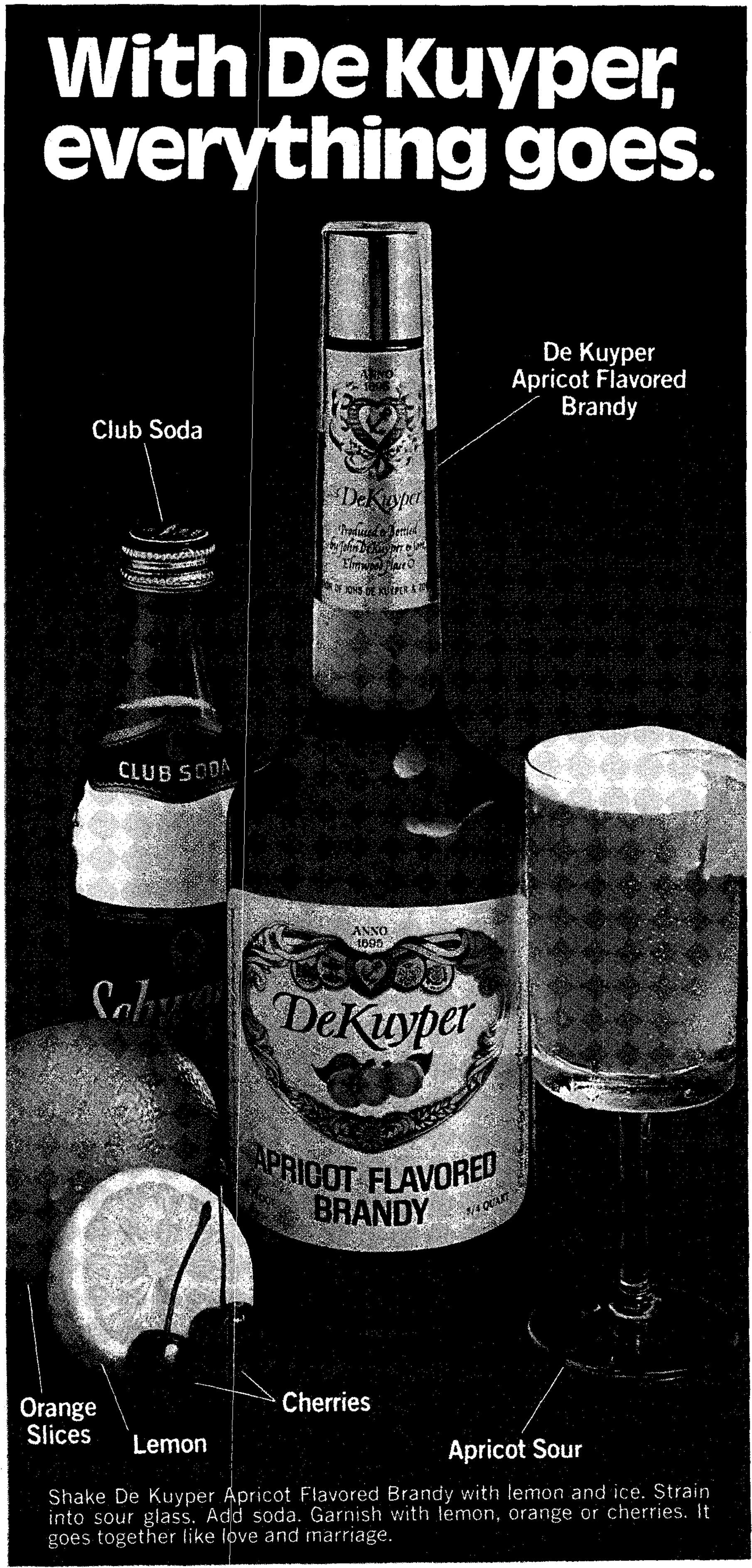
animation achieves the near-impossible of making science fiction banal and drab; a ponderous story line does the rest. On CBS, there is a new show, "Shazam!," in which the hoary cartoon characters of Billy Batson-Captain Marvel have been reincarnated as live actors, or nearly live actors, and go about their business pretty much as they did during F.D.R.'s Presidency, except that old Marvel is after drug pushers this time instead of the Axis Menace, and that there are periodic and unconvincing infusions of goodthink into the script. "There are many ways to avoid responsibility but there's only one way to face it," harrumphs somebody in ancient-Greek battle dress, sounding like Judge Hardy. "Holy Moley!" says Billy Batson.

Generally more interesting than the reworked cartoon programs (or a slow-moving, unimaginative, "educational" thing called "Korg: 70,000 B.C.!") are two new Saturday-morning shows on CBS: "The Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine" and "The Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show." Both are a definite improvement on the classic Saturday-morning TV tradition of ancient cartoons and listless games, but that's not saying very much; and although each of the new programs has a certain charm and at least the look of money's having been spent on it, what is disheartening in the end is that CBS hasn't really tried very hard to do anything genuinely inventive with the money. In fact, it's been content to *seem* inventive while exploiting the surface effects and approach of "Sesame Street," with perhaps a certain amount of "Laugh-In" thrown in on the side.

I don't suppose there's anything really wrong in borrowing from other models, but, especially in the case of the "Globetrotters" show and "Sesame Street," the CBS people seem to have missed the point. The "Globetrotters" show features nine Harlem Globetrotter basketball players as well as a few other regular performers. The show has a children's audience, and also a child actor who plays off on the tall athletes. There is much zippy-zappy music. Much quick cutting. There are halfhearted attempts at teaching letters, along with periodic references to physical fitness. Six Globetrotters stand amid the bemused audience holding up white placards: H-E-A-L-T-H. "That's right, *health!*" they cry. The trumpets blare. Everybody laughs. It's a pleasant enough show, and the Globetrotters come across as nice, jokey men.



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But it's all so inextricably show-business. "Sesame Street" deliberately used show-business idiom in some of its educational skits, since its young audience was already well versed in the language, but "Sesame Street's" spirit is larger and more humane, and its purpose has been more carefully thought out. At times, and doubtless unintentionally, some of the "Globetrotter" skits sound almost like parodies of the Workshop's educational style. Thus, in a recent show a Globetrotter dressed up as a robber was giving another man a lesson in "etiquette." First Gt.: "Give me your money." Second Gt.: "Say 'please.'" First: "All right, *please*." (Gets the money.) Second: "You didn't say 'thank you.'" First: "*Thank you!*" (Much hooting and laughter from the studio audience as the Globetrotters mug the key words.) Now, surely the real lesson there—which was picked up by the TV-wise children in the studio—was that "please" and "thank you" are jokes, or, at any rate, are pointless additions tacked on to speech by adults who themselves don't believe in them. As if to emphasize this ambivalence, a moment later one of the Globetrotters remarked in mock seriousness, "This whole show is dopey, but it proves that it pays to be polite." At which point the camera cut to another Trotter, who said, "Yeah, but *how much* does it pay?" CBS's other big children's show, "The Hudson Brothers, etc.," which follows "Globetrotters" on Saturday mornings, seems to be even more snarled up in the spirit of show business. Quick cutting and speeded-up action are flung about the way an amateur chef tosses around spices that he has read about somewhere in a catalogue. There is some soft-rock singing by the Hudson Brothers, which looks dubbed, although CBS insists that it isn't—at any rate, the Brothers manage to sing on camera without discernibly moving their larynxes. There are frantic skits, and the kind of silly bad jokes ("As they say in Helsinki, let's *finish* this song!") which used to come off better in vaudeville, where there was more of an honest rapport between the audience and the performers. Here, again, the principals—in this case, three young Oregonians—seem pleasant, although a bit on the slick side, and without quite the style or presence of the lanky Globetrotters. But what's missing is something *behind* all that strenuous entertainment. In fact, the trouble with so much of today's children's programming isn't that the networks are throwing songs and comedy acts and cartoons

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at the kids instead of trying to teach them algebra. The trouble is with the shoddiness and insincerity of the entertainment. Children respond avidly to stories and poetry and film and music and dance; to greatness and ordinariness—and to real voices. What they get most of the time is unfelt music, badly drawn cartoons, self-serving educational messages, synthetic adult "personalities," and mediocrity—not the middlingness of ordinary lives, which artists have often reworked into literature or film, but the traces and sounds of careless and distracted grownups who follow the easy road and try for the surefire laugh, and perhaps don't know any better.

To be fair, not everything on children's TV these days is mired in second-rateness. On ABC I saw a fine children's drama called "The Bridge of Adam Rush," which was one of a series of monthly "ABC Afterschool Specials" that are shown around four-thirty on weekday afternoons. This story about a young boy in the early nineteenth century who suddenly has to adjust to the hardships of rural life—as well as to a new stepfather—was simply and affectingly told, with intelligence, and without mawkishness or false emotion. The original script was by Lee Kalcheim, and the direction was by Larry Elikann. On Saturdays, CBS still shows its "CBS Children's Film Festival," which is mainly foreign children's movies with dubbed English dialogue. The variety runs from good to indifferent, but most of these movies are interesting, and seem to communicate to kids, and have a kind of texture that you find in few TV productions—except maybe in other movies. There is also a nice small series called "Other People—Other Places," produced by Time-Life Films, which WABC shows under the title "Strange Places." One episode I watched recently was about some primitive tribesmen in the Kalahari, and contained the usual poisoned-arrow-making sequences, but there was precious little mooning about animals, or even about tribesmen, and the show tried to tell children intelligently about these *others* who were trying to join our world and time. It seemed a step up from the routine level of travelogue-documentaries.

ON the whole, ABC appears to be doing the best job right now in children's programming. Like everyone else, it has some mighty foolish shows. But it also has a few good ones. Which brings me to public television's "Zoom" and ABC's "Rainbow Sundae."

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"Zoom" came first, originating four years ago on Boston's public-television station, WGBH, and is now aired on a weekly basis over most of the PBS network. "Zoom" is performed entirely by children and put together partly by children, and the production ideas are all sent in by children—and it's very good. "Rainbow Sundae" was new last year and clearly derives from "Zoom," at least in the most interesting and appealing portions of the program, which involve children taking a meaningful role in the show: talking, interviewing, discussing their lives with other children. It's slicker and more fancied-up than "Zoom," but it's also good. Both programs, in fact, are fine, and, together with the Children's Television Workshop productions and a few others—a *very* few others—represent the first, foot-dragging steps in our new era of the television establishment's finally asserting some sort of *felt* responsibility toward its younger clients.

Indeed, perhaps the lesson of "Zoom," and similar programs, is that when children are at least allowed to commune with each other across the airwaves, instead of having to watch middle-aged men hit each other with plates of pizza (as occurred midway through "Bozo's Circus" the other day), children find all kinds of things they want to say to one another—as they always have. Our TV system could probably permit children to speak more often to other children without the foundations of the Republic crumbling. And when it's necessary for adults to speak to children—whether to tell stories or to make jokes or to instruct or to pass the time of day—at least let them speak in a language they believe in, and not in kidvid.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

◆

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Mrs. Ratliff used the quote in encouraging TOPS members to "make the most of yourself."—*Colorado City (Texas) Record.*

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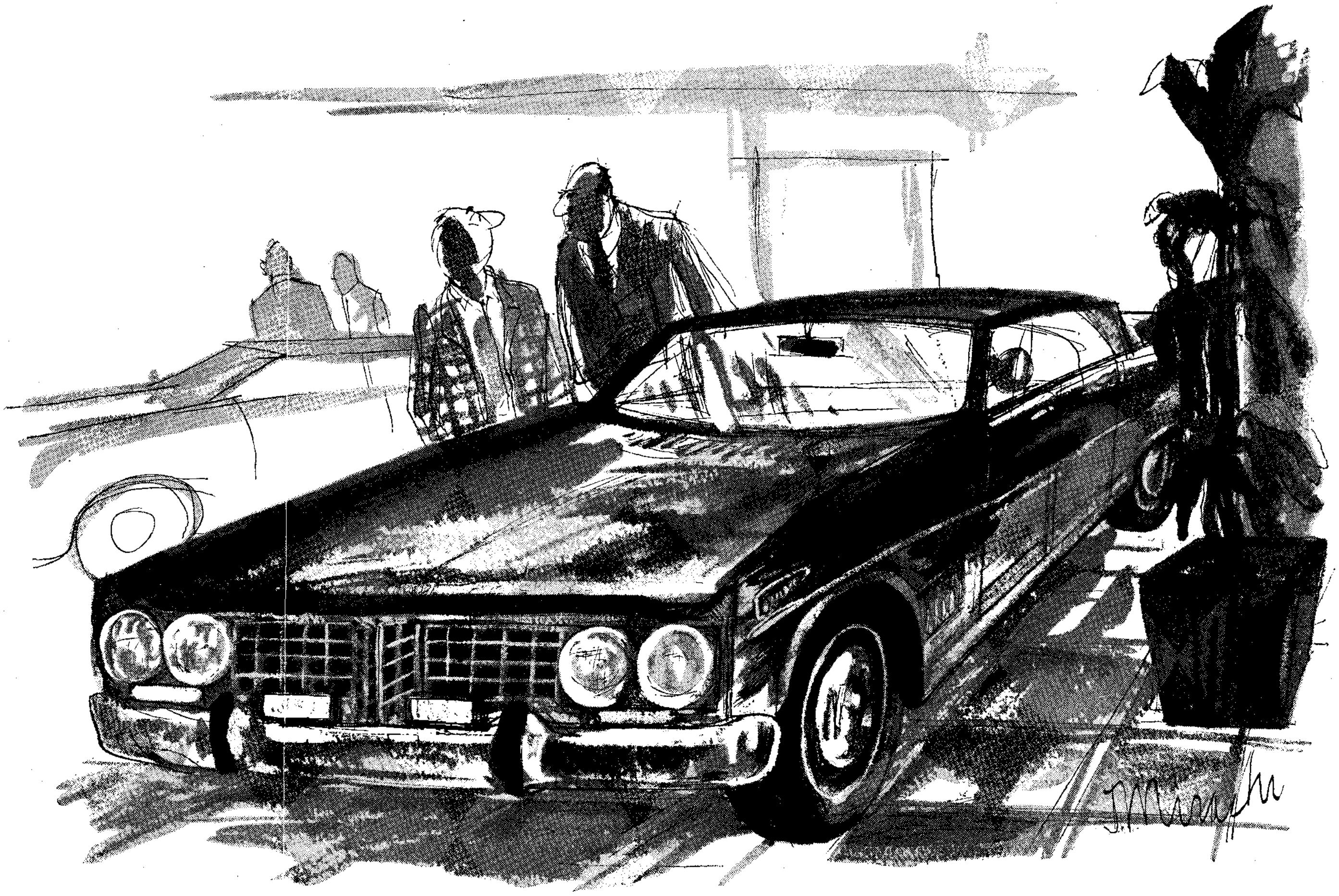
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

IN stripping furniture of ornament and reducing it to its bare essentials, functionalism stripped furniture designers of much of their reason for being and reduced many of them to cheating. The furniture we now call Art Deco (it was called Art Moderne in its own day) represents the last gasp of conventional ornament-centered furniture design: its designers simply substituted geometrical ornament for floral ornament, achieving a veneer of modernism while entirely evading the self-effacing imperatives of organic design. The first true modern furniture designers (or nondesigners) were architects, such as Walter Gropius, Marcel Breuer, Mies van der Rohe, and Le Corbusier, who regarded furniture as equipment for their respective "machines for living" and suffered no pangs over the uniformity, impersonality, and coldness that result when tables and cabinets and bookcases are treated as unsentimentally as refrigerators and stoves and dishwashers. That such a genre as functionalist furniture exists at all, and has within it pieces of a beauty and individuality comparable to the glories of furniture design of the past, is due strictly to the existence of a single, exceptional article of furniture—the chair—which doesn't behave the way tables and cabinets and bookcases do when subjected to the trial-by-diminishment of functionalism. A functional bookcase will inevitably resemble any other functional bookcase, but a chair—as Breuer and Le Corbusier, et al., were evidently pleased to discover—cannot be reduced to its essence, since it has none, but can assume any number of forms while remaining free of ornament. The history of modern furniture is thus a history of chairs: the Reitveld chair, the Breuer chair, the Barcelona chair, the Eames chair—these and other *chairs* are what we mean when we speak of modern furniture, and "the problem of seating" continues to preoccupy the modern-furniture designer and is largely what keeps him in business.

The problem, however, is a different one today from what it was in the twenties and thirties. Then lightness, spareness, economy, portability, the least possible material for the maximum support were the goals of chair design. Siegfried Giedion wrote in "Mechanization Takes Command," "A chair was sought that would seem to hover above the ground like cantilever concrete slabs or houses on stilts, houses surrounded by air. One was drawn to things that seemed to defeat gravitation. This emotional need is as innate to our own time as the buttress to the Gothic and the undulating wall to the Baroque." Giedion wrote this in the late forties. The emotional need of the seventies—as one may gather after a tour of local showplaces of advanced design—is for a return to the womb, or, at least, to the warm bed one reluctantly got out of in the morning. Chairs and settees and sofas of an unparalleled softness and sensuousness and amplitude torpidly hug the ground that Breuer and Eames chairs once leaped away from, and entirely dominate the field of contemporary seating. Where in the twenties and thirties the tensile properties of tubular steel and laminated bentwood were a principal object of study among innovators of chair design, today's chief technological focus is



"Listen, Mister, I'll tell you the price of this car when I've finished my sales talk, and not one second before."

on the capacity for mushiness of polyurethane, fibre glass, and other synthetics. And if the slight, insectlike cantilevered chair seemed to aptly express the edgy, jumpy, nervous people who gave the Age of Anxiety its name, the fur- and velour-covered enormities of today may be similarly reflective of the fulfilled, relaxed folks, "in touch with themselves," who constitute our own Age of Therapy. Freud's discovery of the couch as a therapeutic tool (made, perhaps, while companionably chatting in bed with Martha) brought the intimacy of the bedroom to the consultation room and invoked a state of ease and candor in the patient hard to summon when people are sitting face to face. This state seems to be the one that furniture designers are striving to bring to living rooms, waiting rooms, offices, conference rooms, and restaurants.

At Stendig, 410 East 62nd Street, one of the most avant-garde of New York showrooms, where choice European imports are purveyed, there is actually a couch named Sigmund. (Lest anyone mistake it for Sándor or Otto or Karen?) This handsome leather-covered daybed, on sleek, tubular-steel legs, with a single rounded bolster at one end, is somewhat retrograde in its chaste elegance, comparing to the newer items at Stendig as polite classical psychoanalysis compares to some of the rude newer therapies like primal screaming. More typical of the Stendig œuvre is a monstrous thing named Terrazza, designed by a Swiss named Ubald Klug: a sort of sandbag fortification built up of layers of leather-covered foam sausages forming an elevated lounge chair in which a person may disport himself in the manner of a patient of the late Wilhelm Reich, or where, more decorously, two seated people may take their ease. There is a left-facing and a right-facing version of this ungainly piece of polymorphous perversity, and the units (each costing approximately $2,000) can be pushed together to form various inevitably unattractive combinations. A seating arrangement of equal ugliness and only slightly lesser cushiness, called Nonstop, would be a good addition to welfare offices and some of our other official purgatories where indeterminate numbers of lazy, shiftless people are cosseted—sometimes for periods lasting twelve hours and longer. This piece can seat from one to hundreds of people, depending on how many units are zipped on, and, like a snake, it can assume a number of forms (circular, whiplash, meandering, straight-line), depending on how it is arranged—being flexible and manipulable in the

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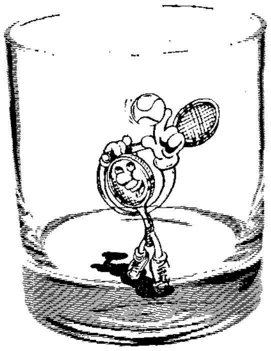

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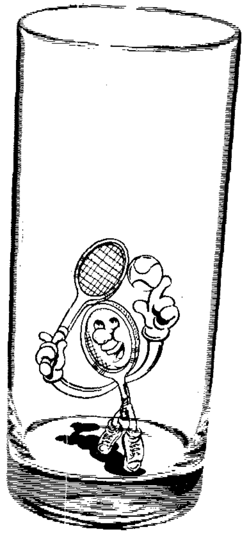

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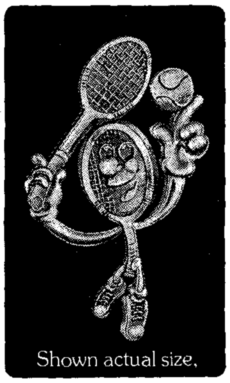

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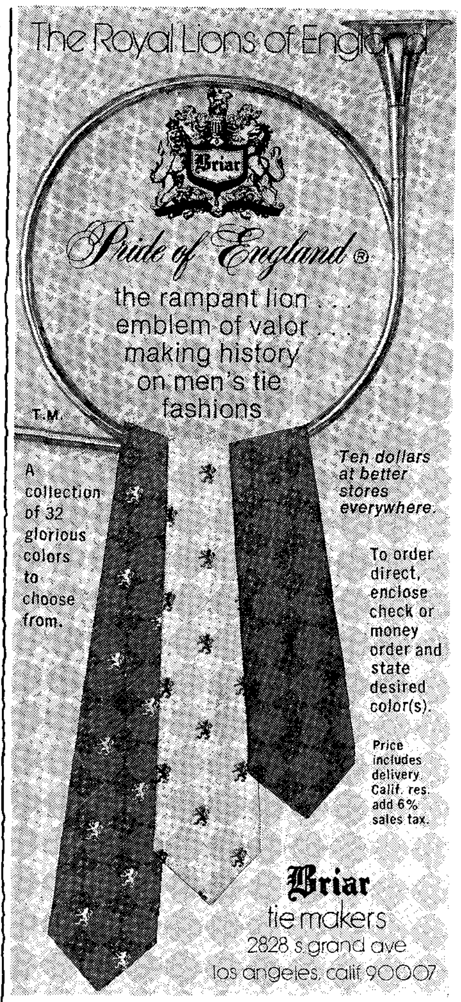
manner of an accordion. The basic units, two of which are required for one sitter, resemble narrow sections of car seat, covered with leather or suède, and are attached to hard bases covered with carpeting material. The price of a single unit is around $370, and twenty-two units, seating eight to ten people, are "suggested." This includes two armrests for the ends and costs approximately $8,000.

A line of modular chairs and sofas at Stendig called Domino contrives to be at once innovative, comfortable, and not odd-looking. The module is a square-cut molded-foam cushion, thirty-one and a half inches long, twenty-one and three-quarters inches wide, and ten inches deep, and it is used for backs, seats, and armrests of chairs, sofas, settees, and back-to-back chairs, which may be set up in a room as one plays the pieces in a game of dominoes. The cushions, which are bolted to bases of ebonized wood, are covered with upholstery material, offered in a wide range of fabrics and colors; the models on view are covered with a discreet woollen fabric that augments the neat and orderly appearance of these blocky but not bulky pieces. Each basic unit of seat, back, and single armrest costs around $625.

The non-chair furniture at Stendig illustrates the observation stated above about how little there is for a designer of functional tables, cabinets, desks, etc., to do. The designer of a desk called Omega had the nice but hardly seminal idea of detaching its pedestal of drawers from the top and putting it on casters, so that it can be wheeled away when the desk is wanted as a table. Two tubular-steel upside-down "T"s support the thick, square-cut oak top. The pedestal (also oak) may be had with four drawers or as a file cabinet. The price is about $1,300 for a thirty-two-by-sixty-six-inch oak top with legs, and the pedestal is around $840. The arresting appearance of a table called Handkerchief comes of its impudent violation of the functionalist canon and its reversion to the device of trompe-l'oeil, which is enjoying a revival today because of its association with Surrealism. The table is low and square, and it looks at first sight like a small table over which a floor-length white cloth has been draped. In actuality, the whole thing is made of polyester-reinforced fibre glass molded to ape the flowing folds of a tablecloth. The price is about $310. A sofa named Marilyn similarly attracts attention to itself by its bad behavior. It is made in the shape of an enormous mouth



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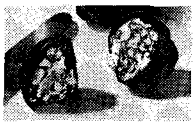

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(the backrest is the upper lip and the seat is the lower lip) and is covered with a garish red synthetic fabric. The price is around $1,300.

THE skimpy, skinny plastic chairs that came out of Italy after the Second World War have metamorphosed over the years into massive, puffily boxy easy chairs and sofas that look as if they had been stuffed by the Jewish-motherly hand that used to dispense the pasta in advertisements for Italian spaghetti sauces. Such pieces dominate the new showroom of Atelier International, at 139 East 57th Street, and here one may study the "soft look" in some of its most authoritative and expensive manifestations. Le Bambole, designed by Mario Bellini, is a line of unstructured chairs, sofas, daybeds, and two-seaters that are made entirely of something called "elesticated materials" in the brochure (written in Italian, German, French, and East Bronx), and that represent "a new concept of sitting; an inviting contact which compels you to relax and re-creates the softness of a lost comfort." (This is oddly illustrated by a photograph of a blonde sprawled out on a sofa who appears to be suffering from stomach cramps and has taken off her blouse to try to feel better.) The various puffy members of the line (differentiated by names like Bambolina, Bambolona-Bambouff, and Bambolongue) have the creases, puckered edges, and pointed corners of slept-on bed pillows, and sitting or lolling on them is much like being in a soft bed. Prices range from about $600, for Bambola (an armchair), to approximately $1,800, for Bambolettone (a double daybed with a headrest to which a loose, floppy pillow is attached—all made of the elesticated materials). Tobia Scarpa's Soriana (designed in collaboration with his wife, Afra) is an easy chair that looks like a bulbous wrapped object; it is made of polyurethane and Dacron and is gripped by two narrow bands of chromium-plated steel that crouch behind the

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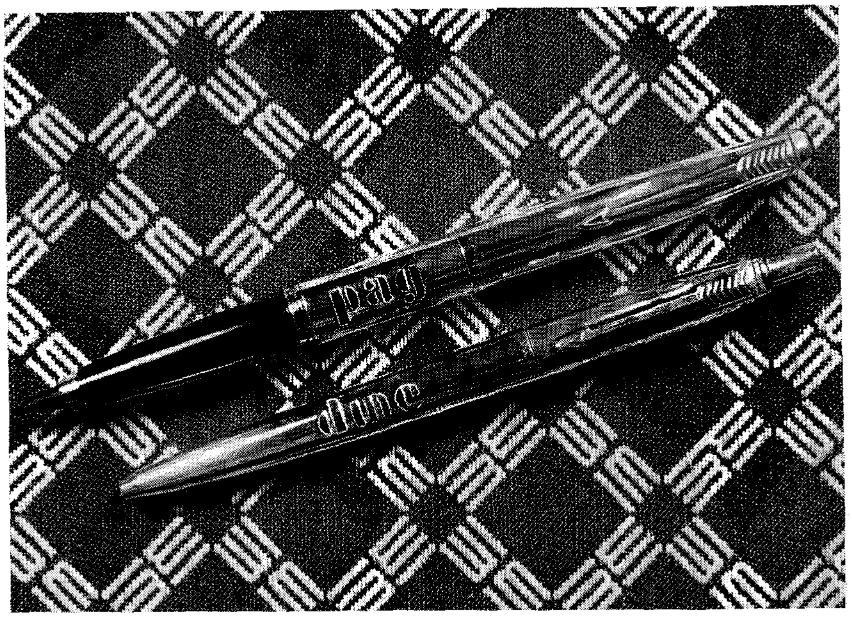

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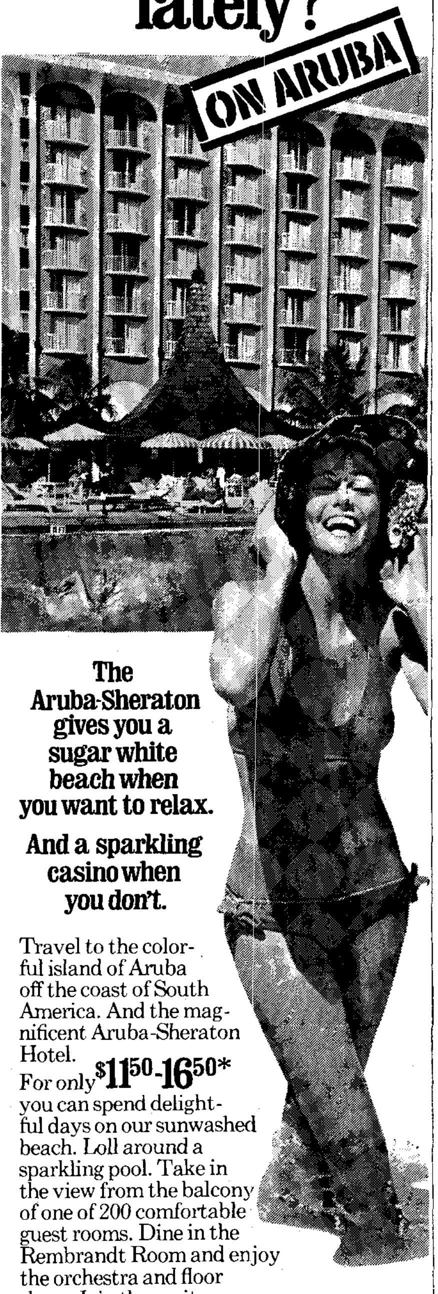

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backrest and below the seat. Covered in leather, it costs around $1,200, and in fabric around $700. A matching ottoman is about $650 in leather and about $450 in fabric.

In striking contrast to these and other spineless fatties at A.I. is a group of three chairs of so stiff and upright and unbending a character as to make Shaker chairs seem positively voluptuous in comparison. The pieces, of ebonized wood, are reproductions of chairs designed at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one by the Scottish architect and designer Charles Rennie Mackintosh (1868-1928), whose rectilinear mode of Art Nouveau presaged the rectilinear style of twentieth-century functionalism, and whose eccentric genius offers parallels to that of Frank Lloyd Wright. However, these strange, hard chairs are neither modern functional furniture nor traditional ornamented furniture but, rather, works of abstract design from which, almost incidentally, one may derive a use (or, as the case may be, excruciation). The reproductions are not as beautiful as photographs of Mackintosh's buildings and interiors would lead one to expect. (This disappointment may arise from the materials used in the reproductions, which look a bit slick, perhaps because they are new. A well-worn original of one of the chairs, on view in the Museum of Modern Art's Design Collection, looks different and better.) The earliest and eeriest chair, designed in 1897 for the Argyle Street Tearooms in Glasgow, has an extremely high back (fifty-three and a half inches), formed of two wide and two narrow upright members, whose appearance of looming menace is abetted by an oval back rail out of which a shape like a thin, down-at-the-corners mouth has been excised, making the whole look like a symbol of something dark and unholy. The seat is upholstered in a murky blue-black fabric with a glinty sheen (the original was woven horsehair), and the price is $1,000. A benchlike chair has a high, curved lattice back, a loose upholstered seat cushion, and a storage compartment beneath it; it reflects the English arts-and-crafts movement in its solidity and a Japanese influence in the abstract patterning of the back slats. The original was designed in 1904 for the Willow Tearooms, and the reproduction costs $2,000. The third Mackintosh chair, designed in 1902 and meant for a bedroom, is eccentrically tall and narrow; its ladder back has thirty rungs (the top six are crossed to form a latticework square), and the uphol-

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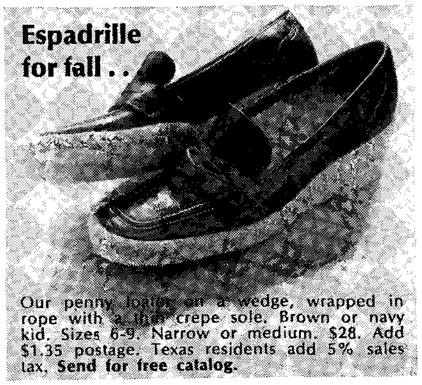

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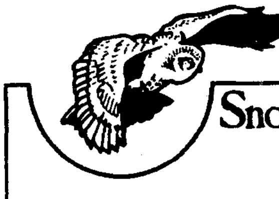

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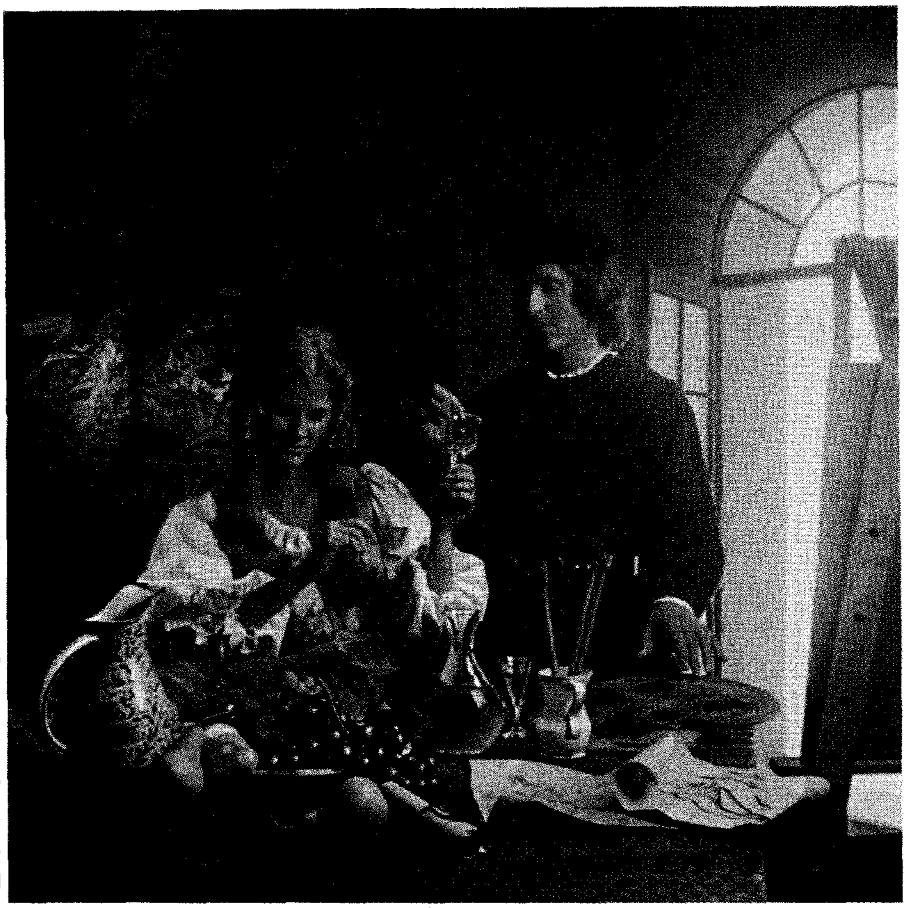
stered seat is just wide enough for the bottom of a frail child. The price is $1,000. The atmosphere of mystery and enchantment which pervades Mackintosh's work is vividly conveyed in an impression of it set down early in the century by the writer-artist Friedrich Ahlers-Hestermann and quoted by Nikolaus Pevsner in his "Pioneers of Modern Design":

> Here was indeed the oddest mixture of puritanically severe forms designed for use, with a truly lyrical evaporation of all interest in usefulness. These rooms were like dreams, narrow panels, grey silk, very very slender wooden shafts—verticals everywhere. Little cupboards of rectangular shape and with far projecting top cornices, smooth, not of visible frame-and-panel construction; straight, white, and serious-looking, as if they were young girls ready to go to their first Holy Communion.... Here was mysticism and asceticism, though by no means in a Christian sense, but with much of a scent of heliotrope, with well-manicured hands and a delicate sensuousness.... There was hardly anything in these rooms, except that, say, two straight chairs, with backs as tall as a man, stood on a white carpet and looked silently and spectrally at each other across a little table....

THE new A.I. showroom is reminiscent of (in fact, must have been modelled on) the showroom that Gae Aulenti designed for Knoll International, at 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), four years ago. There is the same dramatically dark entryway out of which a lighted case of accessories gleams, the same muted wall coverings, the same multilevel groupings with stairs and platforms. The A.I. showroom hasn't the elegance and expensiveness of the Knoll showroom (the slatted platforms and causeways have an unfortunate cheap creak, for example), but A.I. has more dash than Knoll, which seems to be reverting to the conservatism and boardroom blandness that the new showroom briefly diverted it from but that appear to be an ineradicable part of the venerable firm's character. This tendency—toward what could be called the First National Style—was much in evidence during a recent visit to Knoll, illustrated by, among other things, a display of banal and unnecessary metal sculptures by the furniture designer Harry Bertoia. Although both firms deal more with corporations and institutions than with people (as do all the major purveyors of modern furniture), the A.I.-furbished businessman would seem to be a different sort of chap from the solid, status-conscious Knoll person—one you might not buy a used car from but might enjoy Rolfing with.

A small but significant instance of



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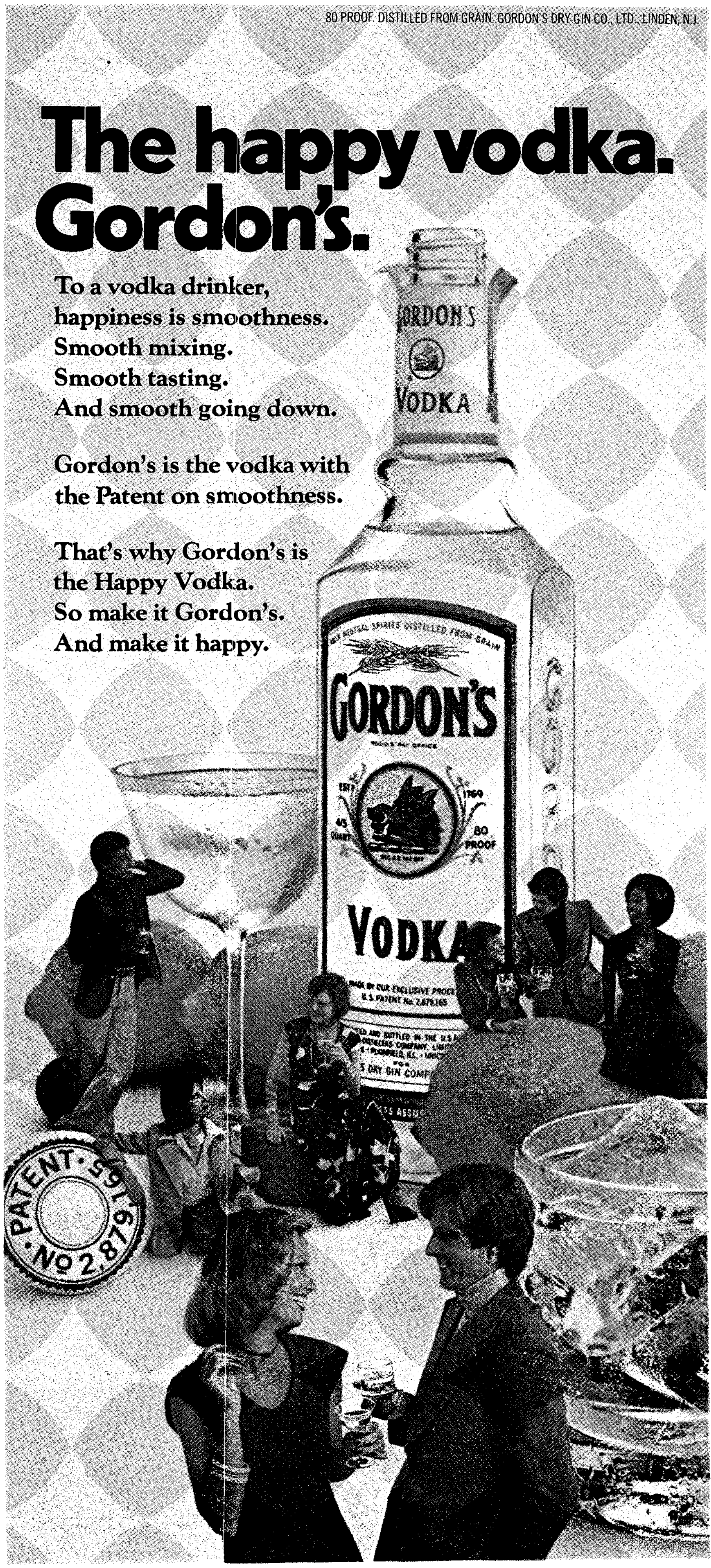

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A.I.'s refreshing radicalism is the appearance on some of the model chairs and sofas (among them Le Bambole) of upholstery fabrics printed with flower designs. According to a timeworn tradition, flower patterns are as out of place in modern-furniture showrooms as Alma-Tademas are in the Museum of Modern Art. Modernists have long associated flowers with historicism and aristocratic ornament, and modern furniture has consistently been upholstered in plain wools, linens, canvas, leathers, and plastics, or with fabrics printed with abstract patterns. But the flower-covered furniture at A.I. looks no less "modern" than its solid-color counterparts (the prints, of course, have been carefully chosen: simple, regular, stylized; no blowsy roses). Indeed, if anything, it looks more modern.

AT the Paris Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs of 1925 (from which the term Art Deco was recently derived), Le Corbusier exhibited a two-story apartment that was like nothing else in the show (and consequently was relegated to the most distant and dismal location) but that turned out to be the single most influential exhibit. Le Pavillon de l'Esprit Nouveau, as Le Corbusier called it, was in effect the first modern apartment in the sense that we now know it. Its spacious rooms were furnished with a minimum of plain, light furniture (bentwood chairs were first used here as "modern furniture") and were decorated not with the strenuously designed Art Deco objects that filled the rest of the exposition but with objects gathered here and there—laboratory flasks, bistro wineglasses, industrial equipment, ethnic rugs and hangings, seashells—chosen for their beauty of form and design and their affinity with contemporary abstract art. As Giedion admiringly comments, "This union of seemingly unrelated elements did away with the idea that all the objects of an interior should be designed by one hand. A room is not an incubator to be sterilized of all foreign germs. The forms of life, past and present, shall be given an opportunity to interact."

Yesterday's opportunity, however, has a way of becoming today's cul-de-sac, and the heterogeneous or eclectic style of interior decoration which Le Corbusier's example set in motion, and which reached a kind of apogee in the sixties, is beginning to lose its vitality and validity. The clutter of lab glass and folk art and shells and minerals which fills our living rooms has reached almost epidemic proportions, and as the objects accrete, the rooms, oddly or perhaps inevitably, look less individual and more and more like the shops and department stores from which they came. (The recent "Flowering of American Folk Art 1776-1876" show at the Whitney disturbed many visitors because of its Bloomingdale's-like presentation of relics from farmhouses, barns, country stores, etc.) The sense of glut (coupled with the feeling that if God had meant us to have ship propellers on our coffee tables He would have given us gills) is causing a reappraisal among many householders of notions long taken for granted. The next step may well be a great rout of all the objects that used to seem "warm" and now look merely superfluous—a kind of necessary sterilization to make way for the cleaner, more ordered, more classical surroundings demanded by the massive new chairs and sofas that brook no interference from knickknacks and can generate their own warmth and interest, even without flowered slipcovers. Such a drastic change requires, of course, that we all become millionaires, and, fortunately, the way the economy is going, we can confidently look forward to that eventuality. —JANET MALCOLM

•

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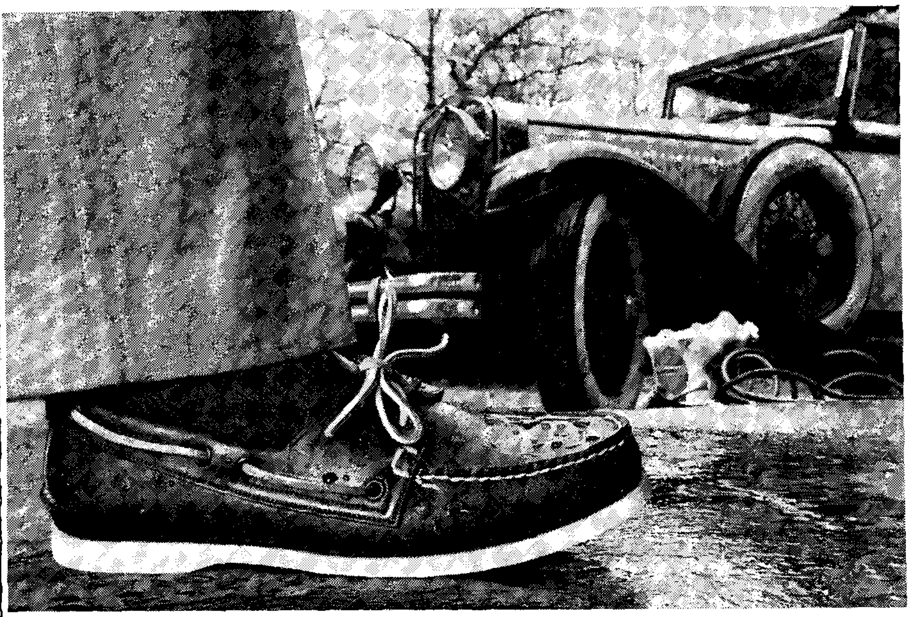

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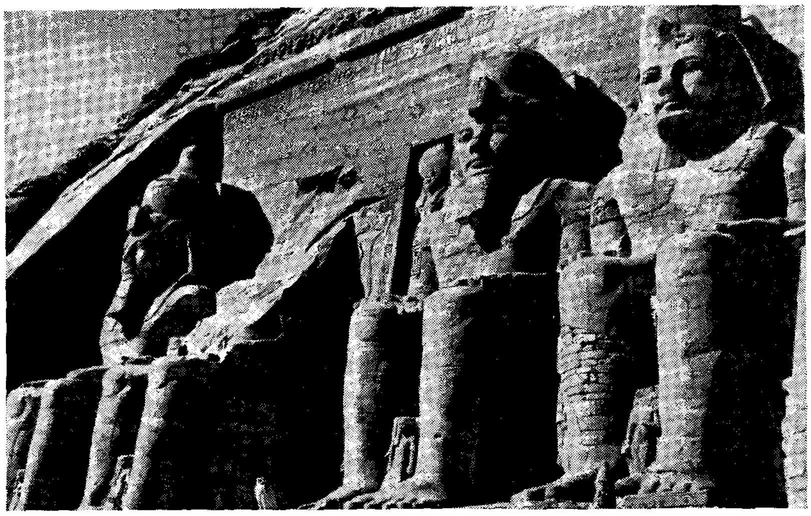

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THE ART WORLD

The Hirshhorn

THE art world today has an accumulated social energy distinct from the energy of art—a reservoir that maintains itself by means of public occasions and spectacular events; for example, new record-breaking prices. The prime art event of all time, according to the press, was the formal opening(s) on October 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, on the Mall, in Washington. By official count, the collection Joseph H. Hirshhorn has given to the nation includes six thousand paintings and sculptures (Hirshhorn himself says sixty-five hundred); the Museum of Modern Art owns only three thousand. The inaugural exhibition, which consists of eight hundred and fifty "highlights" of the collection, will continue through September 15th of next year. On the first night, dedicated to official Washington, two thousand invited guests crowded the massive circular concrete building, like an illuminated babka, whose ponderous effect was dissolved for the evening by champagne and cookies, theatrical lighting, and the play of fountains and high winds. Next came the Night of the Art World, a gala even greater than the political opening; the attendance, no longer primarily Washingtonian but drawn by a mysterious collective impulse of artists, dealers, and "friends of the arts" from all corners of the nation, was estimated to be four thousand. The festivities closed the following day with two receptions by "Smithsonian Associates."

The Grand Opening of the museum made possible by Uncle Joe (the press passed on to the Latvian-born millionaire its old nickname for Joseph Stalin) marked a new phase in the public status of modern art in the United States. Canvases by Dove, Diller, de Kooning, Ernst, Brandt—to pick names at random—became art "of all the people" (the phrase Presidential candidates like to apply to themselves), not only of the aesthetic élite of New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Works ranging from Mel Ramos's "Kar Kween," a painting of a provocative *Playboy* sort of nude nuzzling a giant sparkplug, to Ad Reinhardt's tiresome twenty-foot-long red canvas are now the property of the federal government, like the White House and the B-52s, and officially featured in the city where not so long ago Congressman Dondero was declaiming that modern art is part of the Communist Conspiracy, proved by the strategic role in it of Wassily Kandinsky, a Russian! It must have been this radical transformation of status that prompted Caryl P. Haskins, of the Smithsonian Board of Regents, to characterize the opening of the Hirshhorn Museum as "a quantum leap for the Capital."

Congressman Dondero, wherever he now is, might take comfort in the fact that there are no Kandinskys in the Hirshhorn exhibition, and no Lissitzkys, Larionovs, or Goncharovas, either, though Gabo and Pevsner are on hand. For that matter, however, there are other omissions: no Juan Gris, no Metzinger, no Lhote, no James Brooks, no Ibram Lassaw, and—one could go on—no paintings by Braque, though there are three small bronzes of his. The essential characteristic of Hirshhorn's mammoth gift is the prevalence of what museum people call "gaps": for all the eight hundred and fifty items in the inaugural show, it is as porous as a moth-eaten blanket in respect to both art-historical coverage and qualitative texture. It is not only that "names" are missing; it is that at every step the spectator is in danger of falling from a height of modernist creation (the roomful of Giacomettis, say) into a crevasse of dullness or eccentricity. This unevenness derives directly from the size of the collection and the way it was put together. The lower down a collector goes on the scale of reputations, the more artists he assembles and the larger the number he leaves out. Hirshhorn bought without consulting experts; as he says, he made plenty of mistakes, and "you can't win 'em all." In compensation, the unevenness of the display allows the spectator to exercise his own judgment and prejudices, as Hirshhorn himself did in building his collection. In this museum, no visitor has any reason to feel overawed by authority. There is an impressive number of modern masterworks—from Rodin's "Balzac" and "The Burghers of Calais" to Lipchitz's "Figure" and "Reclining Nude with Guitar," and what amounts to an important exhibition of Matisse's sculpture. But there is no sign of a guiding principle or of a consistent personal taste. The greatness of the collection lies in its being the most, and a lot of the best, but it is not the best.

Washington should be pleased that its new art collection, for all its modernism, is in the American tradition of the gratuitous undertaking of the self-made millionaire. Joseph Hirshhorn brings to mind the nineteenth-century builders of mansions whose endless rooms were stuffed with canvases and statuary. (One Midwesterner I recall commissioned Italian stone carvers to produce an Eden of life-size portraits n concrete of himself and his wife, in poses representing successive phases of their lives.) The Hirshhorn Collection s stocked like the warehouse of an oddots buyer. But Hirshhorn differs from his voracious predecessors in that he operated in and through the art world; he confined his buying to artists with at east a minimum of professional standng. Not many visitors to the museum (or "the Hirshhorn," as S. Dillon Ripey, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, affectionately personifies it) will dentify Yun Gee, Peter Golfinopoulos, Émile Gilioli, or Gregory Gillespie—to pick artists whose surnames begin with the same letter—but Hirshhorn found each of them in a prominent New York gallery. His collecting shows a respect beyond personal whim for the objective life of art. Yet his forty-year persistence in looking, learnng, and acquiring was rooted in his deepest feeling: having begun by colecting European Salon painters of the last century, such as Bouguereau and Landseer, who for so many of his generation represented Art, he soon discovered that works in modernist modes had an affinity with something essential in himself, or with the semblance of a self he could recognize. Thus, art collecting was for him a means of self-discovery as well as of self-expansion—a motive no longer common in a period when art collectors tend to evolve rapidly into specialists.

Hirshhorn bought art not as a connoisseur or art historian or under the advice of connoisseurs. Abram Lerner, for twenty years Hirshhorn's private curator and now director of the museum, testifies in the eight-hundred-page illustrated Inaugural Book/Catalogue issued in connection with the exhibition (Abrams) that Hirshhorn did all the choosing himself and that "expert advice seemed to turn him off." This speculator on Wall Street and in mining properties felt no impulse to win profits in art, although he was no Maecenas, either, and, as happens to most big art collectors, he has

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been denounced by some as a bargain hunter. Lacking a point of view, Hirshhorn was guided in his buying by the general rise and fall of art-world voices in the four decades of his collecting: he bought art as if he had been chosen by chance from the midst of everybody interested in art in America. The Hirshhorn is an expression of the changing mind of the art world—if the art world can be said to have a mind. To this collective thinking he contributed an untiring enthusiasm capable of transmitting itself to those who visit his museum.

NEITHER a refined pursuer of the best nor a patron of artists, Hirshhorn is not an art lover, either. Rarely aroused by prolonged gazing at particular works, he has been moved, rather, by the desire to swell his collection toward all-inclusiveness—a kind of sea-to-shining-sea impulse. He bought art by the armful; tales about him stress the speed of his selecting ("I'll take these, that, that, and that"), his baroque price-cutting techniques, his quick departures. Lerner remarks, "The purchase of a Winslow Homer would be followed by the acquisition of a David Smith, sometimes on the very same day." His passion for art was generalized, and, like the passion of Don Juan, it was an excitement blended with the passion for rolling up a record list. For this diminutive art chaser, to hear a work praised was to covet it: Lerner speaks of his patron's "inspired greed." Besides the sixty-five hundred works given to the museum, Hirshhorn now owns, he told me, another sixty-five hundred, and he is still collecting: the large iron-plate Nakian, "The Rape of Lucrece," displayed near the entrance to the sculpture garden, was acquired a very short while ago, apparently too late to be listed in the catalogue.

In his obsessive piling up of paintings and sculptures, Hirshhorn has performed a feat of prime significance: through his consuming interest in artists and objects he has transcended the ideologies that have ruled art throughout this century. One is tempted to dub him a folk collector, by analogy with the folk artist. Though Lerner speaks of "our determination to retain the historicity of artistic production," Hirshhorn's collection shows no effort to establish the interlacing of ideas and styles cherished by art-history-trained curators. Had he been more respectful of the critical dogmas current during the many years of his acquisition, his collection could never have achieved

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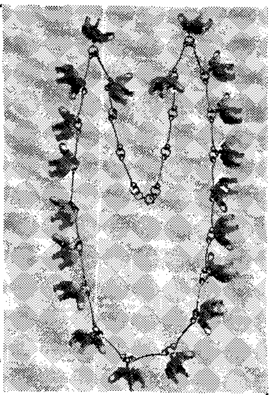

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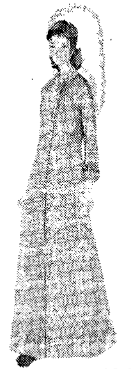

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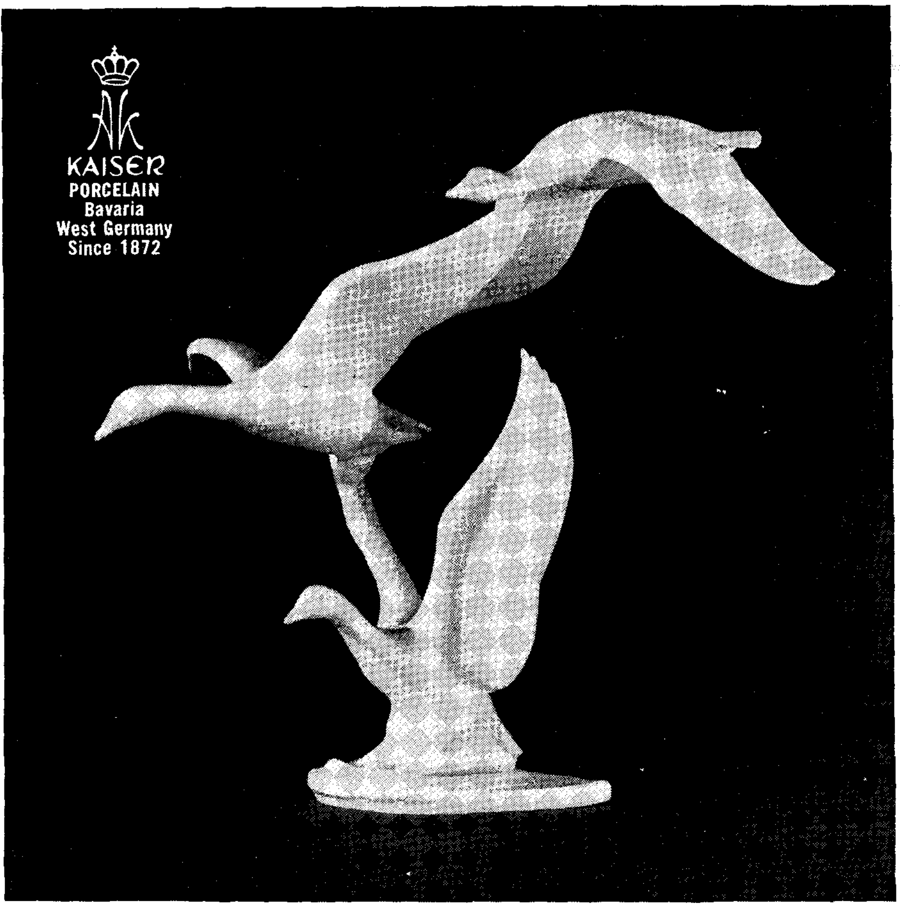
its present range: the taste of the nineteen-fifties, for example, might have deprived it of Reginald Marsh, Raphael Soyer, Jack Levine; attention to the polemics of the nineteen-sixties would have resulted in fewer de Koonings and many more Frankenthalers and Olitskis.

Responsive to diverse currents of persuasion and free of stylistic inhibitions, the Hirshhorn Collection reflects the art of our era with the neutrality of time itself; Hirshhorn's wholesale choosing comes as close as possible to no choosing at all. The museum is equally hospitable to a loaf of Italian bread painted blue by Man Ray, a seascape by Rockwell Kent, Warhol's silk-screened lips of Marilyn Monroe, Manzù's cardinal. Hirshhorn collected some artists "in depth;" one is left to wonder on what basis. The catalogue lists fourteen bronzes by Degas but no paintings; fifteen bronzes by Matisse, one terra-cotta, no paintings; twenty-four Daumier bronzes, no paintings or drawings; eighteen David Smiths; nineteen Henry Moores; eighteen Giacomettis; thirteen Rodins; twelve Manzùs; ten de Koonings; seven Cornell boxes and three of his collages—tidy little one-man shows of typical and offbeat works.

To me, however, the most enlightening, as well as the most stimulating, aspect of the collection is its store of transitional and tentative creations by artists who have been much shown and of whom stereotypes have by now been formed in the public consciousness. The large Rothko "No. 24," of 1949, is a lively precursor of the suspended rectangular color masses on which this artist played variations (some four hundred of them, according to testimony in the current Rothko trial) during the two succeeding decades. Albers' glass assemblages of the nineteen-twenties and his oil painting "Proto-Form B" (1938) remind us that he was not always paying homage to the square. The tiny "Personage," by Gorky, a heavily painted abstraction in an inner painted frame, is a fully realized anticipation of his later style. Transitional creations such as these—Mondrian's "plus and minus" seascapes are others—are often more moving than the formats in which artists came to rest, especially if one has seen examples of those formats over and over again, owing to the strategy of art dealers, publishers, and the artists themselves of strengthening aesthetic identities through repetition. Hirshhorn's atypical choices, to which his long-term buying has contributed, broaden an under-



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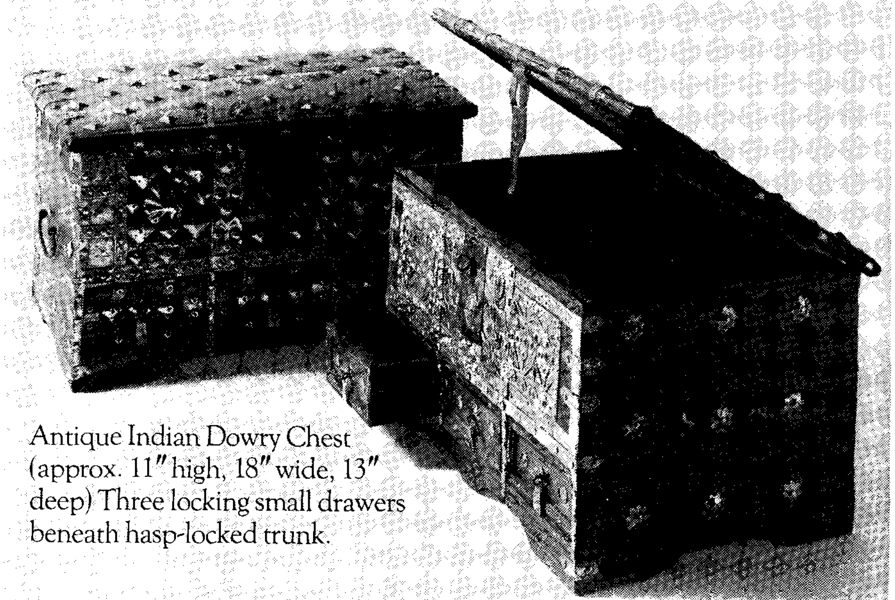

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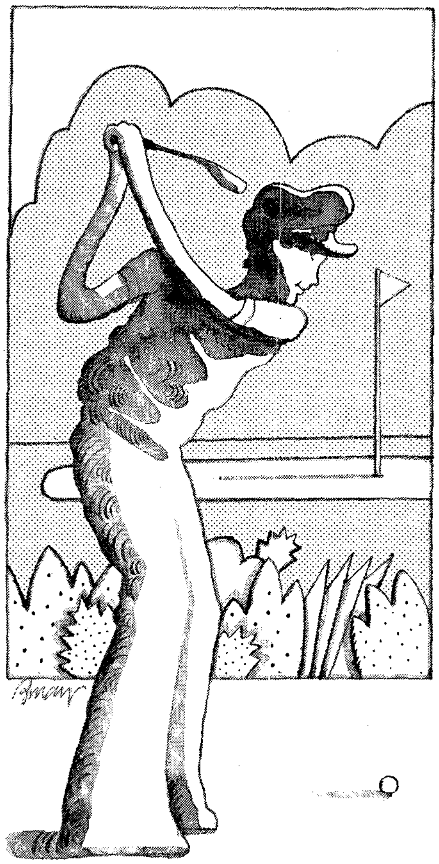

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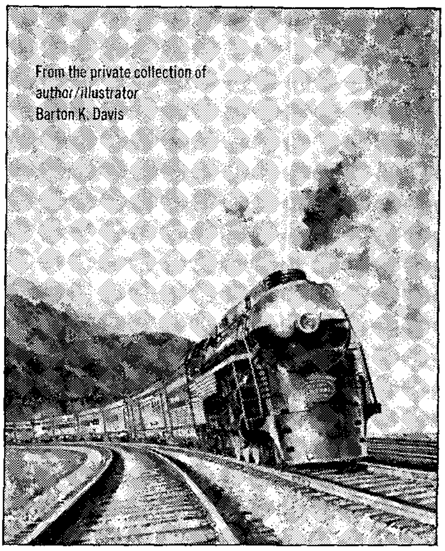
standing of the artists and of how creation in art takes place.

Despite the division of the inaugural exhibition into time periods, in the mistaken notion that to bracket works together between pairs of dates is to place them in their "historical context," what comes through is a genuine sense of the art, great and small, of our lifetime—of art history as actual creative events instead of the winnowed formal specimens that preoccupy art dealers, museum staffs, and art classrooms. True art history is also served at the museum by the inclusion of marginal artists who figured importantly in the creative life of their time but have been ignored by historians who see only the publicized summits. Four paintings by Arthur B. Carles, particularly the beautifully toned white "Nude" done in 1922, and his Abstract Expressionist "Abstraction (Last Painting)," 1936-41, confirm his right to a place in the permanent gallery of modern American artists. Similarly, Earl Kerkam's self-portraits ought to be kept on display, as well as paintings by Eilshemius, who is perennially rediscovered but remains essentially invisible. Among the "finds" at the Hirshhorn are works belonging to the "earlier-than-you-think" category. For instance, Torres-García's "Composition," of 1932, a canvas divided into rectangles, each of which contains a crude sign or emblem, looks forward to Gottlieb's pictographic paintings of fifteen years later, and one of Torres-García's two 1931 wood constructions named "Untitled" might be mistaken for a Nevelson of the nineteen-fifties. The collection has room, too, for odd triumphs (the portrait in plaster of Hirshhorn by Pablo Serrano), for works in styles now abandoned by the artist (James Rosati's marble figure), for creations in exceptional moods (Edwin Dickinson's erotically opulent "Nude"), and for artists regarded abroad as vital in the art of our era but rarely seen in the United States (Medardo Rosso, admired by the Futurists).

DESPITE its great collections of modern art, the United States has no museum of twentieth-century American painting and sculpture comparable, say, to the museum of modern Italian art in Rome. Gaps granted, the Hirshhorn Collection comes close to supplying this lack; it does so all the more successfully because of the unexpectedness and unorthodoxy of many of its inclusions. To me, at any rate, its "substandard" and "nonrepresentative" items are among its most precious



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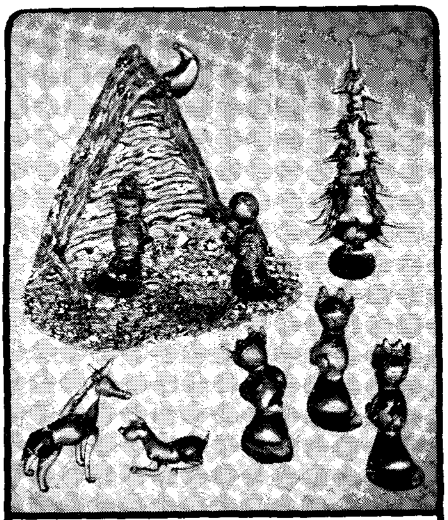

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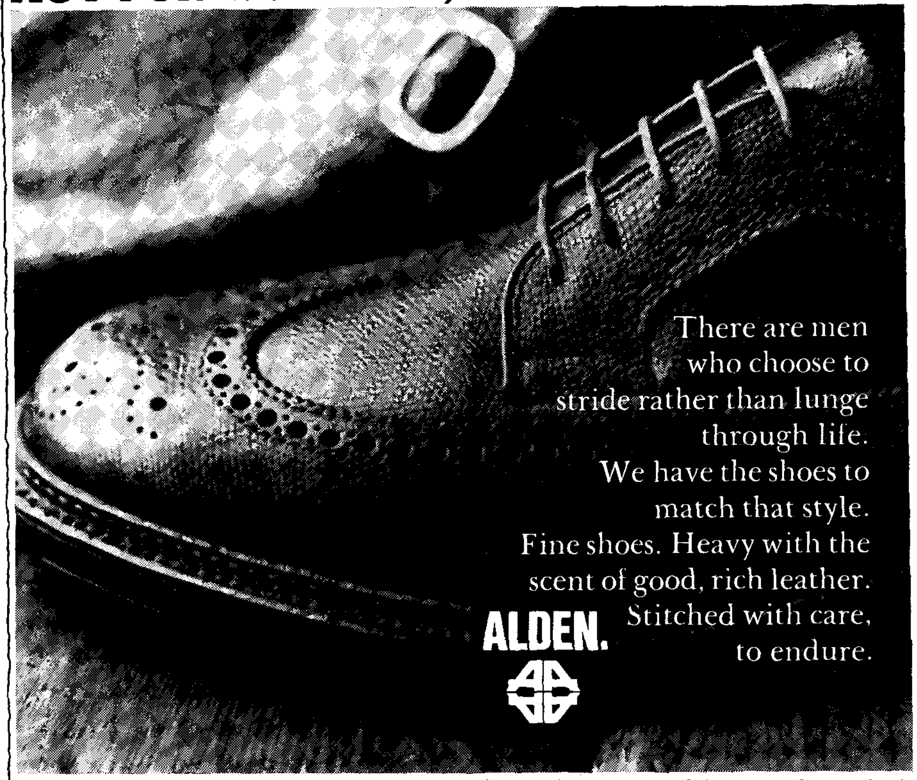
assets. Museums of modern art in this country have been far too devoted to instructing the public and not enough to showing pictures that spectators might like to see; perhaps this pedagogical impulse arose from the need of the museums to justify themselves as cultural education to a public reluctant to accept their contents as art. The low point was reached in the late nineteen-sixties, with exhibition after exhibition totally devoid of visual appeal and dependent for its interest on the context of formalistic discussion. Hirshhorn's massive collection of works chosen for their attractiveness is a dramatic counterstatement to this trend.

The future character of the Hirshhorn Museum depends on its ability to retain the advantages of the donor's nonprofessionalism. The overpowering impact of the Grand Opening produced a momentary suspension of complaints about the contents of the museum, but even among its strongest supporters there was evidence of the embarrassment that can arise from art-historical habits: Lerner hastened to confess, in his introduction to the catalogue, that "the Hirshhorn Museum, like most other museums, has lacunae," and he anticipated that these "will be reduced in time." As could be expected, spectators soon voiced indignation at the presence of this or that artist and the absence of someone else. In the art world today, everyone is, or feels himself to be, the representative of beleaguered critical values, and under obligation to affirm his views. The time span of Hirshhorn's collection, begun in the nineteen-thirties, encompasses the prejudices, all the more cherished for being acquired with difficulty, of half a dozen aesthetically indoctrinated generations. If modern art is ideological, it is less intolerantly so than modern opinions about art. Were all still surviving views brought to bear on the Hirshhorn Collection, it would be sliced down to zero, leaving only debris to be cleared away by the Conceptualists.

The filling of "lacunae" by Hirshhorn and other donors that Lerner has promised is a happy prospect. But additions, with their requirements of space, almost inevitably necessitate purgings. If refining the Hirshhorn Collection is to entail the "de-accessioning" of the benefactor's "mistakes," I should prefer to see the inventory remain as it stands whenever Hirshhorn himself ceases to add to it. Since everything must in any case reach a limit, the limit of the Hirshhorn Museum may as well be the life, taste, and times of Joseph Hirshhorn. —HAROLD ROSENBERG



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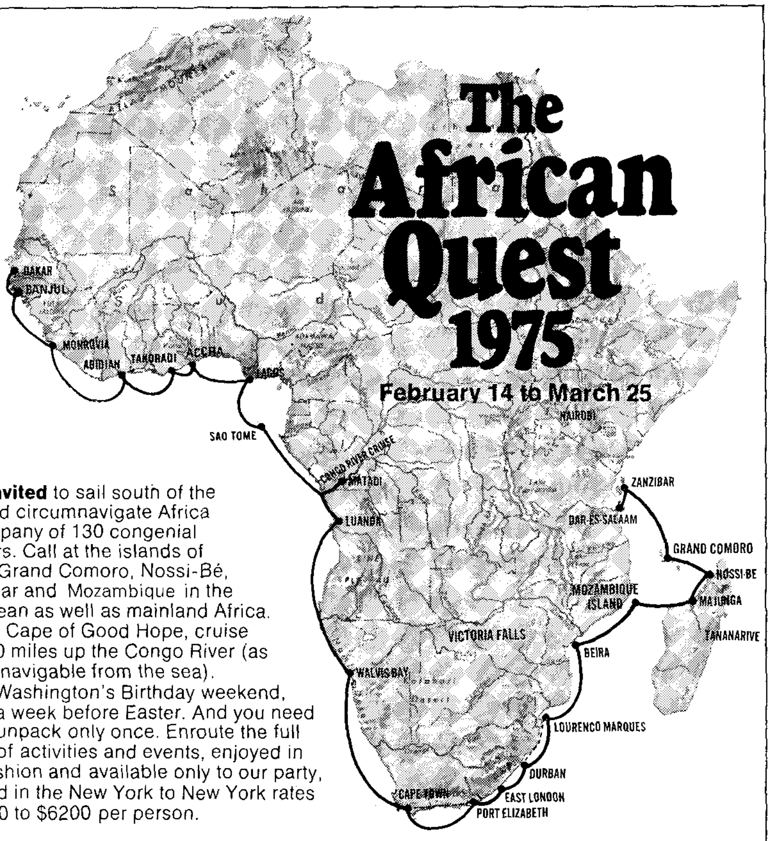

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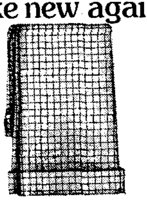

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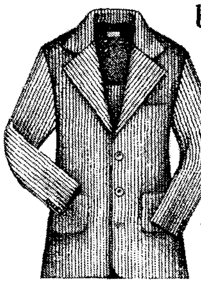

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THE PATIENT

TO Alexander's surprise, Dr. Kahmstetter did not pay much attention to the problem of his nose. He was more interested, it seemed, in the kind of people Alexander knew.

Alexander began by describing the Ones. These were the gapers, he said. He found them staring at his nose on buses and trains, their faces unembarrassed and greedy for signs of aberration. They did not bother him particularly. Did not bother him at all, in fact. If they were his only problem, he would not have come to a doctor. Even the Twos were not exactly what he would call a problem—more disturbing than the Ones, to be sure, since their covert, embarrassed observation carried with it a certain sensitivity. But it was nothing that he could not deal with. Had dealt with quite successfully for years. No, it was neither the Ones nor the Twos. It was the Threes who had finally made his position unendurable.

"The Threes?" said Dr. Kahmstetter.

"The Threes," Alexander explained, "realize that my nose is growing larger, but they never even look at it. They look at *me*."

"Well?" said the Doctor.

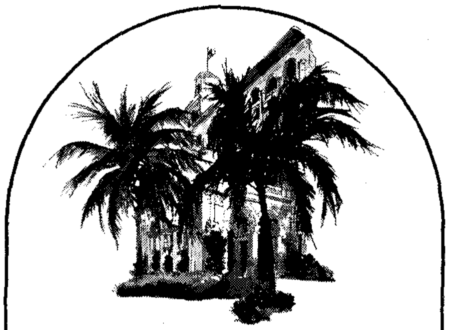
"Well," Alexander told him in an anguished voice, "I am so amazed at their kindness that when I am with them I tremble and behave in such a peculiar way that they cannot possibly enjoy my company. You see," he continued, suddenly avoiding the Doctor's eyes, "I know now that I must solve the problem of my nose or I shall never win the love of the Threes."

"And in the meantime who are your friends?" Dr. Kahmstetter asked him.

"People I detest." Alexander sighed. "The Fours. They pretend to have all the qualities of the Threes and actually have none."

"Ah," said the Doctor.

DURING his first weeks of treatment, at the suggestion of Dr. Kahmstetter, Alexander stopped measuring his nose and scrutinizing it each morning in a magnifying mirror, and tried instead to take only cursory glances at himself in large, full-length mirrors. It was during this period that he discovered the existence of other patients, most of whom seemed to be Twos and Fours. Some of these, he learned, came to doctors because, like himself, they believed their noses were growing larger. Others came because of a fear that their noses were growing



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smaller. And still others, with undeniably enormous or infinitesimal noses, were taking treatments to persuade themselves that their condition did not matter.

"You see," Dr. Kahmstetter remarked one day, "it isn't so much the nose but why the nose should be this important to anyone. Many people, after all, have far worse problems than an imagined—or even a *really*—large nose, but this does not prevent them from living."

"I am aware of that," Alexander said, making a secret, burning note that the Doctor apparently considered his problem *imaginary*. "Quite aware of it," he added sharply, for he had begun to suspect Dr. Kahmstetter of seriously underestimating his intelligence.

"I mention it," the Doctor said, "only because you yourself have talked of almost nothing else."

"The fact that I have *talked* about my nose," said Alexander, "doesn't necessarily mean it's my most serious problem."

"But isn't that exactly what I was just saying?"

Alexander searched without success for a glimmer of malice or triumph in this remark.

"Isn't that what we have to examine?" Dr. Kahmstetter added.

Alexander declined to answer.

THE more he declined to answer Dr. Kahmstetter, the more time Alexander seemed to spend discussing his problems with other patients. They, he was gratified to learn, were not too disturbed about their condition. Most of them, in fact, considered themselves in a better position than people who were not patients. This was a point of view he took pleasure in expounding to certain Fours, who smiled uneasily as he did so or sometimes stared pointedly and tastelessly at his nose.

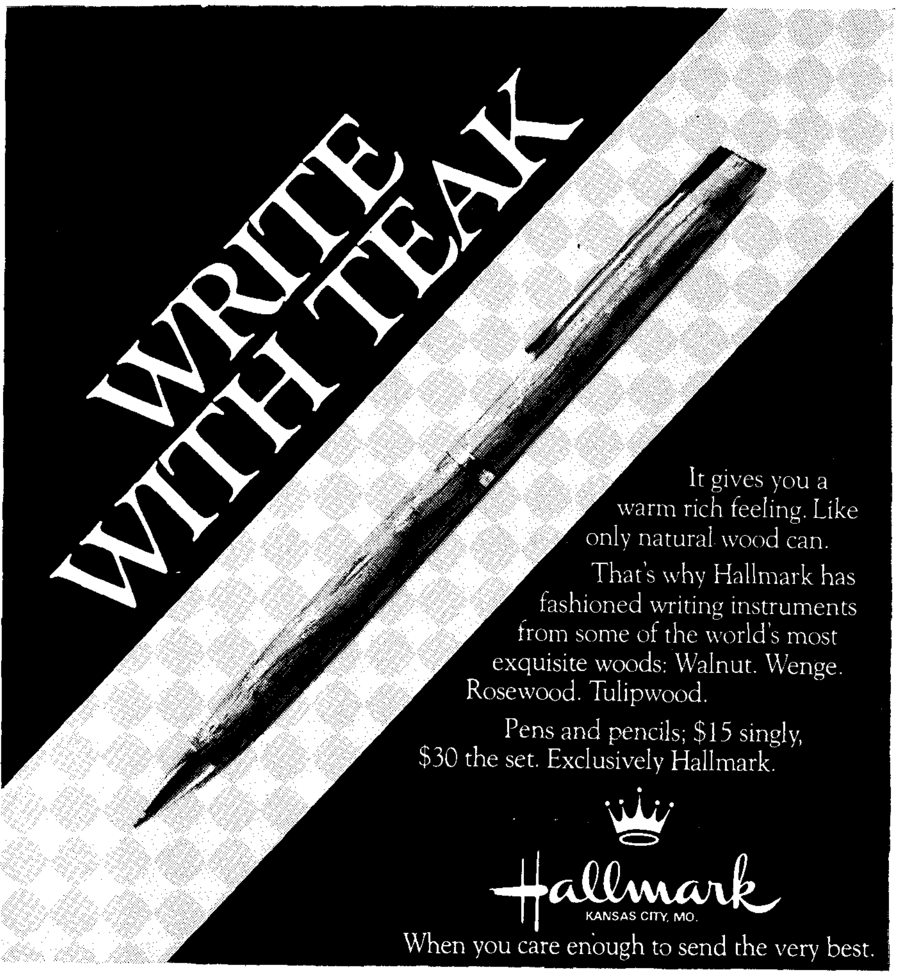
"Let us assume, for example," he said one afternoon to a young Four with a rather small nose, "that somebody imagines his nose is growing larger." He paused and looked carefully over the Four's head. "Or perhaps someone imagines that his nose is growing smaller." The Four winced slightly. "There *are* people, you know, who believe that their noses are disappearing."

"Really?" she exclaimed with a bright, fixed smile.

"Yes," Alexander said. "I have known people to be so obsessed with ideas of this kind that they have gone to doctors for years and years."

"How astonishing," the Four said.

"Well, actually," Alexander told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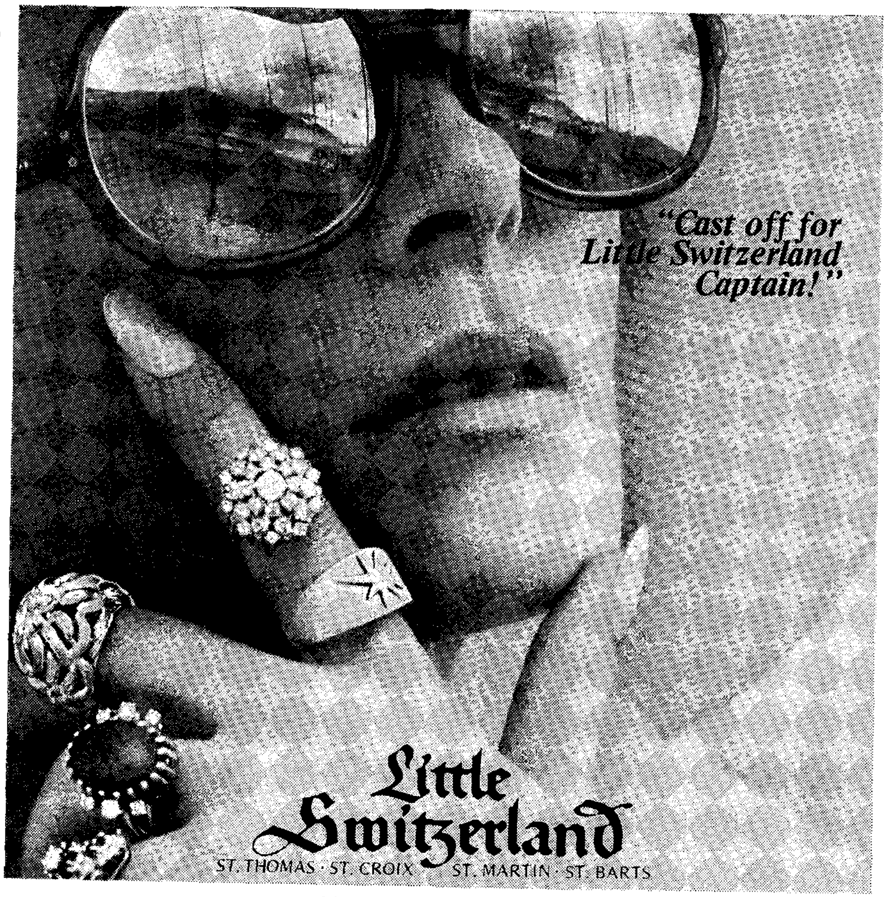
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her, "it's not astonishing at all. The astonishing thing is that anyone could get that upset about a nose." He raised his head, and his eyes took on the unfocussed look of a public speaker. "After all, lots of us may imagine we have something wrong with our nose—may really *have* something wrong, for that matter—but it doesn't prevent us from living."

There was a flicker of recognition behind the Four's bright smile.

"The important thing," Alexander continued, "is to try to find out why people get so upset about their nose."

"How long have you been taking treatments?" the Four asked suddenly, with such unstudied interest that Alexander's head swung toward her like a falling weight. "I ask," she said, "because you've changed so much in the past few months. You seem less guarded. I have the feeling," she added shyly, "that you don't secretly dislike everyone quite so much anymore."

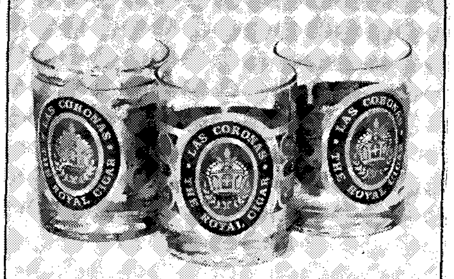
Was it possible, Alexander asked himself when he was alone again, that the Fours had always been aware of his secret contempt for them? This could hardly be the case, he reasoned, for it was their *un*awareness, after all, that he hated. But suppose that their unawareness had never existed; what was it, then, that he had been hating?

"COULD it be something in yourself that you have been hating?" Dr. Kahmstetter suggested. The Doctor's observations sometimes struck Alexander as unbearably stereotyped.

Out on the street, he held an imaginary conversation with the Doctor. "If the object of my hatred is myself and not the Fours," he said with elaborate dignity, "does this mean that the Fours are lovable or not lovable?" The fantasy Dr. Kahmstetter seemed to wilt under his scrutiny. "If they are *not* lovable," Alexander continued, "then there is a reason for my not *loving* them. On the other hand, if they *are* lovable, why haven't I loved *them* as I have always loved the Threes?" A faintly perceptible smile played around his mouth as he walked away from the inarticulate Doctor.

That evening, at a supper party, as he tried to catch a glimpse of himself in a full-length mirror, Alexander discovered that he was wearing the same fixed, hypocritical smile he detested in the Fours. He turned to the Four with the small nose, who was standing a short distance away and was watching him with interest.

"The trouble with most people," he said rather loudly, "is that they con-



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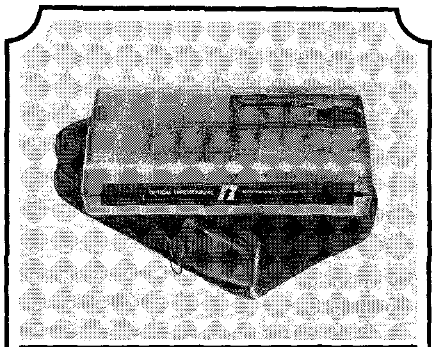

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demn in others what they are really guilty of themselves." The Four's puzzled expression made him feel a little ridiculous, and he gave her a piercing glance. "You, for example, have a habit of diagnosing people. You told me the other day that I secretly disliked everyone."

"I said you *seemed* to dislike people before your treatments," the Four protested mildly.

"Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps it is really *you* who secretly dislike everyone?" Alexander said with a twinge of pain, for he was beginning to get a headache.

The Four laid her hand on his shoulder with such delicate compassion that he knew she must have copied the gesture from a Three. "I've never seen you so upset before," she said.

"I SHOULD say it was very interesting—very interesting indeed," Alexander told Dr. Kahmstetter next day, "that a friend who has known me for several years took pains to tell me last night that she had never seen me in worse condition."

"It is interesting," said the Doctor, "but not quite so interesting as the elation that such a depressing statement apparently causes you."

"But I *am* depressed," Alexander said. He was very depressed, he assured the Doctor—by this and several other things. People no longer admired him as they once had. He was losing the wit and authority that had made the Fours seek him out. His nose was just as large as it had ever been. He still had not found a Three to love him, and he had paid nine hundred and ninety-five dollars for treatments since the beginning of the year.

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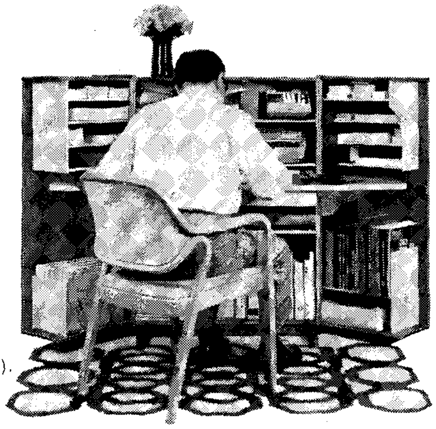

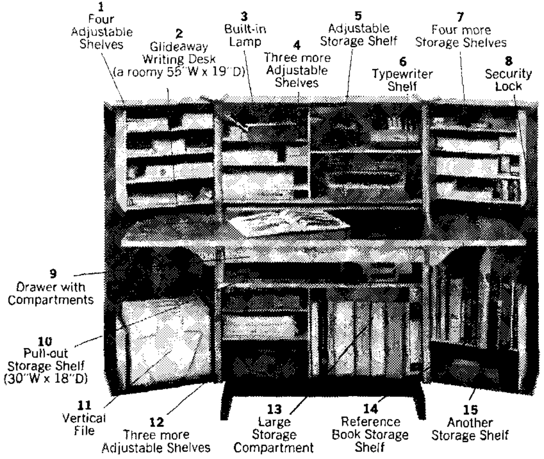
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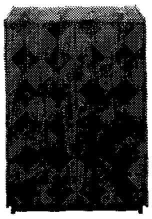

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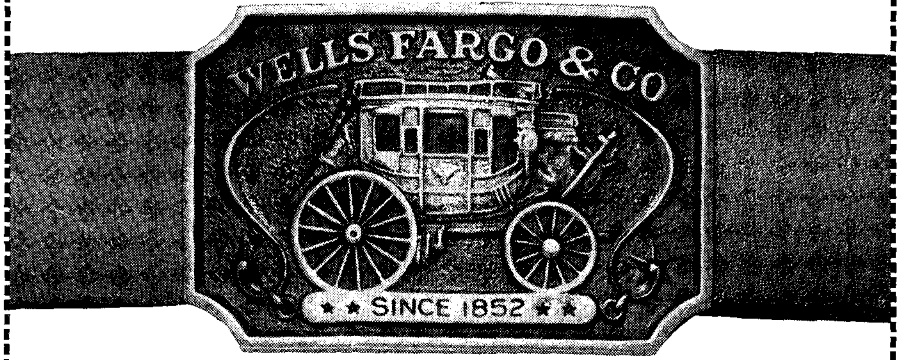
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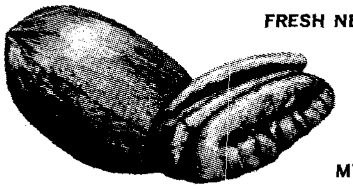

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wiser, Dr. Kahmstetter suggested, to try to understand why it troubled him so to be unpopular with people he professed to despise? Or better still, to concentrate on the *nature* of his hatred for the Fours. Had he any special feeling about this hatred? Had he ever been close enough to it to see what it was like?

He had never actually seen his hatred, Alexander said, but he had felt it often enough. It was a small, sharp stone in his chest. Dr. Kahmstetter seemed especially pleased with this reply.

For the next few weeks, without telling Dr. Kahmstetter, Alexander spent his time trying to examine the stone of his hatred. It was extremely difficult to touch the stone, he found. Occasionally even the thought of touching it caused his chest to contract in a way that made the effort impossible. The best time to approach the task was when he cared least about succeeding. After a particularly concentrated effort had failed and he was on the point of giving up the whole business in disgust, his chest sometimes relaxed and the stone was miraculously available to him. At last, although each movement filled his body with a thousand shocks, he managed to loosen the stone sufficiently to put one finger behind a corner of it. What he felt there when he did so made him scream with fright.

THE stone, he announced, trembling and defiant, when he reached Dr. Kahmstetter's office, was attached to the right side of his heart.

"But how can you possibly say such a thing?" the Doctor asked, with the slightest trace of impatience. Alexander's contention that he *felt* it there did not impress Dr. Kahmstetter. That was just a way of refusing to examine the stone, he said.

"But suppose that the stone *is* attached to my heart and that dislodging it will cost me my life," Alexander insisted.

"In that case," said the Doctor matter-of-factly, "I can be of no help to you."

Alexander had such a glaring pain in his head when he left Dr. Kahmstetter's office that day that he could not remember a word they had said to each other. When he reached home, he went immediately to the telephone and called the Four with the small nose to apologize for his conduct at the supper party.

It was perfectly all right, she told him. She knew how irritable a headache made one feel and, actually, after thinking it over, she had decided there

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was some truth in what he had said about her secretly disliking everybody.

It occurred to Alexander as he hung up the phone that he might be falling in love with the young Four.

"IT'S the first time, of course, that I've ever felt this way about anyone who wasn't a Three," he told Dr. Kahmstetter at his next session, pretending not to notice the Doctor's veiled, approving glance.

"Perhaps you are discovering that people cannot be divided into categories, after all," the Doctor said with the suggestion of a smile.

ALEXANDER kept remembering Dr. Kahmstetter's smile and his veiled, approving glance. Once or twice, he even found himself smiling in this same way at the Fours. When he did so, the Fours' fixed, bright faces became more fixed than ever, but their eyes shot him looks of loneliness and longing that amazed him. On a bus one afternoon, he smiled at a Two who was secretly studying the reflection of his nose in the window. The look that crossed the Two's face was almost identical with what he had seen in the eyes of the Fours.

Was it possible that the glances he had found so threatening were not really threatening at all? Could all these different faces conceal the same expression? How strange that this had never occurred to him before. The Fours, he remembered suddenly, had never said that they *dis*liked his nose. Even the Twos had never looked at his nose with actual malice. Even the Ones, in their numb, fettered way, perhaps yearned to look beyond his nose. And as final, incontestable proof, there was the young Four herself, whose eyes and voice and smile and hands were as sensitive and comprehending as any Three's.

"Perhaps," Alexander said to himself, "you are discovering that people are not divided into categories, after all."

IT was five months after their marriage—a year after he had stopped seeing Dr. Kahmstetter—that the young Four made her startling revelation to Alexander. She was extremely casual about it. That was one of the hardest things to forgive her for, really—her total failure to understand his feelings in the matter.

"The trouble with most people," he was saying when it happened, "is that they live by categories."

The young Four seemed rather ab-

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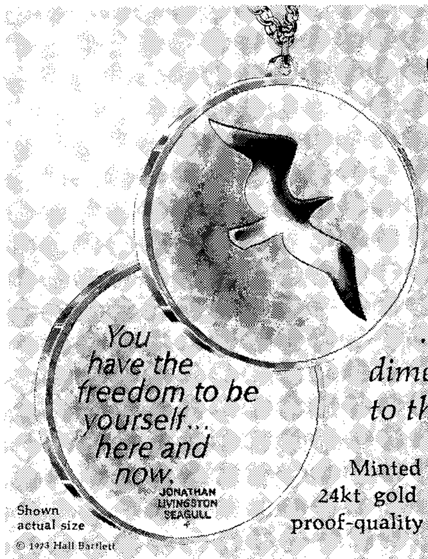
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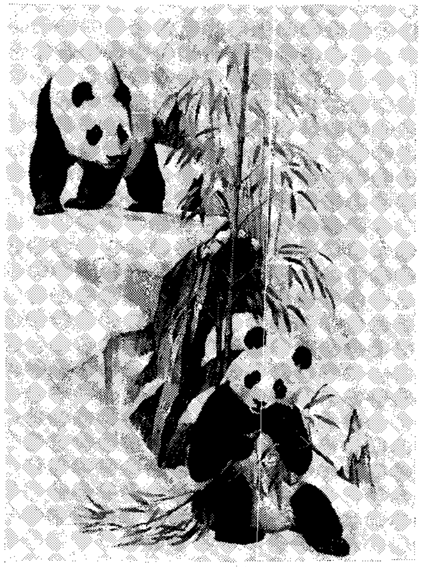

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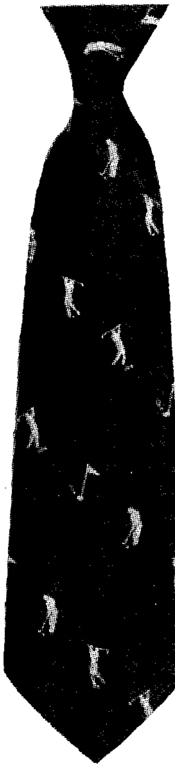

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stracted, and Alexander went further than he had intended, to capture her attention.

"I myself believed in them once, you know. There was even a time when I would not have married you unless you had been a Three."

"But my darling," his wife said then, smiling in affectionate protest, her voice gentle and amused, "I *am* a Three."

Knowing how little importance he attached to categories, she could not believe that she had shocked him. Nor could she believe that this aspect of her identity, or the circumstances which explained it, could really fascinate him. One of the things she had always loved most about him, in fact, was his indifference to such matters.

Alexander went immediately to call on Dr. Kahmstetter.

"My wife is a Three. Has been all the time," he said, fighting to control his voice, as he entered the Doctor's office.

"Yes?" said Dr. Kahmstetter.

"But I don't know what to do."

"Do? Why should you do anything?" the Doctor asked.

Alexander's chest contracted in such a strange way at that moment that he could not utter a word.

"This is exactly what you have always wanted," Dr. Kahmstetter continued in his kind, cheerful voice. "If I can help you," he added as Alexander walked mutely to the door, "please don't hesitate to call on me."

FOR several weeks it seemed as if Alexander might never recover the power of speech. And, indeed, this could very well have been the case had he not taken out his measuring tape and magnifying mirror one day and discovered beyond any shadow of doubt that his nose was a sixteenth of an inch longer.

"The trouble with most people," he said then, with a buoyancy that quite amazed his wife, "is that they don't trust the evidence of their own senses."

—Barbara Lawrence

•

4 P.M.

2 Moby Dick (1956). Ray Bradbury wrote the screenplay for John Huston's adaptation of Herman Melville's classic novel about a peg-legged skipper's hunt for a mighty white whale. Richard Basehart is Ishmael, the stranger who comes aboard to find himself caught up in the personal war between the maddened Captain Queeg and the fast-moving whale.—*San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle.*

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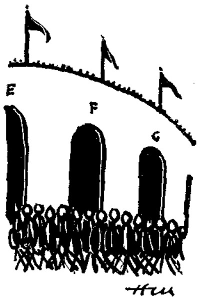
Talk Show



THE searcher for signs and omens may ponder the fact that the sports section of the Sunday *Times* is now smaller in content than the help-wanted, jobs-wanted portion. Whatever the grave portent, the situation makes for sadness: while no one could reasonably expect that there is any interest—beyond members of the immediate family—in the doings of, say, Lares & Penates Tech, it is a pity that those who study the *Times* scoreboard were not afforded, on the Sunday just past, even a minute explanation of how Indiana University of Pennsylvania managed to hold Lock Haven to a 2–2 tie, or of how the points were scored during the match in which York and Southampton achieved a 1–1 draw. And the historians who have espoused the Big Bang theory of how the world of professional football evolved may ponder the fact that the World Football League is already in the process of deaccession. The implosion of the World League has had a disintegrative hand in the affairs of big-league squads, too: more than one stable traded away a good man or two because he planned to interest himself in World affairs. The Yale Giants got into the act by dismissing their one real quarterback, Johnson, because he expressed such an interest, and, moreover, had concerned himself with the maladjusted strike of the professional players. Today, the only noticeable activity in Yale Bowl is provided by the original settler—Yale itself, who, unravelling a determined Cornell by 27–3 on Saturday, indicates that it intends to become champion of the Ivy League this season.

Those who live in the realms of both undergraduate and careerist football (and live nowhere else) spend their Saturday nights in conference. Renaissance was the topic at one conclave the night of October 26th. Here was Holy Cross, which had almost decided, half a dozen years back, to abandon extramural football, fielding two remarkable defensive men in its effort to overthrow Army, itself attempting to stage a revival. One was Provost, a back who had so far in his term of duty stolen twenty-two passes from the opposition; one was Kobza, a middle guard who, even though Army was double-teaming him, appeared to be making most of his squad's tackles. More power to Holy Cross, said the conclave. Needed, probably, inasmuch as Army squeaked through, 13–10, in just about the final second. The conclave touched on Army, playing over its depth year after year. There were seventeen freshmen on Saturday's Army varsity roster, and some of them work Fridays in the freshman or junior-varsity matches and the next day against the big opponents. Army's starting offensive backfield against Holy Cross involved two sophomores and one freshman. Provost, someone said, hadn't caught any Army passes, but then only six were thrown, none of them of any great magnitude; Army was running the ball, its set of quarterbacks being nearly nonexistent. At that, Army's longest gain had come on a broken play. The topic became Pennsylvania, which has undergone an enormous reversal (upward) of form since Gamble moved in, a few years back, as coach. This year, it had kept Cornell at flood tide (that is, before Fanelli was damaged) to a tie; on Saturday, it had overcome a Princeton (likewise ornamented with a new coach, Casciola) that is also exhibiting an upward reversal of form. Princeton had embarked upon an afternoon of disobedience—civil disobedience, to be sure; this fracturing of the rules had been harmful, but no more harmful than Gamble's chief operator, a long, lanky quarterback, Vaughn, whose dissembling moves (of which there is a vast repertory) can keep the opposition in doubt until it is much too late. Princeton was set, several attendants at the conclave pointed out, to entangle Bellizeare, Pennsylvania's dizzying change-of-pace fullback, and he never got away for a real cross-country hike, but lack of experience in handling someone like Vaughn was not replaced by knowledge until he had thrown two touchdown passes. Pennsylvania was set to handle Snickenberger, Princeton's pet up-the-middle specialist: Pennsylvania 20, Princeton 18. One commentator thought Pennsylvania was much stronger than that. "Hell's fire," said someone else, "didn't Chamberlin drop Beible's touchdown pass for Princeton in the fourth quarter?" "Well, yes," said a third conferee, "but they are both damn good teams in their league." "That was a great game," said a fourth. "And now—damnation—I have to watch the Giants tomorrow."

—J. W. L.

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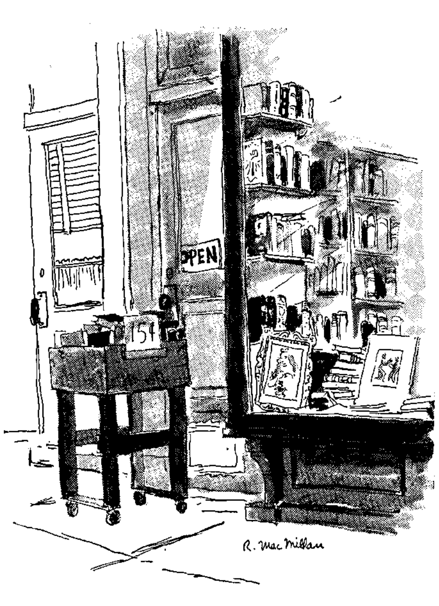
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 26

THE most respected polls and most of the accredited prophets advise us that a Democratic sweep is in the making, and President Ford is sufficiently impressed and alarmed to put his prestige on the line and plead with the electorate to protect him and themselves from a "veto-proof Congress," an abstraction that has never materialized in the past, and from "legislative dictatorship," a development difficult for most people to imagine but one that was once deeply feared by no less an eminence than Walter Lippmann. The President is also concerned that "peace could be in jeopardy" if there should be something approaching a Democratic takeover in Congress—a worry caused, apparently, by the reluctance of the present Congress to provide what Ford has asked in military aid to Turkey, Chile, and South Vietnam. Not quite everyone is as sure of a Democratic landslide as are the handicappers and most Republicans. For one thing, the polls have never been as accurate in predicting the outcome of state and congressional elections as they have been in national contests—the reason for this being that it is easier to study and analyze the national constituency than it is to get a reading on the political eccentricities of each of several hundred subdivisions. Also, it seems impossible now to measure the impact of such factors as the disgust and apathy thought to be reflected in the unusually low turnout in the primaries this year. These are generally—and, it may be, quite correctly—believed to be a consequence of Watergate, but that cannot be taken to mean that they will be damaging only to Republican prospects. It is known that a good many citizens have reacted to Watergate and related developments by expressions of contempt not only for the Nixon and Ford Administrations but for politicians in general and for the political process as a whole. Before the Republicans' Watergate, there was the Democrats' war in Vietnam, which resulted in hardly less disillusionment and disaffection than the knavery and criminality of Lincoln's heirs in and around the White House.

Of course, Watergate is fresher in memory than Vietnam, and, besides, Nixon's position on the war was thought by many to have been no improvement over Lyndon Johnson's. Moreover, although the Johnson policies were one cause of inflation, it was under Nixon and Ford that the affliction began to be felt in high prices and unemployment, and although little is heard of Franklin D. Roosevelt, or even John F. Kennedy, these days, the American credo still seems to hold that when there is economic distress it is time to restore the Democrats to power. Whether they or anyone else could cope with the present crisis is questionable, for economists of all persuasions (with the exception of Alan Greenspan, an Ayn Rand disciple, who heads the President's Council of Economic Advisers) admit to being baffled by today's problems, the answers to which are not to be found in textbooks or in historical precedents.

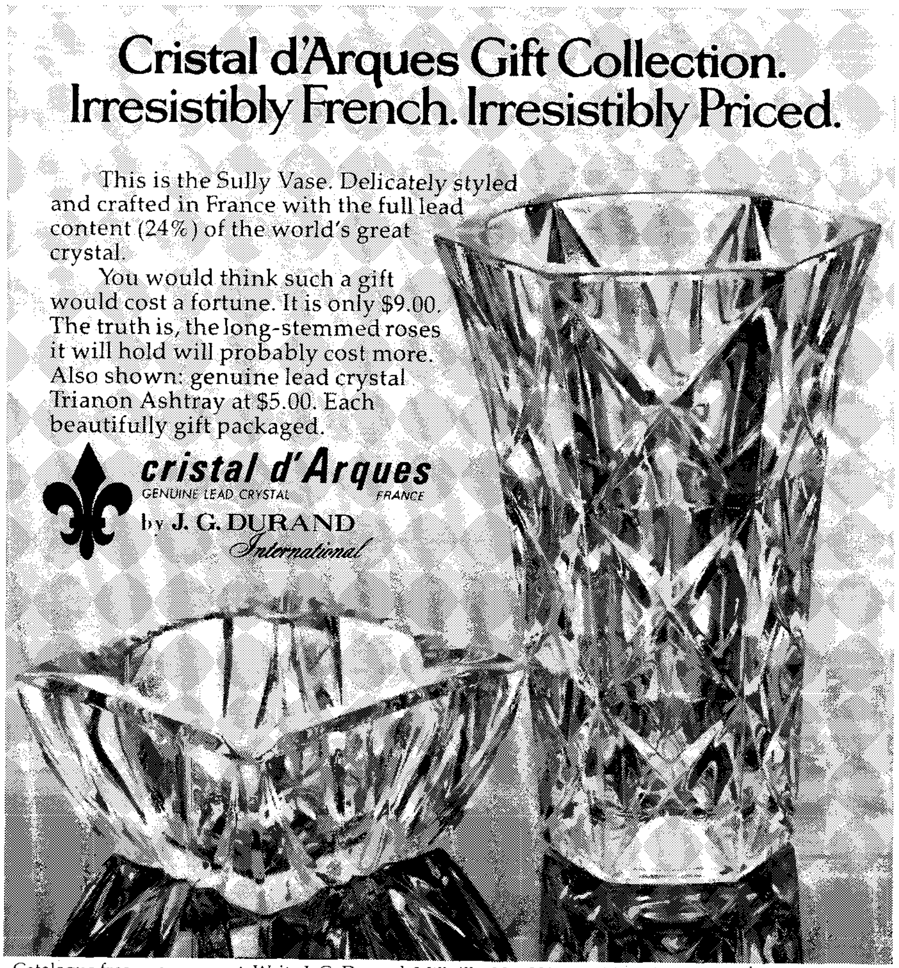
Still, it seems more reasonable than not to anticipate Democratic gains in the Congress and in state governments, and although there may be no such animal as a "veto-proof Congress"—Eisenhower made his vetoes stick when such stalwarts as Speaker Sam Rayburn and Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson were in charge of the Democratic legions—even slight gains next month might force the President to bend to next year's prevailing winds. It should prove relatively easy for him to do so, for, unlike Nixon, who claimed an impressive mandate after 1972, Ford has no mandate at all and—in theory, at least—could shuck his "conservatism" with relative ease if that seemed the thing to do. Whatever happens, he will never again need Grand Rapids, and anyway Michigan's Fifth Congressional District went Democratic after his old seat fell vacant when he assumed the Vice-Presidency. In that office and in the Presidency, he has stuck by his conservative views, but never with Nixon's self-righteousness and stubbornness, and he could always point to the extraordinary nature of his and the nation's plight as a reason for making what for him would be new departures. He could, to be sure, choose to put what he regards as conscience ahead of expediency, but if he persisted in the face of repeated shows of Democratic strength it would be a signal that he had abandoned any hope of winning in his own right in 1976.



In recent months, it has frequently been argued that this year will mark the beginning of a kind of "new politics" in this country, and that in the period ahead neither party nor policy will count as heavily with voters—particularly the younger ones—as the candor and integrity of office-seekers. There appears to be something to this. It must be true, for the not so young as well as for the young, that both Ford's Republican and Democratic predecessors alienated citizens as much by their shameless dissembling as by their shortsightedness and misguidedness on matters of policy. Several of this year's candidates—of whom the most notable is probably Ramsey Clark, who seeks a Senate seat in New York—are making as great an effort to display their honesty and independence as they are to demonstrate the efficacy of their policies, and Clark went a long way toward proving the effectiveness of such a posture when he defeated the Democratic organization's man in the primary. The difficulty with a candidate like Clark is that in a deliberative and lawmaking body like the Senate he is likely to be isolated if he stands by the positions he has taken in the campaign, so he will probably have to abandon the ideals he has been stressing and descend to compromise—an ugly word in his glossary, and an uglier practice. Ugly it may be, but there seems no way of running a society, particularly a democratic one, without it. Clark wants wage and price controls, and in this he may be on the side of the angels, but few senators agree with him at present, and both the unions, which he generally favors, and corporate management, which he seldom favors, are at one in their opposition to controls. He wants to cut defense spending by twenty-five billion, and in the next Congress there may be some support for his position, but scarcely enough, one imagines, to make a majority, and almost certainly not enough to override a Presidential veto. Even if the strength could be mustered to cut military appropriations by more than twenty-five per cent, the Congress would be hard put to it to devise ways to deal with the unemployment that would surely result. Yet, as Clark sees it, there is no room for compromise, no room for accommodation, on these issues, so that if he were elected his efforts would have to go into elevated talk—a continuation of his elevated campaign—or else principle would have to yield to the kind of compromise he deplores.

Although Clark has narrowed the lead of his Republican opponent, Jacob Javits, by enough to spur Javits to uncharacteristic rage and invective, the polls, as of ten days before the election, show Javits still safely ahead. If Clark loses, he will not have to face the hard decisions of a senator, and he will be able to claim a moral victory for his practice of accepting no contribution over one hundred dollars and for the conduct of a campaign unprecedented for its candor and its advocacy of positions generally held to be unsafe for American major-party politicians. There is an honorable precedent in the career of the late Norman Thomas, the perennial Socialist candidate for the Presidency and just about every office below it that fell open; in his long career, Thomas never won enough votes to claim a moral victory, but he was a forceful and often effective educator and lived to see much of what he advocated in the way of economic and political policy take institutional form under Democratic and Republican Administrations. If Clark survives as Thomas did, and continues to command a substantial following while out of office, he may become the kind of force that Thomas was, and perhaps an even greater and more imposing one, since he wields his influence within a major party. He is forty-six and robust, and seems headed for a new career every bit as honorable in defeat as it would be in victory.

BARRY GOLDWATER, who increasingly of late has been spoken of as "the conscience of the Senate," and at times has seemed to be deliberately playing such a role, last week let it be known that he regards the Vice-Presidential candidacy of Nelson Rockefeller as being in serious trouble. Earlier, Goldwater had supported Rockefeller, though with no great enthusiasm, since Rockefeller had opposed Goldwater's Presidential nomination in 1964 and Goldwater was offered only the most tepid kind of support in New York State. The now junior Senator from Arizona has not yet announced that he will vote against President Ford's choice but has suggested only that he may not have to cast any vote at all, because he believes the nomination will shortly be withdrawn. It was assumed that he meant by this that the President



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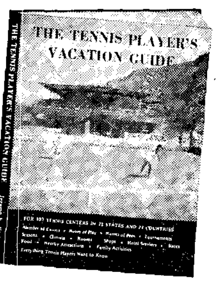

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would withdraw Rockefeller's name, but in a subsequent statement Goldwater said that this was not his meaning; his feeling, he explained, was that Rockefeller—to avoid further embarrassment to the Party, the President, and himself—would simply announce that recent developments had sharply curtailed his potential usefulness to the Ford Administration. Over the long run, his withdrawal might be a political relief to the White House, but it might also be disruptive of present plans. The President has scheduled a trip to Japan and Korea and the Soviet Union in mid-November, a time chosen because Ford had been told that by then, if not earlier, a Vice-President would have been confirmed. This seems unlikely now, because the largely lame-duck Congress will be slow to reconvene and organize itself for the numerous tasks it is expected to perform—and also, of course, because so much more has come to light about Rockefeller since Congress adjourned on October 17th.

In addition to Goldwater, two Republican senators—Scott, of Virginia, and Helms, of North Carolina—have publicly expressed their misgivings about Rockefeller, presumably because they consider his Republicanism spurious, just as Goldwater himself once did. According to the Goldwater people in 1964, Easterners like Rockefeller and Governor Scranton, of Pennsylvania, offered the country only an "echo" of the Democrats, rather than a "choice." In the intervening decade, Rockefeller has become increasingly conservative, while Goldwater has remained pretty much in place. This, though, does not seem to account for Goldwater's earlier support of the Rockefeller candidacy; that support was given, apparently, out of deference to the new President. And if Goldwater is having second thoughts now, it is not—in theory, anyway—because he has misgivings about the magnitude of the Rockefeller fortune. Goldwater is all for vast fortunes and the system that permits their creation—"a great system," Rockefeller recently said—and although he had numerous ideological differences with John and Robert Kennedy, he never once complained of their family's wealth or the uses to which they put it. What appears to disturb him now, as it disturbs a large number of Democrats, is that Rockefeller has used the money available to him to build a political organization of his own, outside the Republican Party, though parallel to it. The Kennedys did the same sort of thing,

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though less conspicuously, and, as far as is known, they never indulged in practices of the kind that might have attracted the attention of the Watergate prosecutors. The Rockefellers subsidized what is said to be a thoroughly scurrilous book—hardly anyone, including most of the Rockefellers, has read it—about Arthur Goldberg, Nelson Rockefeller's 1970 opponent for governor of New York. This sort of thing clearly falls into the "dirty tricks" category, but since the story came to light after the first stage of the confirmation hearings before the Senate Rules Committee, it remains to be seen how much damage it may have done to the Vice-President-designate's chances of winning approval. President Ford is standing by his nomination—this is all but obligatory, though many suspect that he now wishes he had never heard of Nelson Rockefeller—and this puts the ball in Rockefeller's court.

Offhand, it might seem that Rockefeller is far too ambitious a man to withdraw without being compelled to; after all, the record thus far does not show him to have violated any laws, and mere legality appears to be all that politicians require of one another these days. Yet Rockefeller clearly did not accept Ford's nomination because he wanted the tedious job offered him; he has described the Vice-Presidency as "standby equipment," and obviously consented to assume the office because it offered him the last chance he would ever have of becoming President. Had he been confirmed a month or two ago, before any of this disagreeable business of his benefactions became public knowledge, he would still be a considerable distance from fulfilling his ambition. Ford seems likely to run in 1976, and by 1980 Rockefeller's age would count heavily against him. If Ford declined in 1976 and left the nomination to Rockefeller, Rockefeller would still have to face the general electorate in a period that seems quite likely to favor the Democrats. Rockefeller may still be confirmed as Vice-President next month, but, no matter what happens to him or what Ford decides to do, there now seems little likelihood of Rockefeller's getting the Presidential nomination two years hence, to say nothing of subsequently being confirmed by the electorate. It is hard to believe that Rockefeller himself does not now see the future in this light, and if he does, it is hard to believe he will not withdraw his name from consideration.

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Dahlia Delights Again

DAHLIA has done it again. Ridden by Lester Piggott, England's favorite jockey, Nelson Bunker Hunt's amazing filly won the Canadian International Championship Stakes at Toronto's Woodbine last Sunday. Beginning slowly, as usual, she moved into a good position on the turn for home and, with one burst of speed, took command, winning in hand by a length from Elmendorf's Big Spruce, who was followed by Carney's Point, of the Canadian-owned Gardiner Farm. After them came London Company and five also-rans. Though her margin of victory was not as great as Secretariat's six and a half lengths last year, when Big Spruce was again second, her time was faster; she did the mile and five furlongs over the turf course in 2:40—a new track record. From all accounts, she was on edge at the post, but Piggott said after the race that he wasn't a bit worried then, or even when she was in close quarters on the backstretch. Now she will go to Laurel for the Washington, D.C., International a week from this Saturday, and Piggott will ride her, of course. Then she'll go back to France to rest up for next season. Incidentally, her stable had the satisfaction of seeing Dahlia pass Allez France on the money-winning list; her share of the purse at Woodbine was $91,650, which brought her earnings to $1,206,705. Her rival's tally is $1,158,383.

FOREGO, the Lazy F Ranch's big, rangy bay four-year-old, has given us some noteworthy performances, but I'll match the one in the Vosburgh Handicap, which topped Aqueduct's first weekend card of the fall meeting, against any of them. Not many horses have won at a mile and a half in the best company, as Forego did in the Woodward Stakes, and come right back three weeks later and beaten sprinters at seven furlongs by lengths while carrying the kitchen stove (actually 131 pounds) and giving big weight to everybody else in the race. It takes a good one to do that. A slow beginner by nature, Forego was far behind Infuriator, who set a blistering fast pace down the backstretch, in the early

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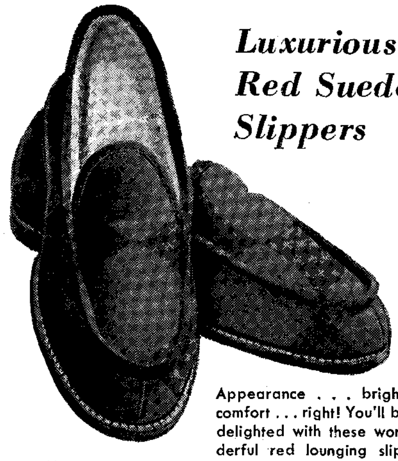

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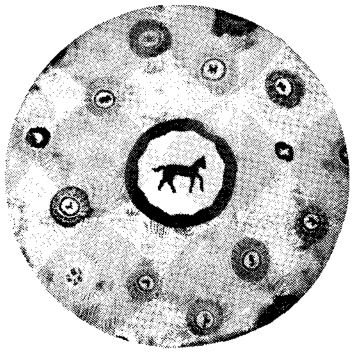

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stages. In fact, Forego was no better than sixth or seventh on the turn for home. But at that point he went into high gear, and he took the lead in a dozen strides, going on to win by three and a half lengths from Stop the Music, who beat Prince Dantan by a neck for the place. The time—1:21⅗—was fast but no record. The Vosburgh was Forego's seventh score in his twelve starts this season, with firsts in the Donn, the Gulfstream Park, the Widener, the Carter, the Brooklyn, and the Woodward, and earnings of $477,946. Sherrill Ward, who trains him, hasn't made his plans known (he seldom does), but, hazarding a guess, I'd say that his colt's next start would be in the Jockey Club Gold Cup Stakes at Aqueduct a week from next Saturday.

THE Aqueduct meeting, which will close on January 4th, opened with the Jerome Handicap, a race for three-year-olds that is a year older than the Belmont Stakes and was once run in one-mile heats at Jerome Park, a posh track in the Bronx. Fresh from his victory in the Hawthorne Derby in Chicago, Stonewalk was an easy winner of the hundred-and-fifth running of the Jerome, in the snappy time of 1:34. He has done all right for Danny Lopez, who took him out of a claiming race for $25,000 last year and trains him for the Timberland Stable, owned by his father. This season, the dark-bay colt by Knightly Manner has won half of his sixteen starts, four of them stakes, and $291,291 in purses. That's the kind of horse to claim! Right now, he, too, is a probable starter for the Jockey Club Gold Cup.

By the way, Aqueduct had a stakes race for two-year-olds over the turf course last week—the first hereabouts that anybody can remember. Since races on the grass have become a popular and important part of a meeting's program—even trainers like them—I can't imagine how come nobody thought of one for two-year-olds before. The Great American Stakes, which Kenneth Noe, Jr., the New York Racing Association's racing secretary, picked for the honor, was first run at Gravesend in 1889, and for forty years was one of the prized events at the summer meetings at the old Aqueduct. Later, it was transferred to the autumn meetings. The winner last year was Cannonade. The race on the grass last week was a lively one, in which a dark-bay colt from Brookfield Farm with the predictive name of I'm In Business beat Cuchulain by a neck,

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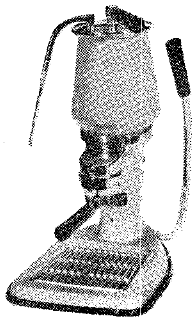

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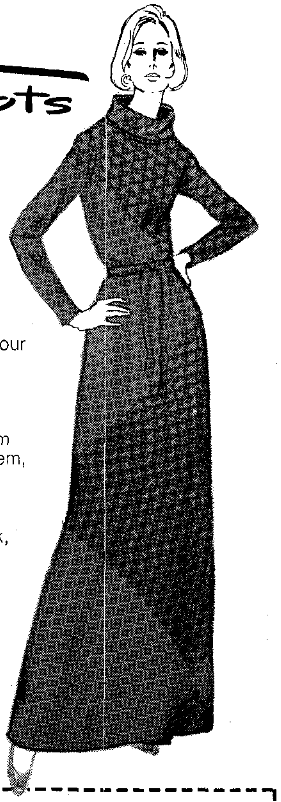

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The main event last Saturday—the Long Island Handicap, for three-year-old fillies—was also run on the grass, and it brought out a field of twenty, so it was split into two divisions. Both were smashers. In the first, Speak Action, a 25–1 shot, scooted off in front at the break, and it looked as though she couldn't be caught, but Gus Ring's D. O. Lady wore her down in the stretch and won by a couple of lengths. Gull's Cry was third. In the second, Lie Low, Victoria Queen, and Markhimoff finished necks apart on the post. Lie Low is owned by the Cragwood Stable and trained by Mack Miller, who is a good man with runners on the grass.

NOTWITHSTANDING her late start, Desert Vixen is rolling along, well on the way to another Eclipse Award—that for being the best of the older members of her sex under colors this season. Her most recent victory—and her third straight in a stakes race—was the Matchmaker Stakes, during the closing week at Atlantic City. She followed the early pace for a few furlongs, taking the lead when she chose and winning as she pleased from Coraggioso, who beat Twixt by a head, with Summer Guest fourth. In the Matchmaker, in addition to the prize money, the owners of the first four to finish get stud services to four of the leading stallions—this year to Graustark, Nijinsky II, What A Pleasure, and Maribeau. Harry Mangurian, who owns Desert Vixen, got first pick and opted for Graustark.

A FEW days later, all the horses and men at Atlantic City moved over to Monmouth, which will keep going through November 23rd. Last weekend, it entertained a crowd of close to thirty thousand—the largest of the season—to see the running of the Jersey Sweepstakes Handicap, for horses bred in the state, which would decide the state's lottery payoff. The race, at a mile and seventy yards, was won by a colt named Lord Rebeau, and the capital prize of $100,000 went to one Thomas Dedio, a foreman in a chemical plant. Everybody had fun.

—AUDAX MINOR

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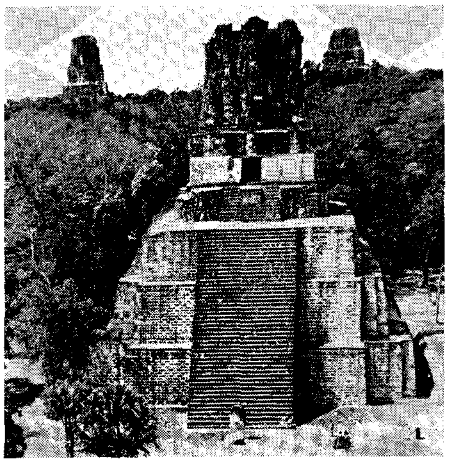
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Amarillo Globe-Times]

Baltic bathers swim rude



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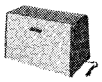

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LETTER FROM SELVOLE

THE cemetery at Selvole, a hilltop village in the Chianti region of Tuscany, is enclosed by a stone wall, which stands high in back, against a hillside, and lower in front to afford a magnificent view, through surrounding tall cypresses, of a narrow valley below and heavily wooded slopes beyond. The burial ground is very small, containing about sixty graves, which are laid out in even rows on either side of a dirt path leading from a rusty iron gate, usually left unlocked, to a tiny abandoned chapel, which now holds tools, a broken ladder, chunks of plaster, and discarded objects of one sort or another. Most of the graves have simple rectangular headstones no more than two or three inches thick, the older ones usually of gray stone, standing on low burial mounds; some of the newer ones are fancier, made of white marble, and the dead are covered by small tombs of the same gleaming rock. They all proclaim not only the names and ages of those buried but almost always something about the circumstances of their deaths and the feelings of the survivors:

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OF
ZELINDA BUCCIARELLI
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PASSED ON TO A BETTER LIFE
AT 70 YEARS OF AGE
AFTER A LONG ILLNESS
CHRISTIANLY BORNE
HER HUSBAND AND DESCENDANTS

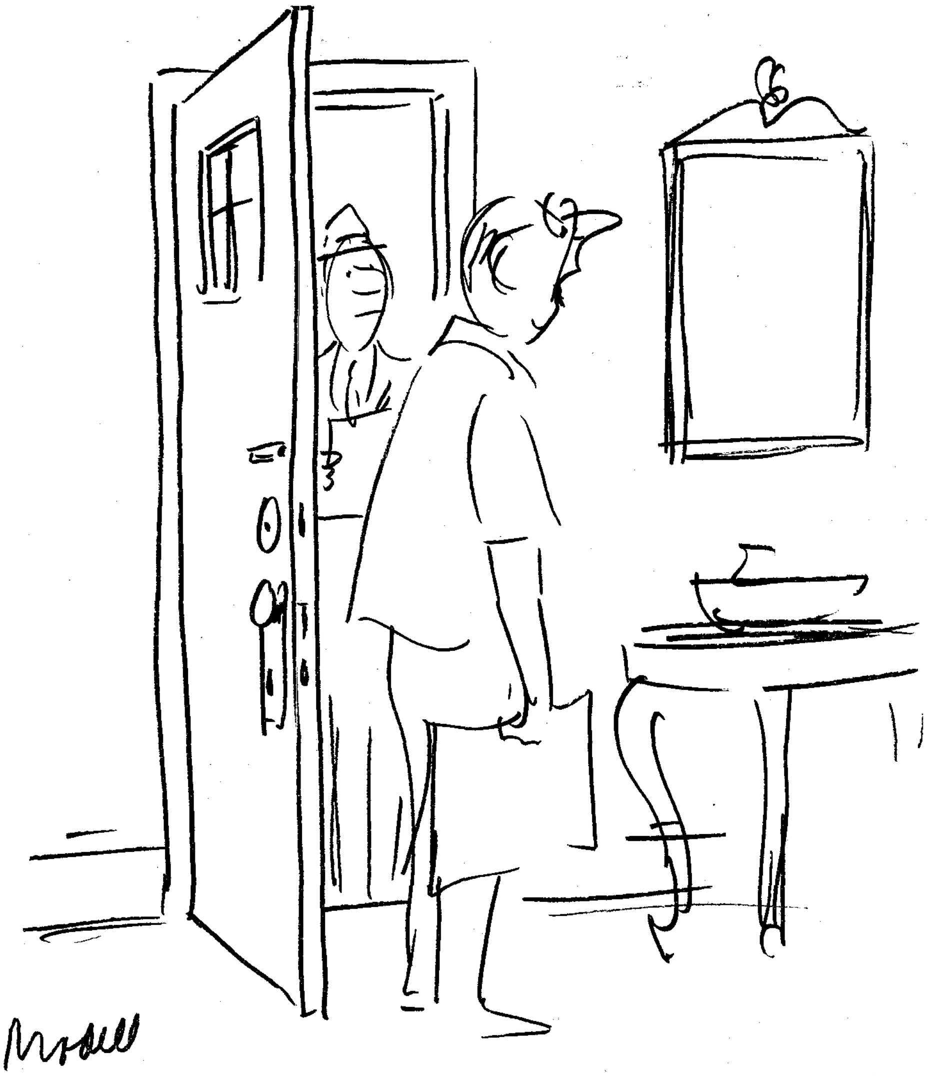
And

HERE RESTS THE BELOVED BODY
OF GAGLIARDI GIOCONDO
EXEMPLARY HUSBAND AND FATHER
WHO PASSED SERENELY AWAY
IN THE KISS OF OUR LORD
25 JUNE 1954
AT THE AGE OF 82 YEARS
HIS WIFE, HIS CHILDREN, AND HIS
RELATIVES
REMEMBER HIM FONDLY

Upon a number of the newer headstones are small, glass-enclosed framed photographs of the dead—pictures undoubtedly snapped years before at some formal ceremony or family celebration. Signora Bucciarelli, one might guess from her plump cheeks and soft features, must have loved to mother people and to eat well, while Signor Gagliardi, with his brush mustache, close-cropped white hair, deep-set eyes, and stern expression, looks as if he very much enjoyed his role as head of a large clan. The typically Tuscan names in the cemetery, such as Pagni, Gagliardi, Soldani, and Cresti, repeat themselves, but the Gagliardis outnumber all the others. In the photographs of the dead, the common denominator is a look of straightforward, uncomplicated rectitude, on features weathered and hardened by life on the soil. Selvole is in the heart of the Chianti, famous for its grapes and the dark-red wines made from them.

Most of those who lie in this graveyard died either very young or very old; hardly any adult was less than seventy or any child more than five. There were a few exceptions. Among these was Marco Gagliardi, who died at eighteen. The picture on his tombstone is that of a big-boned, innocent-looking boy with a shock of untamed curly hair. His death was apparently both unnecessary and unjust, and most of the older people in Selvole remember it well.

During the summer of 1944, when the German forces in these hills were fighting a delaying action against the Allied advance up the boot, young Marco was asked one afternoon to carry some baskets of food to one of the partisan bands operating in the area. Although much has subsequently been made of the Italian partisan resistance, the activities of these guerrilla groups were too often disorganized and irresponsible, and accomplished nothing but the deaths of a good many innocent people. On the day Marco Gagliardi set out from Selvole with his baskets, two German couriers riding a motorcycle and sidecar had been shot, and presumably left for dead, at a crossroads a couple of miles out of town. The partisans had not examined their victims, however, and one of them survived to report back to German headquarters at Vistarenni, a large nearby estate. Troops were immediately sent into the area, where they burned and destroyed local farms. Even today, a few blackened, hollowed, roofless buildings are scattered through the countryside to testify to this act of reprisal. On their way back to Vistarenni, the soldiers found Marco Gagliardi sitting by the



"It's nothing, dear. A man just wants my opinion."

edge of the road with his food. They took him to Vistarenni, questioned him, tried him summarily, and sentenced him to death. He was returned to the place where the attack on the couriers had occurred, and hanged. The spot is marked by a small commemorative stone, partly buried now in tall grass.

THERE are two other commemorative plaques in Selvole itself—on either side of the main entrance to the community's only church. Each records the deaths of three men in each of this century's two World Wars, with young Gagliardi properly listed. It seems an unduly heavy loss, because the village of Selvole, standing on the steep ridge adjoining the cemetery, with a commanding view of the surrounding country, now houses only thirty-two people, and at its peak probably had only three or four times that many permanent residents. Like almost every other Italian hilltop town, the place was once fortified, with its own *castello*. It played a not insignificant role in the seemingly interminable wars between Florence and her great and hated rival, Siena. In 1229, for instance, Selvole crops up in history as a Sienese stronghold that repulsed an attack by the Florentines. Three years later, again under siege, it was betrayed, taken, and destroyed. As late as 1479, once again in Sienese hands, it was referred to in a contemporary Florentine account as a "*forte castello*," and was considered an important prize, because it dominated a main road to several neighboring towns and to Siena itself. Though it was constantly fought over, it remained mostly in Sienese hands until 1555, the date that marks what a local historian, Antonio Casabianca, has defined as "the tragic and fatal fall of the Sienese Republic," after which Selvole and the rest of the Chianti district came under Florentine domination.

Little is left today in Selvole to testify to such ancient glories. The *castello* is gone; only its outline can be traced in the way the town's few houses—the walls of some of them incorporating those of the old fortress—now huddle about a tiny main square dominated entirely by the church. The buildings are gray and brown, of stone and brick cemented together, with rust-colored tile roofs, and windows framed by green shutters. Behind and around the houses are small gardens, growing flowers as well as tomatoes, other vegetables, and the omnipresent bunches of fat grapes. The old main road, over which so many battles were fought, is

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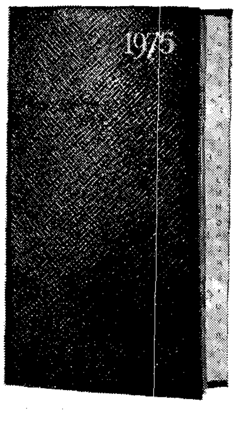

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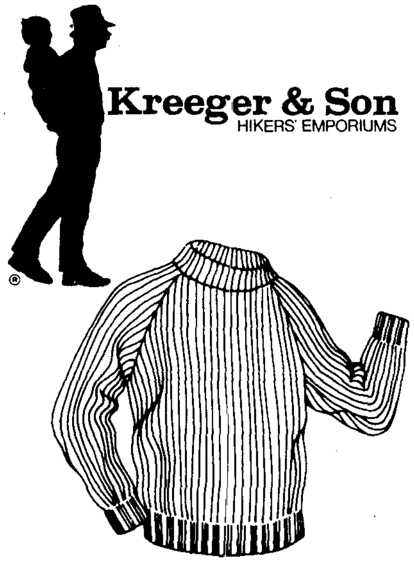

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now merely a footpath that winds out of the square under an archway and trails off into the woods below. (A dirt road connects the other end of the square with a nearby highway.) Above the piazza, the bell tower of the church dominates the scene, but now the bells ring only on Sundays and a few major religious holidays, because there is no longer a parish priest and the building is kept locked between the Sunday visits of a pastor from a large town twenty miles away.

Selvole, like thousands of such villages all over Italy, is dying. In another year or two, more people will have left, and most of those who remain will be, like the dead in the cemetery, either very old or very young. This vast internal emigration, of course, began—here, as elsewhere—with the Industrial Revolution. In 1833, Selvole had a population of a hundred and thirty-five. It has declined steadily since, and the process—here, as everywhere—has been vastly accelerated by the country's postwar total commitment to the creation of an American-style consumer-goods society. Indeed, beginning in the late nineteen-fifties, factory buildings began to sprout all over the countryside as the government encouraged all sorts of ventures designed to slow down the rush to overcrowded manufacturing centers such as Rome, Turin, and, most notably, Milan. Inevitably, too many of these enterprises, hastily conceived and underfinanced, failed, and the empty buildings, broken-windowed and rubbish-strewn, remain as hideously eloquent testimonials to human folly, like the burned-out husks of the ravaged farms left by the retreating German armies.

"IF it is true that Italy is the most beautiful country in the world, if it is true that Tuscany is the garden of Italy, then it is equally undeniable that the heart of this gentle Tuscany of ours is the Chianti," writes Casabianca in his "Guida Storica del Chianti." Oddly, however, the exact boundaries of the Chianti area have never been determined; the secret, as in the case of so many other historical regions of Italy, has doubtless been buried for centuries in some public or private archive. Everyone seems to agree, though, that the Chianti is a small, roughly oval area of rolling, wooded hills and deep gorges, about thirty miles long, lying directly between Siena and Florence. The three traditional population centers of the ancient League of Chianti were the towns of Castellina, Radda, and Gaiole, each now inhabited by only a few thousand people. In 1932, the legal

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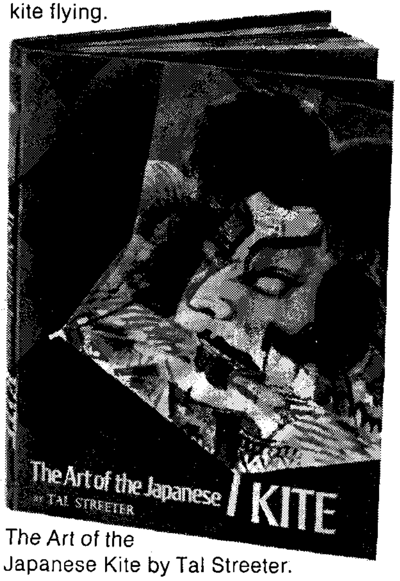

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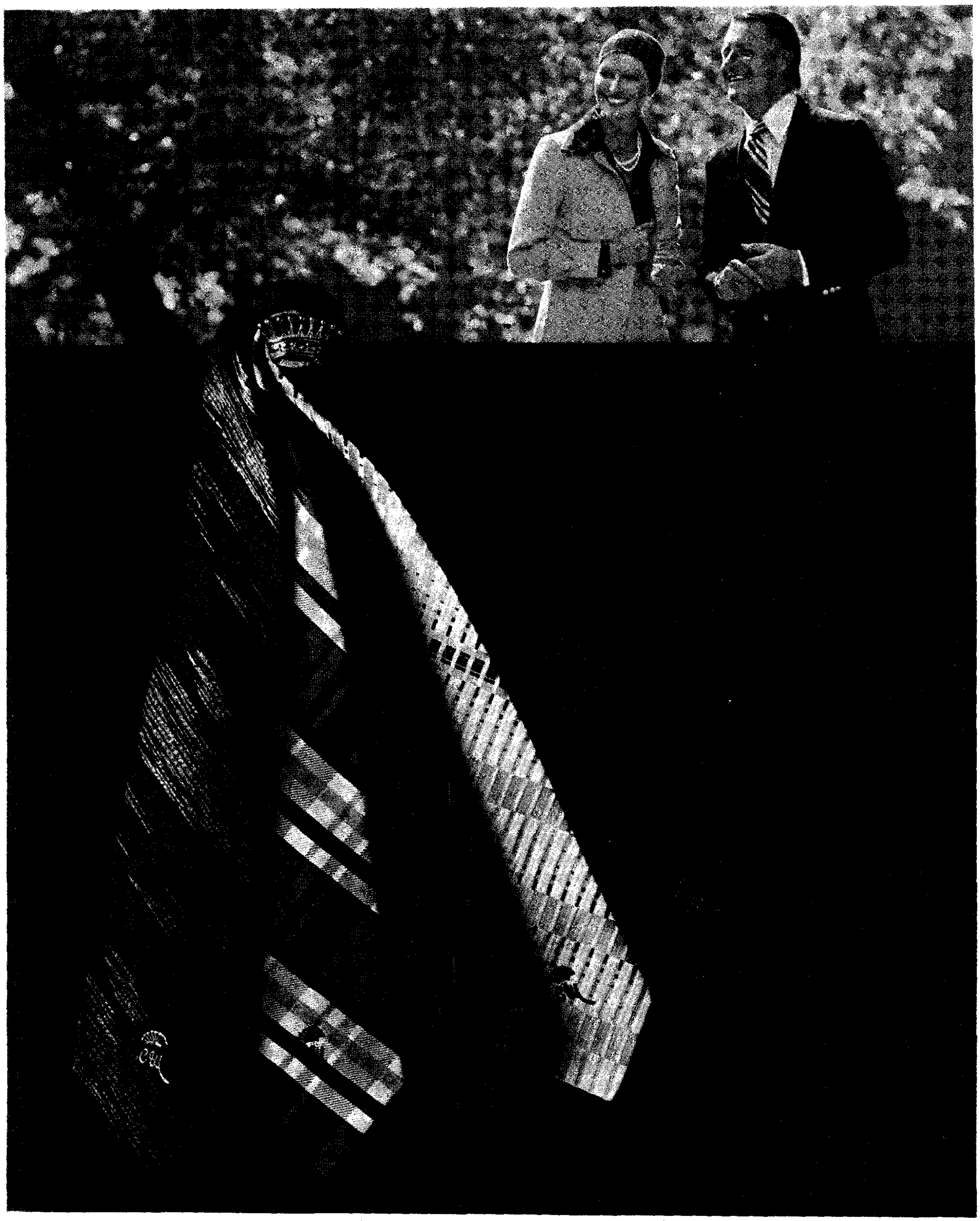

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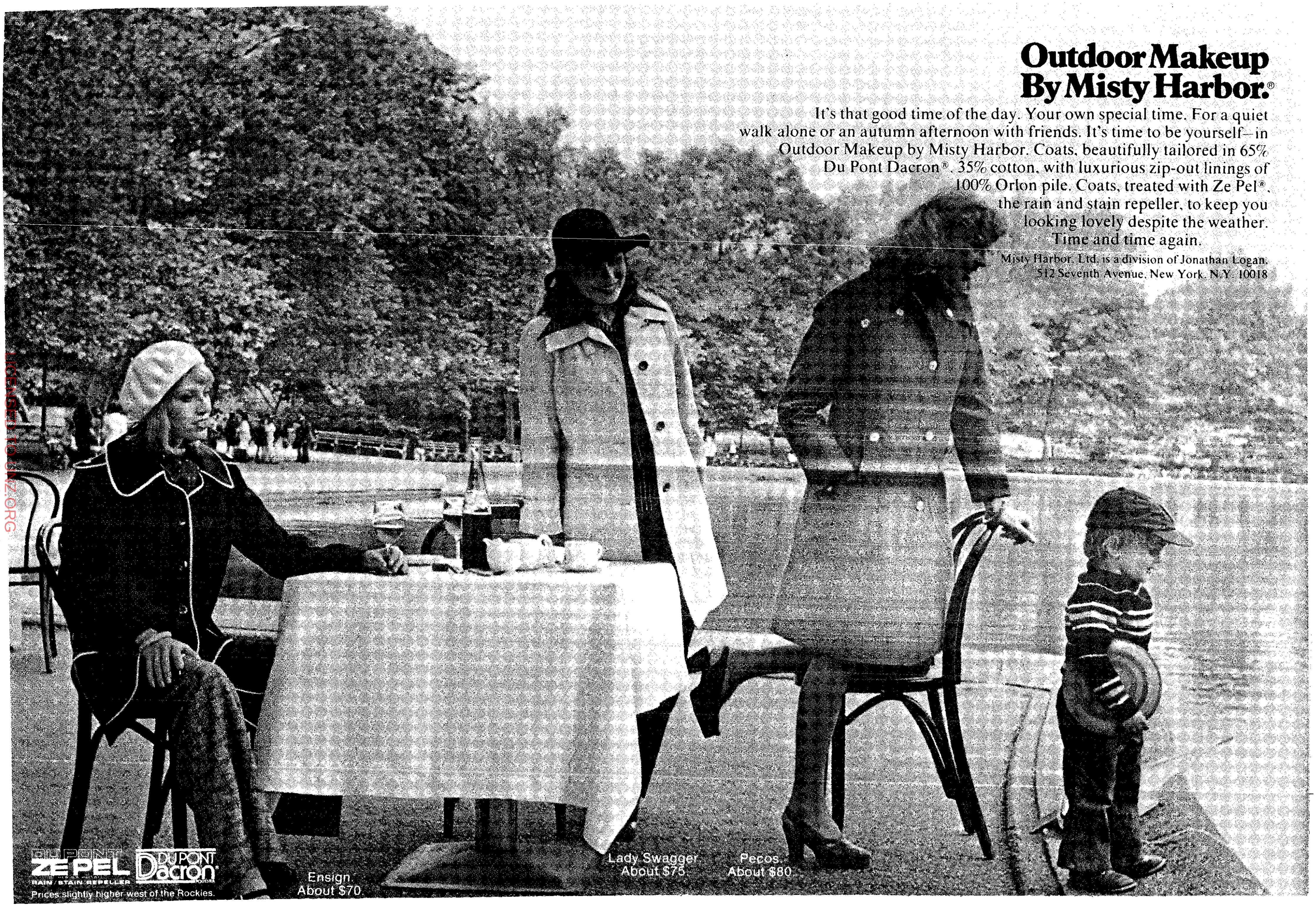

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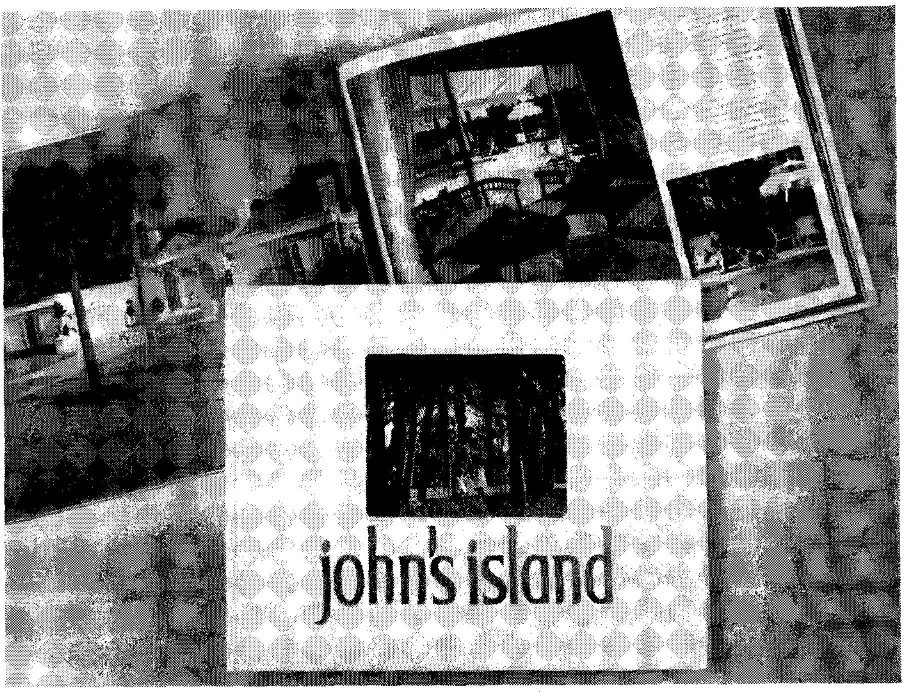
boundaries of the region were extended to include a number of more populous towns, which gained the right to call their wines Chianti Classico. But in much of the area only the land once encompassed by the League is felt to be truly the Chianti. And even now the entire region retains the distinction of being one of the very few relatively underpopulated parts of the peninsula.

Nor is there any general agreement among historians and geographers as to how the area got its name. The most plausible theory seems to be that it derives from an old Etruscan name, but Casabianca, for one, maintains that the designation evolved from the Latin verb "*clango*," which in the Middle Ages was used to refer to the clamorous horns used by the hunting parties of the nobility as they swept through the woods in pursuit of game. From the beginning, the area has been in the hands of powerful aristocratic families, who hunted, sported, and fought over it while the *contadini*, who depended on them for shelter and protection, quietly continued as best they could to grow their vegetables, harvest their olives, and make their wine.

The relatively few peasants who still remain on the land are almost all tenant farmers, who work for absentee landlords in Siena, Florence, Rome, and Milan. During the nineteen-fifties and the early nineteen-sixties, as the exodus to the manufacturing centers accelerated, foreigners, and especially the English (who have always favored this part of Italy), began to buy abandoned farmhouses and land, quite literally for a pittance. Then, as property values began to soar, the older houses and other buildings, including abandoned *castelli* and monasteries, were snapped up by rich Italian businessmen for country retreats. Lately, winemaking-and-exporting combines, with headquarters in the larger cities, have been buying up large tracts of land to manufacture wine on a truly sizable scale.

This latest attempt to make a paying proposition of the Chianti region seems to have a much better chance of success than the government's misguided attempt to encourage small-scale manufacturing and industry. In any case, it is certain to alter the landscape far more definitively. The natural terrain of the Chianti is wooded—thick forests of oak, poplar, elm, chestnut, and willow, with a dense, briary undergrowth of wild plum and olive and all sorts of berry-laden greenery. The earth is stony, suitable mainly for olives and grapes, otherwise adaptable merely to small vegetable gardens and small



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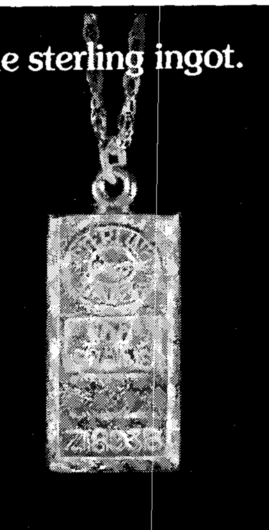

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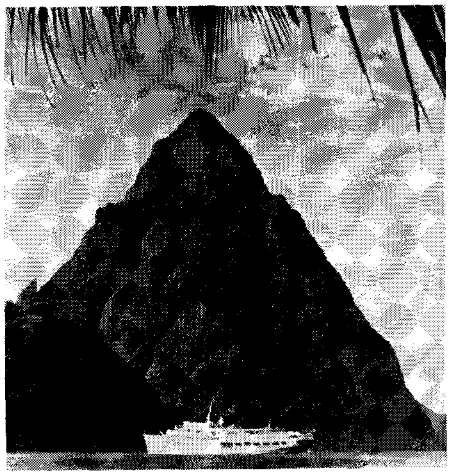
stands of grain. The part of the land put to cultivation was conquered foot by foot over the centuries, carefully terraced, buttressed by handmade stone walls, and planted in a way that made use of every inch of space. The traditional look of the Chianti is that of forested hillsides dotted with small farms, each surrounded by terraced land under silver-leaved olive trees and emerald-green rows of vines.

The peaceful, breathtaking beauty of this landscape, of course, is what first lured foreigners and wealthy Italians from Milan and Rome into the area. These newcomers, uninterested in making money from the land, tend to regard any commercializing of the region with horror. Like most expatriates, they derive their incomes elsewhere, and they tend to cluster together and socialize mostly with each other—a habit that makes them largely indifferent to or unaware of local realities. (At a recent cocktail party given by some members of the Anglo-Saxon colony around Gaiole, the wife of a retired British brigadier, newly settled in the vicinity, was heard to inquire of an old resident, "By the bye, are there many other Europeans living in the area?") They do provide a flow of capital into the country, and they furiously defend their picture-postcard views of the scenes before them, so they can be said—in that sense, at least—to exert a strong positive influence.

It is clear, however, that, no matter how many outsiders choose to stay on in the Chianti, the old, traditional peasant life here is doomed and the look of the countryside will be altered permanently; it has, in fact, already changed. And the flight of the young to the towns and cities will continue. An Italian friend of mine who now lives most of the time in Milan but who grew up in these hills and still spends his holidays at a family estate very near Selvole recently explained why. "Why shouldn't the people leave?" he said. "The old houses are cold and damp and uncomfortable, and there is no way to make a living. The only crop that pays is wine, and only the largest properties can make money. Why shouldn't the young people go to the cities? What is to keep them here, on land they don't even own?"

Until fairly recently, the *contadino* was able to survive on the land he farmed because he was largely self-sufficient and his needs were minimal. Between his vines and his olive trees he grew some grain, fruit, and vegetables. On the ground floor of his stone house he kept his tools and livestock, and did



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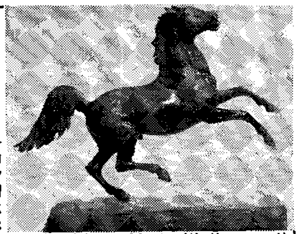

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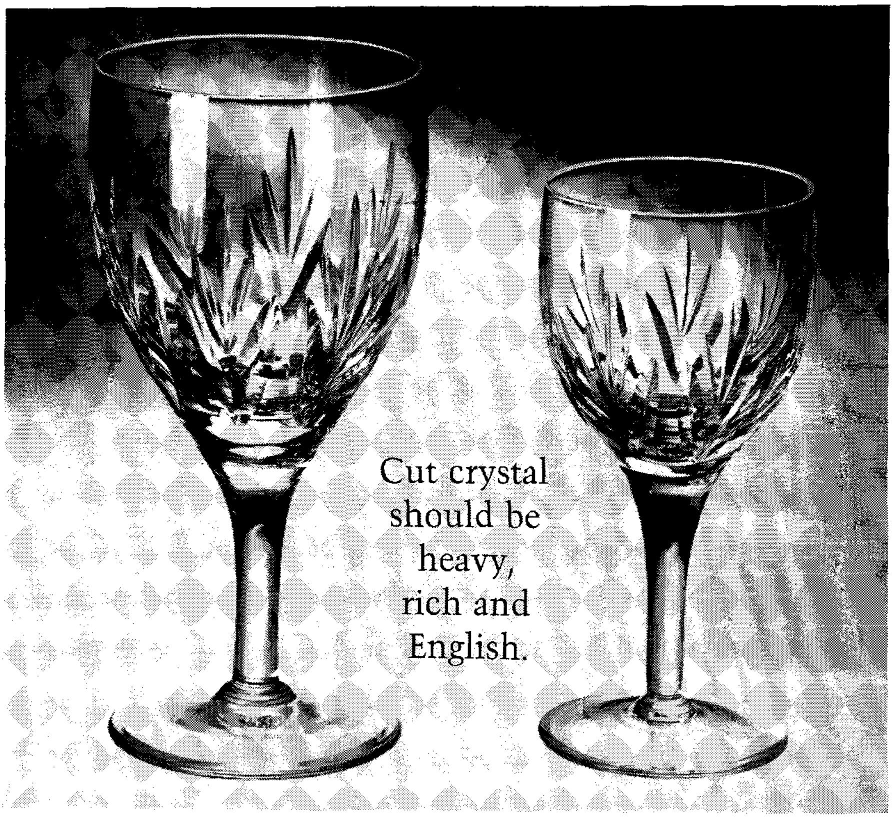
his own slaughtering. But the consumer society that developed large-scale, mechanized ways of growing food also created needs that people didn't have before. "The peasant's son wants a TV set, a car, and a hi-fi," my friend explained. "Not only have we told him he should have them but we have shown him another way of living entirely. The old methods of doing things are not for him."

Nor are the old methods competitive. Traditional farming was forced here to follow and respect the contours of the land and make use of basic tools familiar to men of the Stone Age. New machines, powered by huge, noisy engines, can reshape the land to suit their own purposes. It's almost impossible to go anywhere in the Chianti these days without hearing the roar of a bulldozer at work somewhere or coming upon a great stretch of newly smoothed land where centuries-old terraces and groves of trees have simply vanished, as if they had been scraped away by a giant trowel. In their place the winegrowers plant long, straight rows of vines supported by perforated concrete pillars instead of the traditional wooden stakes. Nor is there any longer a need to grow anything between and around the vines, so during the winter months the land thus used acquires the somewhat desolate look of a prairie. The people who tend these new vineyards drive to them from the larger towns in cars of their own and go back to the towns at night. Land worked on such a large, impersonal scale inevitably ceases to reflect the smaller, purely personal needs of people living on it.

Still, whatever the penalties of the new farming methods may be, nearly



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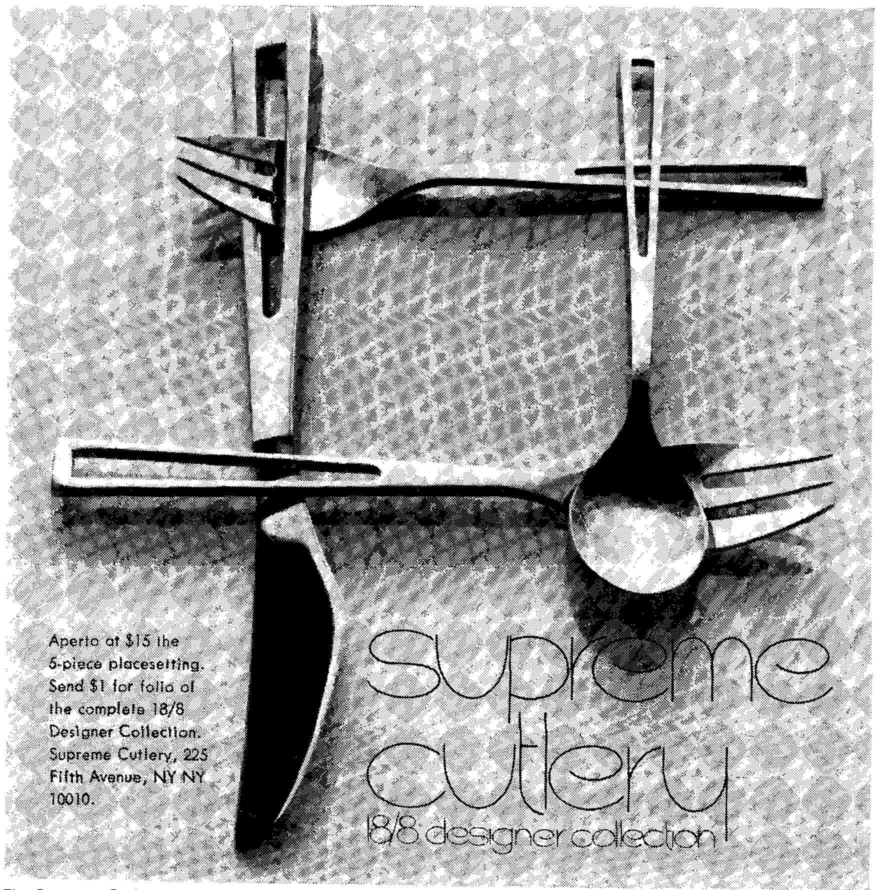

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everyone who knows and loves this part of Tuscany feels they are probably preferable to any other economic solution for the area. "Let's put in as many vineyards as possible," a local baron with a small but growing wine business of his own remarked not long ago. "The alternatives are unthinkable—more factories, the sort of thing that has happened in northern Italy, which has become an unholy, chaotic mixture of agriculture and industry. In the Chianti we still have our forests, which are protected now by new and stronger laws. They cannot be burned down with impunity, as they could even a couple of years ago, when land speculators were setting fires everywhere. And then, you know, I like to walk among my vines. There is something archetypal about a thick cluster of fat grapes hanging in the autumn light. It makes you think that a few things are still right with the world."

—WILLIAM MURRAY

•

TO HIS SKELETON

Why will you vex me with
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And calculus? See here,

Noblest of armatures,
The grin which bares my teeth
Is mine as yet, not yours.
Did you not stand beneath

This flesh, I could not stand,
But would revert to slime
Informous and unmanned;
And I may come in time

To wish your peace my fate,
Your sculpture my renown.
Still, I have held you straight
And mean to lay you down

Without too much disgrace
When what can perish dies.
For now then, keep your place
And do not colonize.

—RICHARD WILBUR

•

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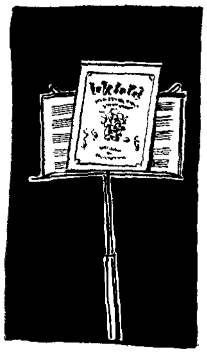
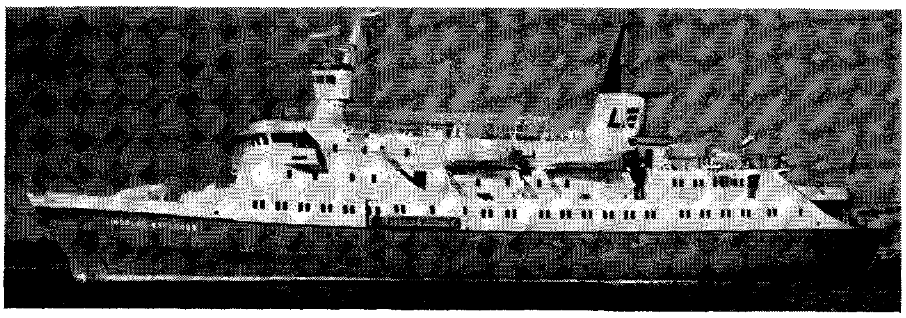
Songs His Father Taught Him



A COMPOSER'S centenary is traditionally the time for celebration, for plentiful performances of his work, and for new study of it—a time possibly for reëvaluation and at least for checking received opinion. Charles Edward Ives, who was born on October 20, 1874, hardly needs champions now. In the 1972-73 *BMI Orchestral Survey* of works played by American symphony orchestras his total of four hundred and sixty-seven surpasses not only those of all compatriots but also of Bartók, Prokofieff, and Shostakovich. The centenary concerts (especially those of the Lincoln Center "Mini-Festival Around Ives" and the Festival-Conference organized by the City University of New York and Yale University), new books ("Charles Ives Remembered," an "oral history" compiled and edited by Vivian Perlis, from Yale University Press; "Charles Ives and the American Mind," by Rosalie Sandra Perry, from Kent State University Press), new records (notably a five-disc centenary album from Columbia; a Fourth Symphony from R.C.A.; the Violin and Piano Sonatas from Nonesuch), and two exhibitions ("Ivesiana," at the National Institute of Arts and Letters; "Ives the Great Commoner," at the Lincoln Center Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, which also has a large collection of Ives autographs in facsimile)—all these proved complementary. What follows is based on a few score interlocking impressions gained from a "retrospective" that ranged from the Dvořákian First Symphony, of the Yale years (played by the Yale Philharmonia, under Robert Shaw), and the Three Choirsy cantata "The Celestial Country," first done at Central Presbyterian Church in 1902 (in the Columbia album), through band music (the Brooklyn College Symphonic Band, under Dorothy Klotzman, was particularly spirited and well tuned), chamber music, and songs, to the Fourth Symphony (Boulez and the Philharmonic) and the two Piano Sonatas (done by their original inter-



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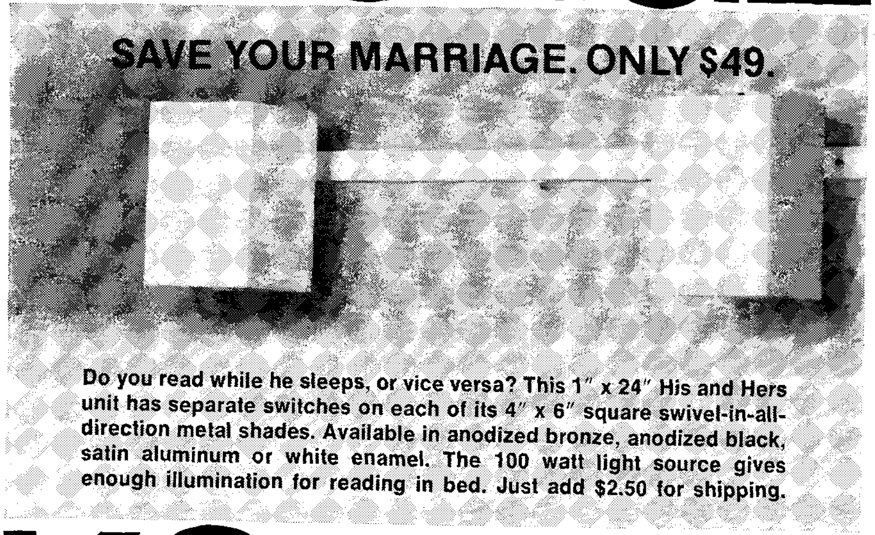

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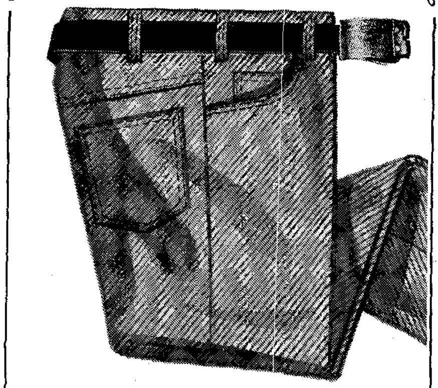

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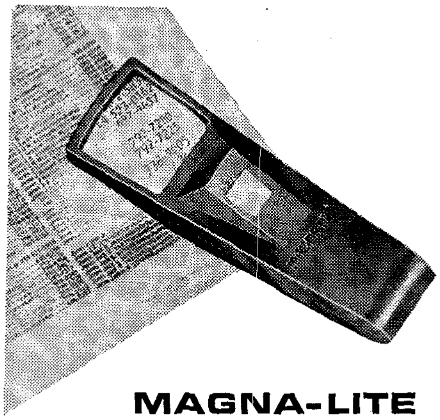

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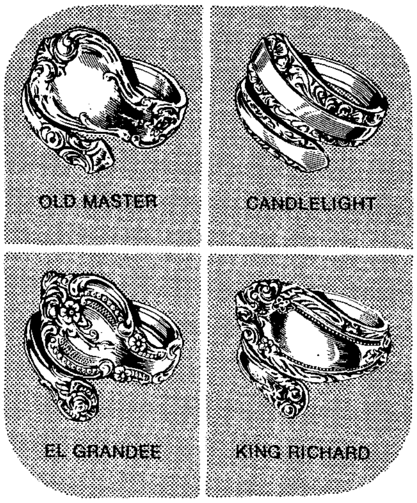
preters, William Masselos of the First and John Kirkpatrick of "Concord").

The Ives "legend" is quickly stated: insurance man by day, composer by night; experimenter with twelve-note systems and tone clusters, polyrhythms and polytonalities, long before these things became European commonplace; deviser of aleatory effects, chance combinations and collisions of musics from many sources in ways that anticipated Stockhausen's "Hymnen" and "Sternklang;" crusty eccentric who cared nothing about performance or what the world thought of his work; contemner of famous conductors ("Toss the niriny"), celebrated performers ("Rachnotmanenough"), critics, and any composers who were not Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, or—strongest and greatest of all, "because B., B., and B. have too much of the sugarplum for soft-ears"—Carl Ruggles; champion of Gospel hymns and patriotic or popular ditties as matter meet for serious compositions; pioneer, American's First and Greatest Composer, discovered as such by the *Herald Tribune* and then *Time*, when Mr. Kirkpatrick played the "Concord" Sonata in Town Hall in 1939, re-endorsed as such when in 1965 Stokowski did the Fourth Symphony in Carnegie Hall.

The legend crossed the Atlantic. But as Europeans listened to Ives' music (during the last decade performances were not uncommon, and recordings abundant) and read his writings (the "Essays Before a Sonata" and then, two years ago, the "Memos"), a rather—if not entirely—different Ives from that of the legend began to take shape: a late-Romantic composer, his thought formed by nineteenth-century thinkers, his music rooted in nineteenth-century popular melody, his backgrounds drawn from nostalgic memories of nineteenth-century New England scenes, and his emotions arrested at boyhood admiration of his father. In short, not so much a pioneer as a man tied to the remembrance of things past—even in his most audacious technical innovations, since, as Henry and Sidney Cowell had already noted in their study and the "Memos" amply confirmed, "The germ of every new type of musical behavior that Charles Ives developed or organized can be found in the suggestions and experiments of his father." Moreover, behind the bluster and the emphatic assertions of tough, masculine independence there was plainly someone vulnerable, wounded by the world's neglect, and



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protesting too much. His father died while he was an undergraduate; after "looking for some man to sort of help fill up that awful vacuum," but in vain, he spent the next quarter-century building his father's memorial, working out his ideas, and setting down the sounds of the Danbury where Father had been town musician. During Ives' creative years, he was, as a musician, alone. His wife "never once said or suggested or looked or thought that there must be something wrong with me—a thing implied, if not expressed, by most everybody else." The younger men drawn into friendship by his unconventional music pursued interests that Ives, conventional in all else, could not approve. Mrs. Ives was surely mistaken and most everybody else was right: there must have been something wrong with Charles Ives. In Elliott Carter's phrase, "he cut himself off from music's reality." There was more than stubborn conceit and eccentricity in his rejection of all music but his own and what he had heard as a boy; in his shunning of, his inability to find any merit in, fellow-composers with aims close to his; in his refusal to learn from others. His whacks at the sissies, softies, "lily-pads," and old ladies of both sexes who made up the musical world (Mozart was emasculate; Chopin wore a skirt) are reiterant to a point that suggests insecurity. No one strong and sure of himself could need to carry on quite so much.

Suddenly, toward the end of his "Memos," Ives gives a clue to what may have been wrong. He confesses that among the Danbury boys a liking for music was deemed sissy. Music—except for the sound of a band or a rousing gospel hymn—was something for girls and nice old ladies. But Charles Ives liked music. It meant much to him. And—despite Father—he was "partially ashamed" of it; he didn't want to be thought a sissy. Could it be this early conflict that led to his identification of dissonance, vernacular melody, and defiance of rules as "strong" and masculine; of consonance, grace, finished technique, and shapely form as effeminate, and contemptible? (The idea that a woman could be strong does not seem to have struck him, and he is one of the few composers—who else but Bach comes readily to mind?—in whose works romantic love is a theme unsung.)

Frank Rossiter took up this very question in a Princeton dissertation, "Charles Ives and American Culture" (due as a book next year from Liveright), which he summarized in one of

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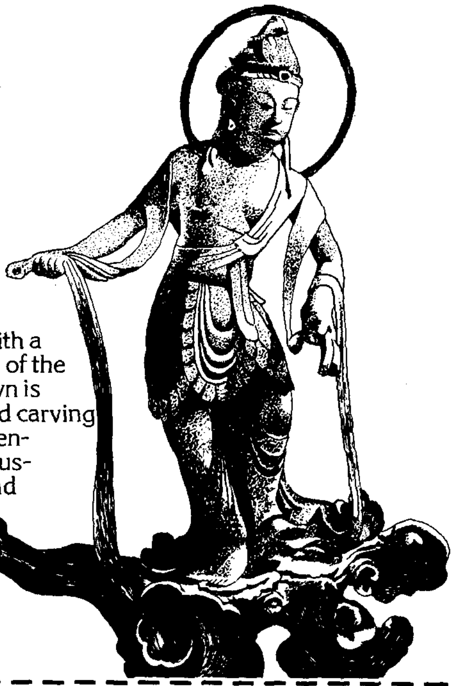

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the most striking sessions of the Festival-Conference. His researches (from which I have borrowed freely), his thorough study of Ives against his background, gave substance to and documented this hunch, and he carried the argument forward. Ives, Mr. Rossiter concluded, was "crippled" by his capitulations in turn to the social assumptions of Danbury, the philistinism of Yale, and the aesthetic conformity of the New York business world. In order to be thought one of the fellows, he hugged his instinctive rebellions and his serious music to himself and "retreated from the existing system back into his own private musical world, where he could keep his anachronistic values pure." Eventually, seconded in them by his devoted wife, he began to play two roles—incorrigible naughty boy and peppery old New England seer—that enabled him, as an artist, to evade the responsibilities of adult manhood.

That is persuasive. It explains much: Ives' isolation from the vanguard thinkers and creators of his time; his obsession with the past; his reluctance to bring works to a point where they could pass into the hands of performers; the mingled self-deprecatory nervousness and braggadocio with which "Concord" and the "114 Songs" were introduced to the world; his mulling over the same handful of musical ideas, transcribing them from medium to medium, from work to work. It may even explain why he ceased to compose: the old material was wrung dry at last, and he had shunned the experience that could have provided new.

During the composing years in New York, weekdays were spent in the insurance office, and Ives became rich. Sundays (but only until 1902) brought some contact with "live" music, and performances of his own sacred pieces in the Central Presbyterian Church. Otherwise, when work was done, he gave himself up to visions of the past and sought to capture in music the incidents and emotions that in boyhood had brought the Wordsworthian "flashes of transcendent beauty" described in the "Essays":

> In the early morning of a Memorial Day, a boy is awakened by martial music—a village band is marching down the street—and as the strains of Reeves' majestic "Seventh Regiment March" come nearer and nearer—he seems of a sudden translated—a moment of vivid power comes, a consciousness of material nobility—an exultant something gleaming with the possibilities of this life. . . .
>
> Later in life, the same boy hears the Sabbath morning bell ringing out from the white steeple at the "Center," and as it draws him to it, through the autumn

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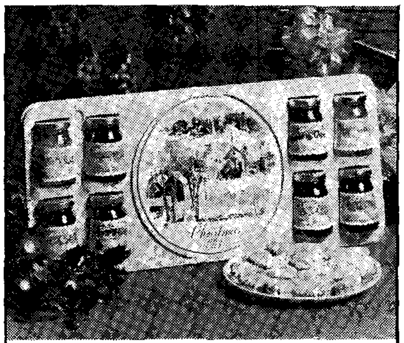

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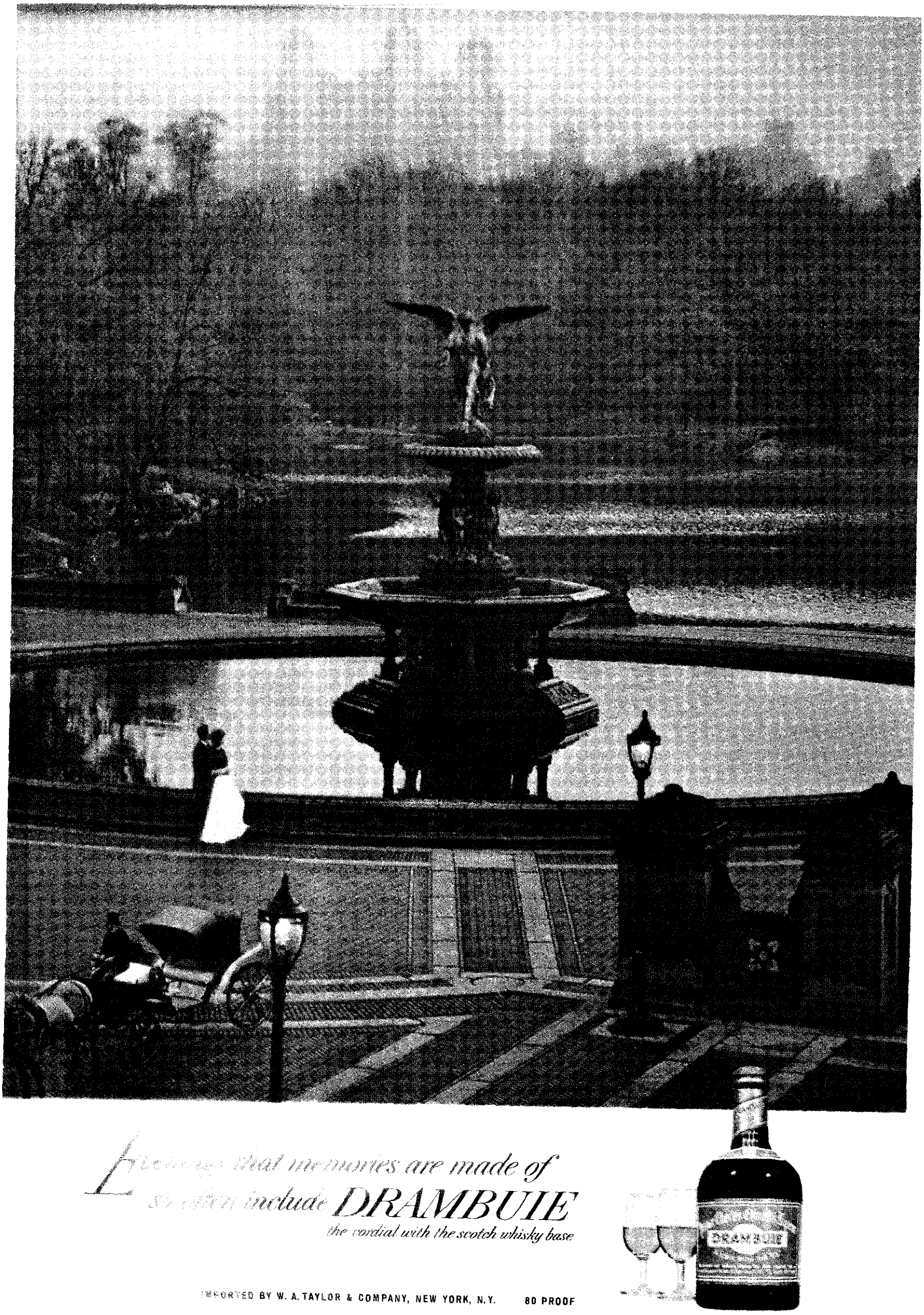
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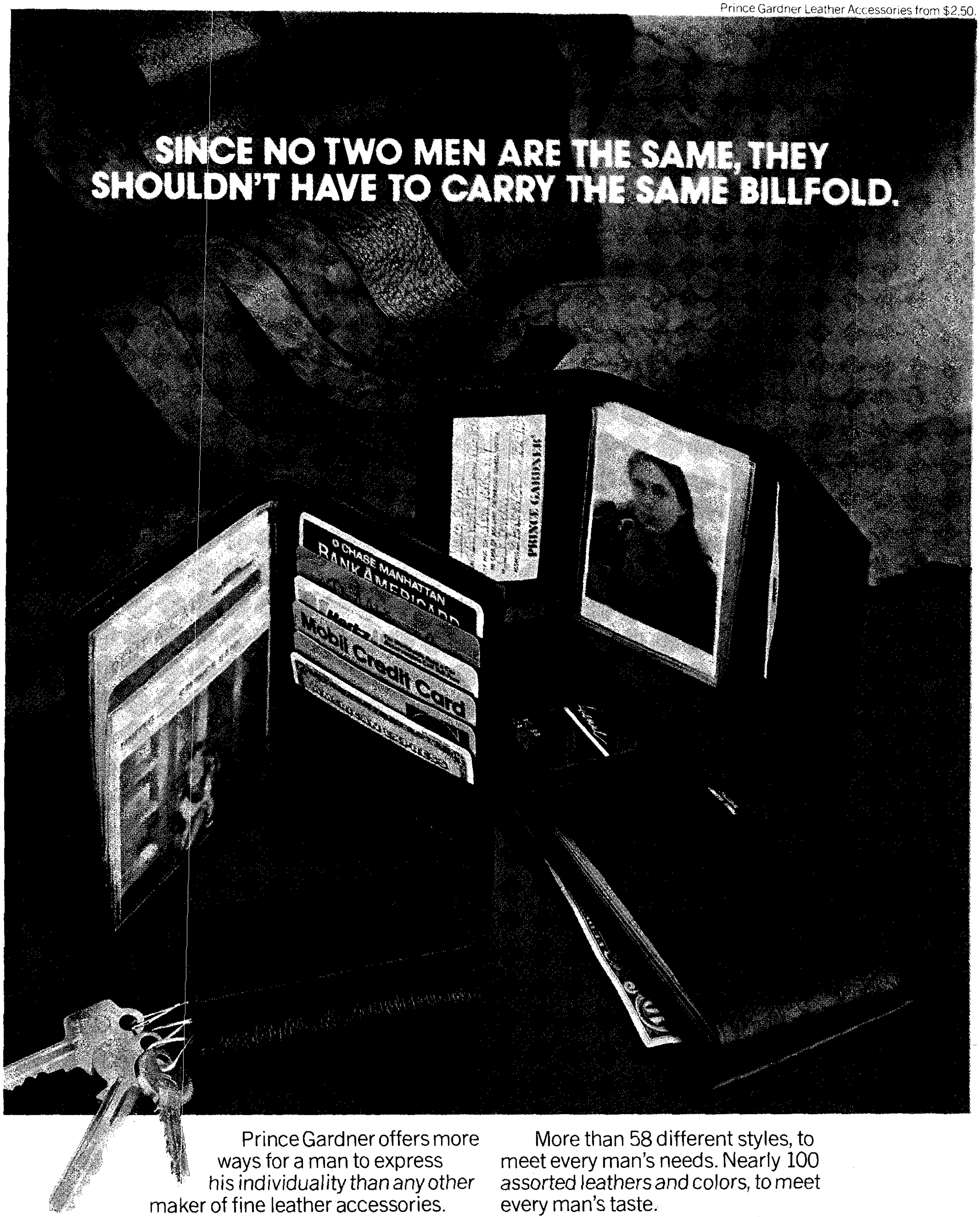
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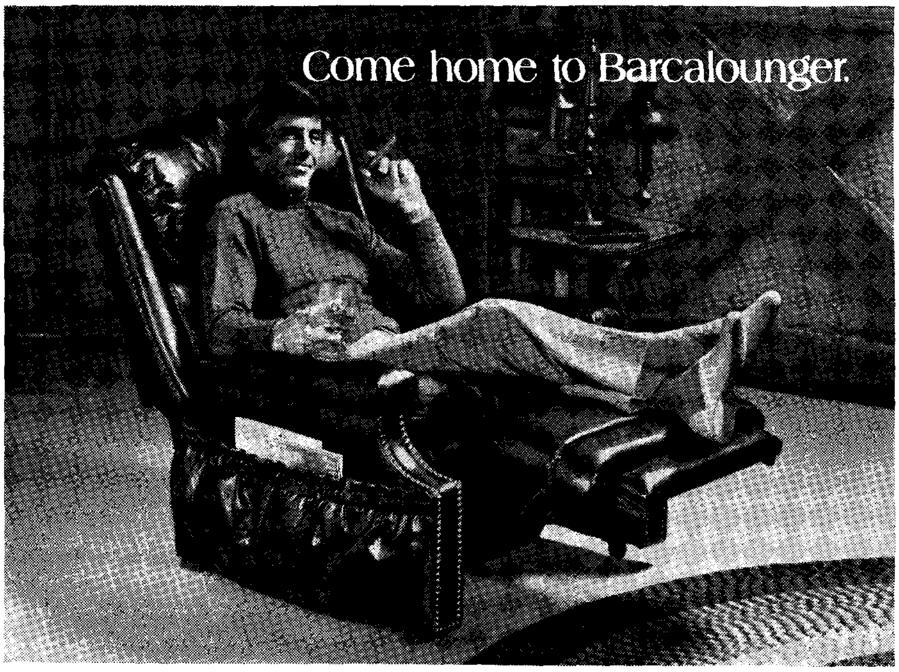
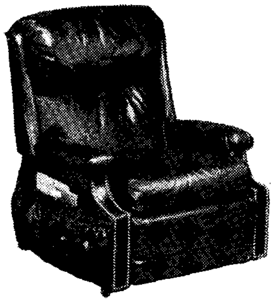
fields of sumach and asters, a gospel hymn of simple devotion comes out to him—"There's a Wideness in God's Mercy"—an instant suggestion of that Memorial Day morning comes—but the moment is of deeper import—there is no personal exultation—no intimate world vision—no magnified personal hope—and in their place a profound sense of a spiritual truth.

Just about all Ives' music, except for a few "ear-stretching" experiments such as "Chromâtimelôdtune" (incidentally, three different realizations of the "Chromâtimelôdtune" sketches made a most interesting conference event), is program music. It has that—and more—in common with Janáček's and Mahler's. The epigraph that Janáček wrote on the first page of his Dostoevski opera, "From the House of the Dead"—"In every creature, a spark of the divine"—chimes with Ives' transcendentalist beliefs. On occasion Mahler, in the endeavor to communicate a transcendental vision, would, like Ives, juxtapose brass-band and other popular strains, and create sound-pictures in space. Mahler once declared that a symphony should contain all the world; Ives contemplated (but did not complete) a "Universe" Symphony. The Mini-Festival sought to put Ives in his place in relation to his European contemporaries. Round Europe's rim, composers not German were working, as Ives was, to create a music with national and not German roots. Granados and Falla, Janáček and Bartók, Sibelius and Carl Nielsen, Holst and Vaughan Williams—they all had rich indigenous folk music to draw on. Ives had things like "Hail, Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." They could draw on and develop an idiom, a musical "language," related to the speech inflections of their native tongues and create new, personal melodies inspired by it. Ives occasionally attempted something of the kind (the first movement of the Second Orchestral Set, played last week by the Yale Symphony under John Mauceri, uses a melody that "is no particular one of Foster's but just a kind of remembrance of his music in general"), but most of the time he relied on direct quotation and, often enough, the force of verbal allusion.

The verbal allusion is lost on British ears that hear "God Save the Queen," "The British Grenadiers," and "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean" cited in score after score. That is unimportant—the translation is easily made—but it suggests more important points. First, what Oscar Thompson, in his 1939 review of "Concord," called





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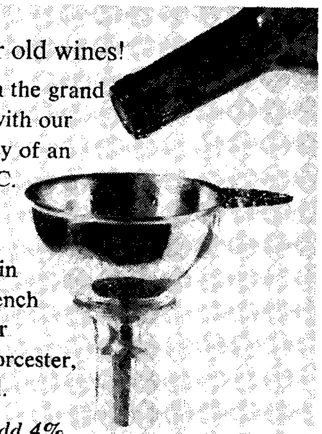

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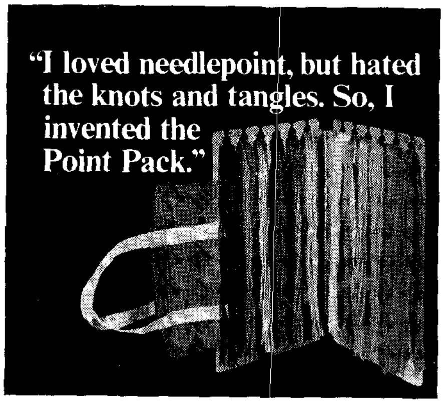

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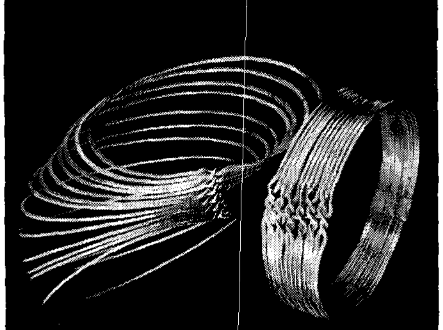

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"this question of association, which may be largely extra-musical in its promptings." He asked what a listener from abroad who knew nothing of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, or Thoreau would make of the sonata. That leads to the question of what the music can express to a modern American who has lost its composer's points of reference, to whom many of the old tunes now mean nothing and the old writers little. Linked to this is the doubt whether Ives' direct vernacular quotations are from music strong enough to bear the weight with which he charged them. (In the ambitious Fourth Symphony, his student contrapuntal exercise on "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" is inadequate to serve as an "expression of the reaction of life into formalism and ritualism.") Elliott Carter has written often and perceptively about Ives, and though his views have changed many times since high-school years, the doubt mentioned remains. In 1939, in a frank essay about "Concord" (after which he never had the heart to see Ives again), he wrote, "The aesthetic is naïve, often too naïve to express serious thoughts, frequently depending on quotation of well-known American tunes with little comment, possibly charming but certainly trivial." And today, in Mrs. Perlis's oral history, he says, "It is, to me, disappointing that Ives too frequently was unable or unwilling to invent musical material that expressed his own vision authentically, instead of relying on the material of others."

Ives liked to distinguish "substance" from "manner." Turner/Botticelli, Titian/Carpaccio, Homer/Virgil, Emerson/Poe, an inspired imagination/an artistic care are among his exemplary antitheses. Fair enough—but when it came to music, it was surely what most men deem "manner" that Ives took for "substance." Two juxtaposed quotations can make the point. First, Horatio Parker, Ives' teacher, in a *Yale Review* of 1918:

> It is indeed stirring to hear a great mass of people, including a seven-foot policeman, singing "Brighten the Corner" at Billy Sunday's. The policeman's eyes and attitude show sincerity and devotion beyond any chance of doubt. He is moved by his vocal efforts and enjoys his emotion and his singing. So do I, but I wish the music were such as I could swallow without gagging.

Then, Ives, in his "Memos":

> Once a nice young man (his musical sense having been limited by three years' intensive study at the Boston Conservatory) said to Father, "How can you

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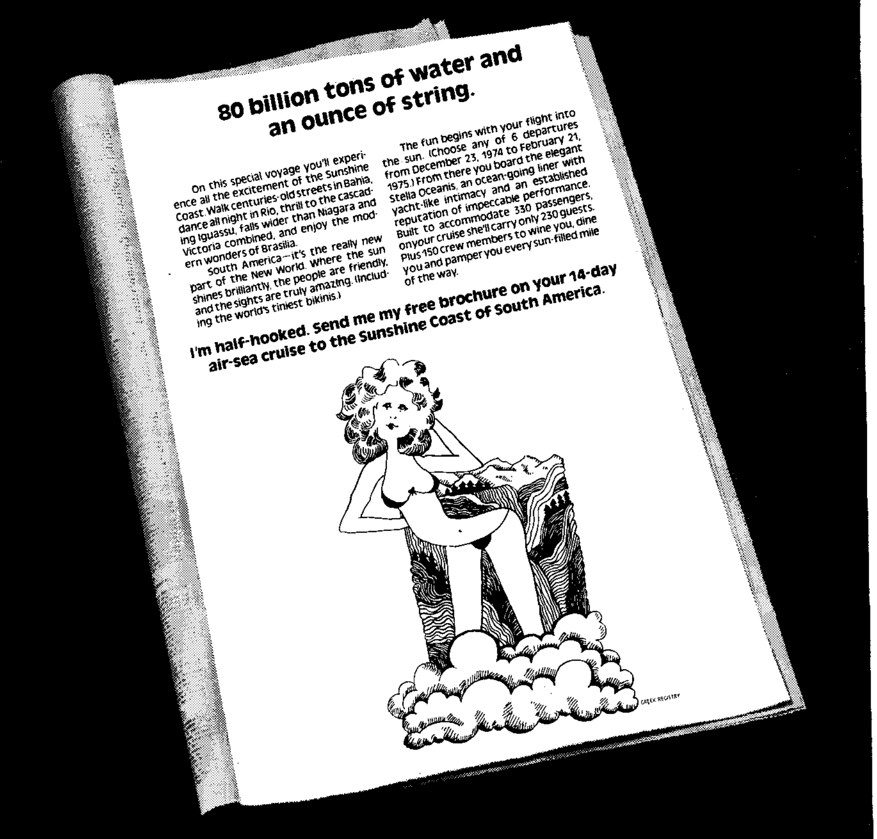
stand it to hear old John Bell (the best stone-mason in town) sing?" (as he used to at Camp Meetings) Father said, "He is a supreme musician." The young man (nice and educated) was horrified—"Why, he sings off the key, the wrong notes and everything—and that horrible, raucous voice—and he bellows out and hits notes no one else does—it's awful!" Father said, "Watch him closely and reverently, look into his face and hear the music of the ages. Don't pay too much attention to the sounds—for if you do, you may miss the music."

In other words, it's not what a man sings, not even the way he sings it, but the look in his face that can make the music. Or as Ives put it in the "Essays": "My God! What has sound got to do with music! . . . That music must be heard is not essential—what it *sounds* like may not be what it *is*."

But since sound has almost everything to do with music, it is on those movements where Ives discovered precise sounds and shaped them into disciplined forms—some of the works for chamber orchestra, the slow movement of "Concord"—that his reputation as more than an exuberant, exhilarant illustrator of localized nineteenth-century scenes and emotions, and as more than a fascinating original, will most surely rest. Knowing nothing of the Alcotts or Orchard House, identifying no quotations except the start of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—international reference point—and its gentle Schubertian transformation (does not the B-Flat Impromptu underlie the opening strains?), an Austrian listener, say, will surely respond to the "Alcotts" movement of "Concord" in essentially the same way that an American does. But in "Emerson," "Hawthorne," and "Thoreau" he is likely, even while admiring the bold, improvisatorial invention, to wish that the composer had been less self-indulgent, more securely in command of his chosen form. As Carter said, "Behind all this confused texture there is a lack of logic." The same is true of the finale of the Fourth Symphony.

Yet behind the dense, exciting, illogical, kaleidoscopic confusion is also Ives the man, contradictory, still puzzling after all his own and others' attempts to explain him. A great composer? great in a few works? potentially great but "crippled"? Does it matter? Ives the illustrator, Ives the collagist of musical fragments from the past, Ives the ear-stretcher, Ives the campus entertainer and prankster, Ives the aspirant visionary, and Ives the pure musician who can speak so warmly and directly—all must claim the attention of anyone who cares about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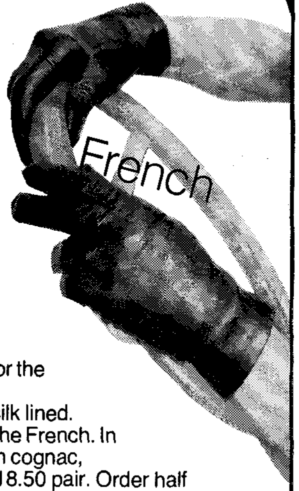

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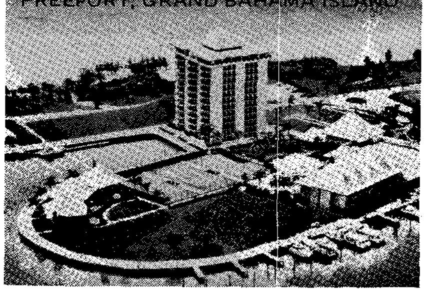

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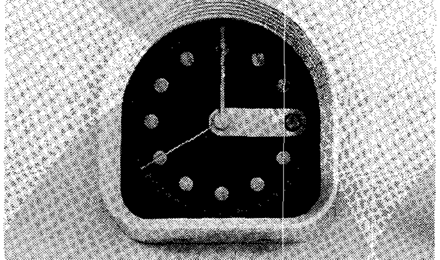

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Springsteen: The Wild, the Innocent, and the Street Kid Myth

THAT white youth culture has derived much of its ethos, style, energy, and—above all—music from black people is obvious. But I suspect that for many, if not most, white middle-class kids growing up in Northern cities or (especially) suburbs during the early rock-and-roll years the black influence was indirect and subliminal, and the white working-class street kid more potent both as reality (there were maybe fifty blacks out of five thousand students in my Queens high school, but working-class whites, mostly Italian, represented a sizable subculture) and as metaphor. Those of us who had been trained by liberal parents to see blacks as just-like-us-except-for-their-skins had no scruples about projecting our fantasies onto alien whites. (In "Blackboard Jungle," the Sidney Poitier character turned into an upwardly mobile goody-goody; the villain was white—even, if I recall correctly, blond.) As a further complication, the barriers between middle-class and working-class teen-agers were often flexible enough to promote a good deal of identity confusion. I knew a number of middle-class kids who were closet greasers, acting one way on the street, another at home, unsure of where they really belonged. And though I was a class snob—without even knowing there was such a thing outside English novels—I did make some friends across class lines. I realized that there was a contradiction somewhere, but I never confronted it, any more than I questioned how I could love rock and roll and still accept the adult verdict that it was trash. Nor did I make the connection between my own condescension and my discomfort with richer kids who condescended to me.

With the rise of a bohemia dominated by the children of affluent homes and élite colleges, the myth of the white working-class hood declined, except for a vestigial fixation on motorcycles in general and the Hell's Angels in particular. The romantic (and scary) fantasies reverted to blacks, who had revealed that they were not just-like-us after all; the bigotry against working-class whites persisted in more prosaic forms. Those changes, as always, were reflected in pop music. Upper-middle-class radicals and hippies

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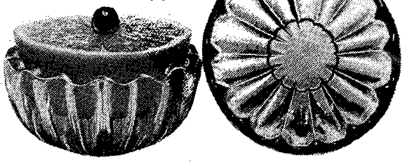

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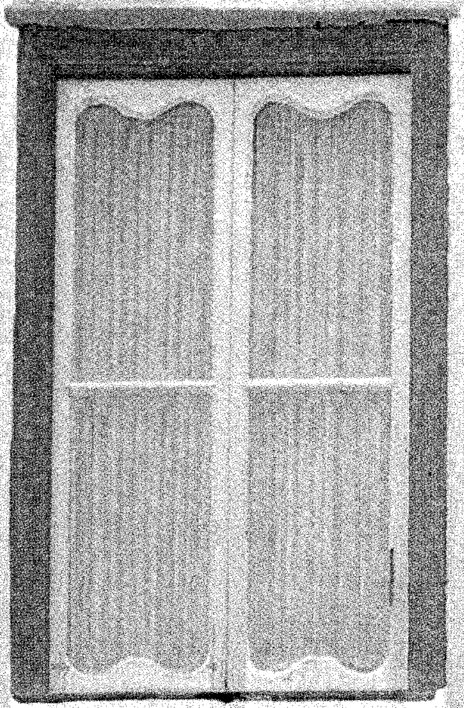

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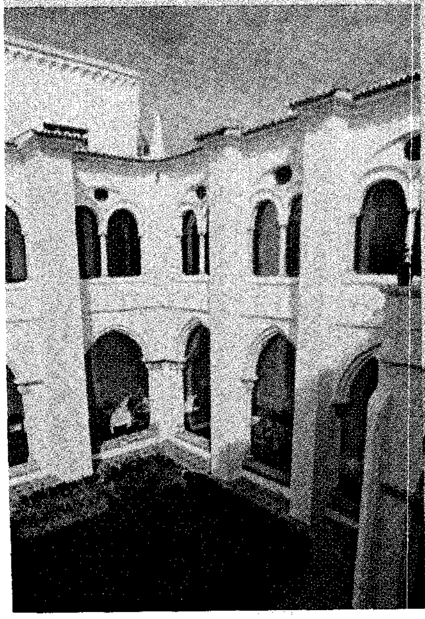

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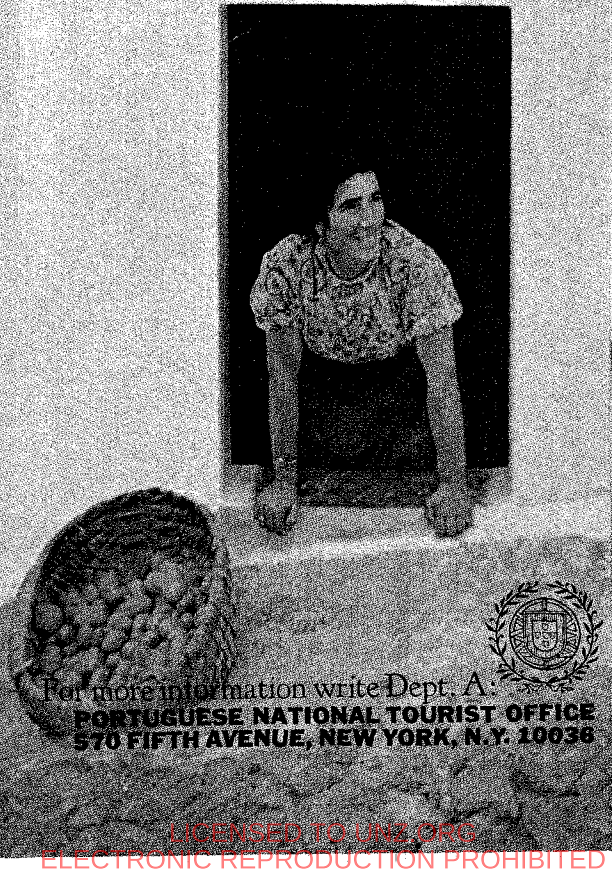

In Portugal, you can have a four-course dinner usually including the wine for $6. For another $2 you can have a lavish five-course dinner at what used to be a royal palace.

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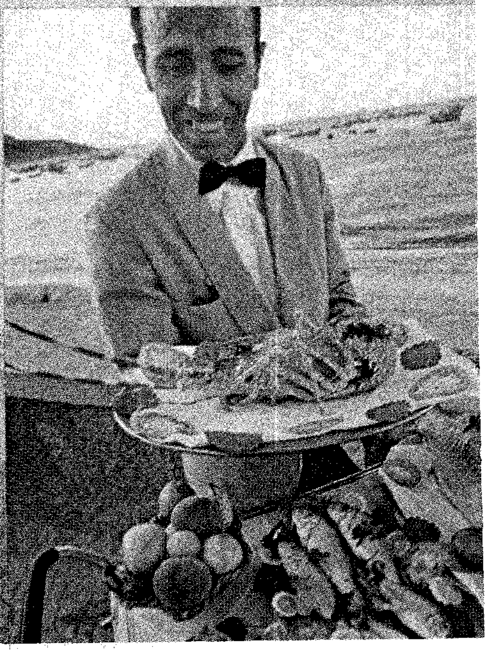

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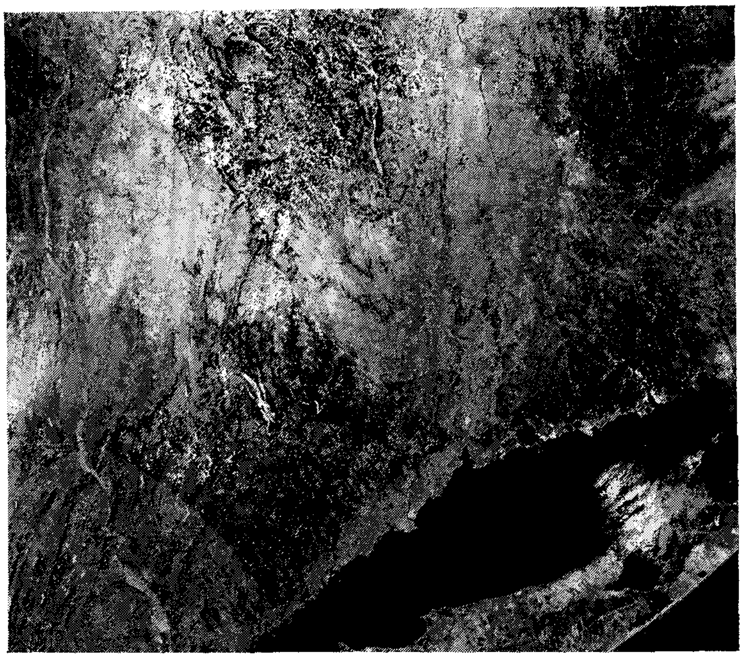
had always been uncomfortable with rock and roll. Before Bob Dylan came along, they had rejected it; afterward, they were tirelessly inventive about merging it with folk, country, blues, jazz, electronic music—whatever was handy. "Pure" rock and roll—the idea of it more than the diminishing number of examples, which too often reproduced every characteristic of early rock except its excitement—became a symbol of protest for fans and performers who resisted the counterculture's aristocratic bias. And as the sixties fell apart rock-and-roll loyalists aggressively revived the white-street-punk myth.

This revolt against élitism was not so much proletarian as lower-middle-class, its instigators dissident members of the counterculture rather than outsiders. Although, as I've noted, the boundary is not always clear, there is a difference between middle-class kids who identify with street punks and the punks themselves. Since this difference was often denied, nouveau-punkism generated its own brand of pretension and dishonesty. At its worst, it became an excuse for blatant male chauvinism and nihilistic trashing of every value and aspiration beyond (male) orgasm and (male) violence. But it has also produced genuine urban-populist rock-and-rollers, like the Dolls—who combine the street-punk myth and the equally anti-aristocratic gay-low-life myth without fudging the distinction between the roles they play and who they are—and Bruce Springsteen.

Springsteen's rock and roll is rooted equally in lower-middle-class demi-suburbia (he comes from Asbury Park, New Jersey) and in post-sixties youth culture; his particular version of the street kid owes as much to, say, Emmet Grogan as to Terry Malloy. Springsteen is a romantic, with an impressive capacity for verbal and musical excess. His lyrics chronicle urban street life and its denizens—Spanish Johnny, Crazy Janey, Wild Billy—in passionate detail, image piled on image, rhyme on rhyme. His voice assaults and seduces with growls, breaks, laughs, sobs, whispers, and other varieties of exquisitely expressive noise. He is also a funny, affectionately ironic observer of his world (real and invented) and of his own strutting and posing.

If all this sounds familiar, it should. Springsteen looks and sounds uncannily like a younger, non-mellowed-out Dylan, and he has deliberately cultivated the resemblance. This is a nervy thing to do, since it not only tempts people to dismiss him as an imitator but invites comparisons that almost have to be unfavorable. Yet he gets away with it. I think the reason must have to do with



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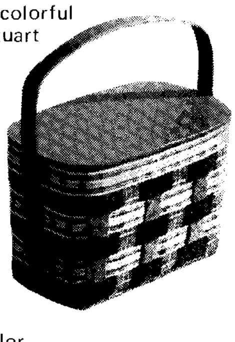

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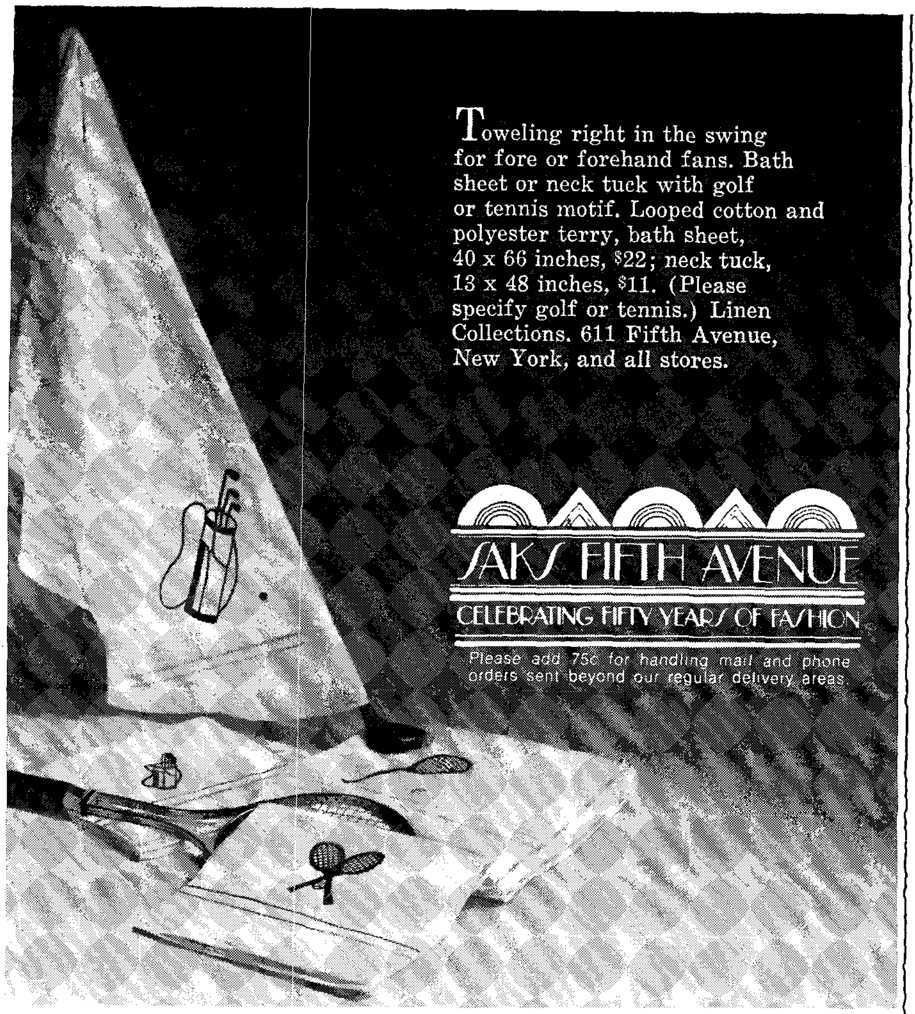

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the obsessive way so many young men identified with Dylan during the middle sixties. (Not that women weren't deeply influenced by Dylan, but the relationship was of necessity more oblique.) Given that context, Springsteen's Dylan number becomes another way of celebrating all the young dudes still struggling to realize what Dylan represented—the possibilities for surviving a crazy system. And survival—of the body, let alone the spirit—is a concern that threatens to become more and more pressing for more and more people; Dylan has written plenty of prophetic lines, but the one I think of when I watch Bruce Springsteen is "Nobody's ever taught you how to live out on the street and now you're gonna have to get used to it."

Springsteen's stage act has improved every time I've seen it, and his recent performance at Avery Fisher Hall was the best yet. I especially enjoyed the way he moved, acting out each song (dancing down the street, mounting his Harley) with just the right mixture of drama and self-parody, projecting a sense of maleness that depended not on the exclusion or denigration or conquest of women but on his appreciation of his body and what it could do. His singing was fine, and his band was as powerful and anarchic as ever. Still, there were boring stretches. Though Springsteen has written a few great songs—my favorites are "Incident on 57th Street" and "Jungle Land" (his Desolation Row, or is it Highway 61?)—he is not a great songwriter. His melodies tend to be shapeless and to sound alike. As a result, his first album, "Greetings from Asbury Park, N.J.," is virtually unlistenable; his second, "The Wild, the Innocent, and the E Street Shuffle," is uneven; and when his concerts go on long enough—this one lasted two and a half hours—they begin to drag. Not coincidentally, the high point of the show was the final encore, a spectacular performance of the Gary (U.S.) Bonds hit "Quarter to Three." As it happened, I had never heard that classic before, and I listened with serendipitous awe. In the middle of the song, Springsteen paused to announce, "I ate a lot of cheeseburgers today. I have a lot of cholesterol around my heart. And my doctor says if I sing 'Quarter to Three' he won't be responsible." Then he drove on toward his heart attack, driving us along with him. I'm not yet ready to endorse Jon Landau's rash proclamation that Springsteen is the future of rock and roll, but in the present he sure provides a good night out. —ELLEN WILLIS

BOOKS

A Speech from the Throne

IN Western countries, there has been little difficulty—during the last three centuries, at least—in seeing the human being inside the Supreme State Personage, or, indeed, in hearing his voice; in China, the emperors were formally whiskered, embroidered, and silent on their imperial screen. They were the Sons of Heaven, the mediators between Heaven and earth: the man is frozen in the rites of the institution; a deeply sophisticated bureaucracy of scribes standardizes the god; and one can even suppose that the emperors would have despised the faculty—if they had become aware of it—of recording anything as trivial as a private thought. The significance of an emperor or, indeed, of any human being lay in his role.

Yet, as Professor Jonathan D. Spence is able to show in his "Emperor of China: Self-Portrait of K'ang-hsi" (Knopf), this powerful Manchu ruler of the seventeenth century is an exception—perhaps unique. By some freak of temperament, he was given to writing about himself in hundreds of candid, private, fragmentary notes scattered among the mass of his formal edicts. These "tapes" have somehow survived intact; the bureaucrats forgot to edit them. After the Revolution, in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, scholars collected them and published them, and because they are casual we hear for once an emperor's voice. With extraordinary patience and scholarly ingenuity, Professor Spence has so arranged them that they can stand as K'ang-hsi's own self-portrait. It is incomplete, of course. Was that unintentional? I think not.

At one point, reflecting on the principles of ruling, he makes a remarkable statement that shows him breaking with bureaucratic prose:

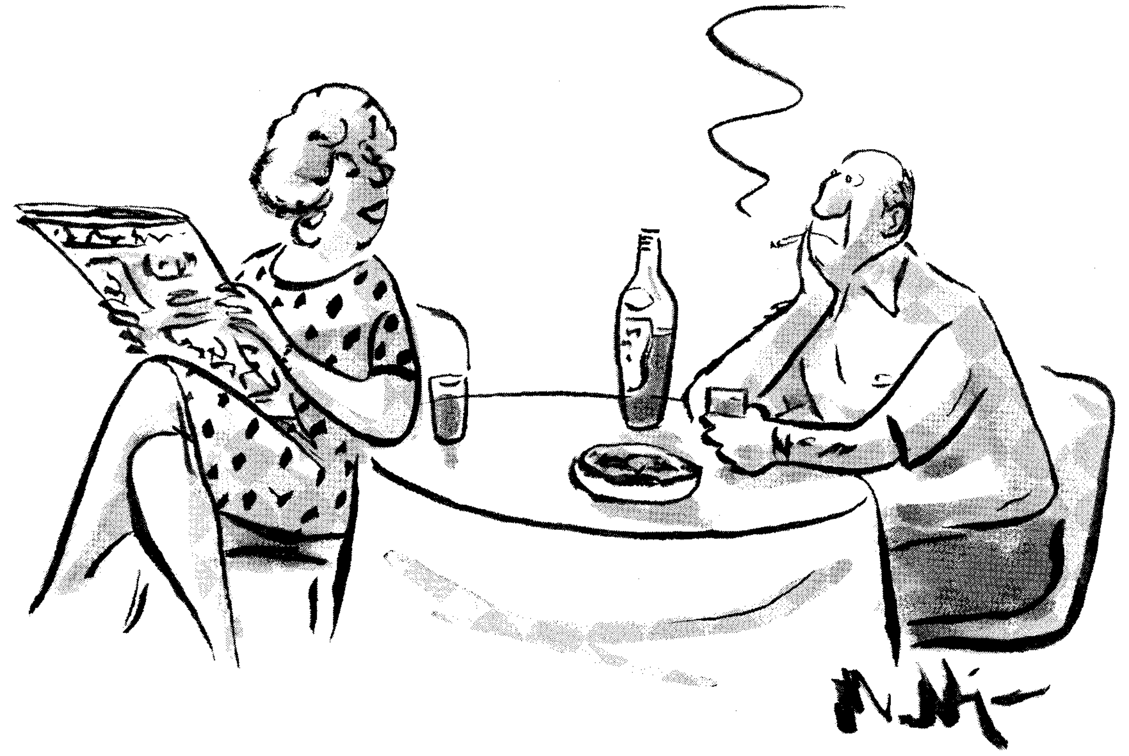
> I have never tired of the "Book of Changes," and have used it in fortune-telling and as a source of moral principles; the only thing you must not do, I told my court lecturers, is to make this book appear simple, for there are meanings here that lie beyond words. The written word has its limits and its challenges, for the primal sound in the whole world is that made by the human voice, and the likeness of this human voice must be rendered in dots and strokes. Therefore, I have practiced my Chinese calligraphy regularly, often writing more than a thousand characters a day; I use my own hand to write my edicts, I copy ancient calligraphic styles in my old age (as I used to when I was a boy, studying with my eunuchs in the palace), and I also practice my Manchu writing, to keep it clear and fast. Yet I never forget that the voice, too, is important: when my name appears in the invocations to the gods, I tell my ritual officials: Don't mumble or hesitate. Speak it in a loud voice, clearly and without fear.

To what does the Emperor owe this new sense of the voice? What has awakened it? Did it come from his grandfather, the Manchu leader who had helped overthrow the Ming dynasty? His must have been the robust, enterprising voice of the Manchu horde, which had, we are told, less literary inheritance than the Mings. Or—remembering the awakening to personal candor in seventeenth-century Europe—was the feeling for voice sown in the curious mind of K'ang-hsi by his close friendships with the brilliant Jesuits to whose stumbling Chinese he attentively listened? He had to be plain and simple in order to outmaneuver them.

Professor Spence calls his piecing together of the fragments an exercise in style, and style is indispensable to the memoirist. His graceful arrangement of the material does not lose the accidental quality of nature. K'ang-hsi evokes his travels and his wars as he takes over his vast country, collecting plants, hunting on horseback with his bodyguard or whole armies in the wild country beyond the Great Wall for months on end. Hunting was the passion of his early years, and his zest rings out:

> The hunters mass like storm clouds, the mounted archers are as one with their horses; they fly together and their arrows bring down the fleeing game.

In his time, he boasted, he had himself killed one hundred and thirty-five tigers, twenty bear, twenty-five leopards, twenty lynx, one hundred and thirty-two wild boar, and hundreds of stags and deer. He shot quail in flight with his bow and arrow. He went after sturgeon in the rivers of the North. He delights, after a hard day, to stop in the forest while tea is brewed in a little brazier slung between two horses, and he eats the carp and bream caught in the mountain streams—"you can keep something of that flavor for Peking" by wrapping "the fish in mutton fat or pickling them in brine before frying them in sesame oil or



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lard." Another delicacy that attracts the palace cooks is bear's paw.

The long hunting journeys have their practical use, for the hunt is a training in war. It teaches the Emperor how to train armies; it shows him the importance of minute detail when one is organizing supplies of arms, food, and water, and how to predict weather. It adds to his ability to judge the quality of men—"it is a good principle to look for the good points in a person and to ignore the bad." K'ang-hsi moves on to the art of ruling. As an absolute ruler, he makes a point of going through the long lists of criminals; he is a ruthless executioner when it is necessary, but he understands when mercy is natural or politic. He is always merciful to prisoners of war; they go home impressed. As a judge, he refuses to admit anonymous accusations. His fundamental quality in all things is that he goes thoroughly into detail himself, but not for pettifogging reasons. His observations are shrewd; he is careful, for example, to preserve old advisers who are tired out for the one talent that has survived. About eunuchs—he keeps only four hundred; they are Yin; i.e., like the majority of men, weak and bad. The eunuchs are amusing to chatter with, although they babble like babies in old age, but they must be kept out of politics. The Mings made the great mistake of keeping too many eunuchs and letting them run things. Drinking and gambling are the vices of scholars and soldiers. In morals and action, arrogance leads to sorrow. The Emperor supervises the system of examination for civil servants, and soon spots that a large number of apparently good candidates have simply memorized what they have been taught. Clearly, in a culture fossilized in tradition, this makes men expert in mere careerism and flattery, and documents get longer and ornamental. One promising young civil governor began his career with a report that

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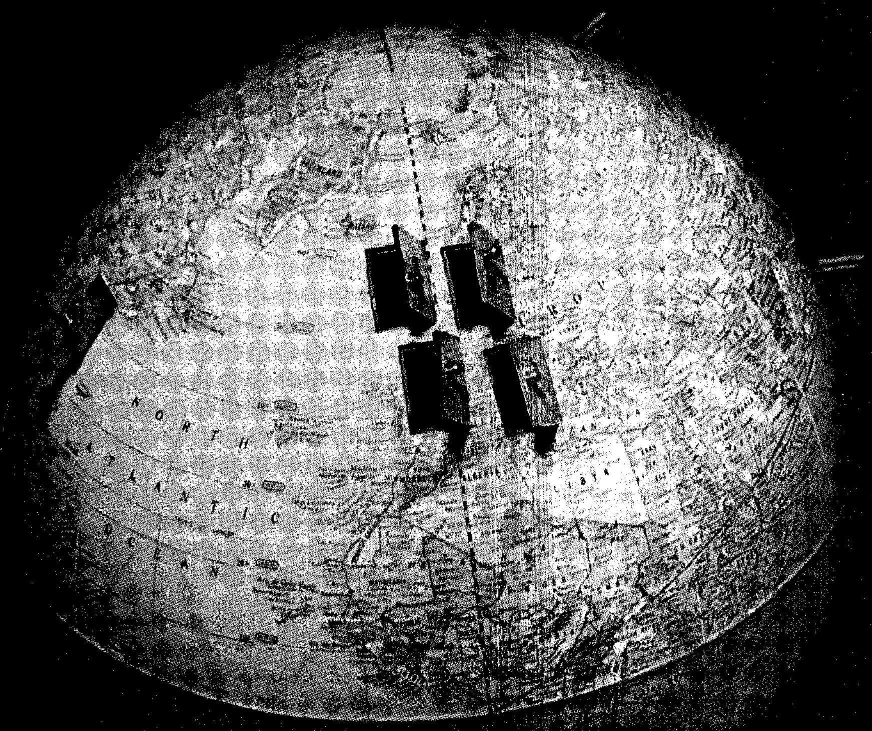

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There is a full account of K'ang-hsi's negotiations with the Jesuits, who had been for a long time in China and wished to increase their power. The Emperor was firm, and quickly noticed that there were factions in the Order. He could not follow the Christian myth. He could not understand why God should let His Son die. About the miracles, he said he would be glad to see them, but "none were forthcoming." Some of the words of the Jesuits sounded as wild as the improper teachings of the Buddhists and Taoists. He was against the proliferation of temples and eccentric sects—Christian and others, such as those who called themselves "non-action," "white lotus," "incense-smelling," "origin of the dragon," and "all-submerging Yang." Mystical and magical works were banned. This makes the Emperor a Stalinist, in that he considers himself to be directly responsible for the "correctness" of history, which in rigidly traditional China became sacred once it had the Emperor's fiat. There was clearly an Inquisition: one scholar was executed for secretly preserving Ming documents. The scholar opposed the censorship, and he was beheaded. The judges asked that his female relatives and children be enslaved, but K'ang-hsi let them off.

As we read on, we see K'ang-hsi grow older, moody, pursued by doubts, private tragedy, and illness, but his curiosity and self-observation continue. He had fifty-six children by thirty consorts of varying ranks; eight daughters survived and married. Twenty sons survived. To his sons he said:

> Don't swear as the rabble do, try to control your anger and your desires, avoid too much sex when you are young and too much fighting when you are strong. I keep only three hundred women around the palace, and those who have not served me personally I release when they are thirty years old and send them home to be married. You sons should do the same. Don't waste money on cosmetics for the women, and be content to keep the same old fur rugs on the palace floor. Don't bother with thousand-tael fur coats—they are not necessary, besides which fashions change: sable yields to fox, and fox to ermine.

His tragedy was that the son whom he chose as heir apparent did not respond to the training his learned warrior-father gave him. He was idle, luxury-loving, and treacherous; the Emperor, discovering that he had homosexual relations with the cooks, cleared them out. The young man, who oscillated between melancholy and violence,

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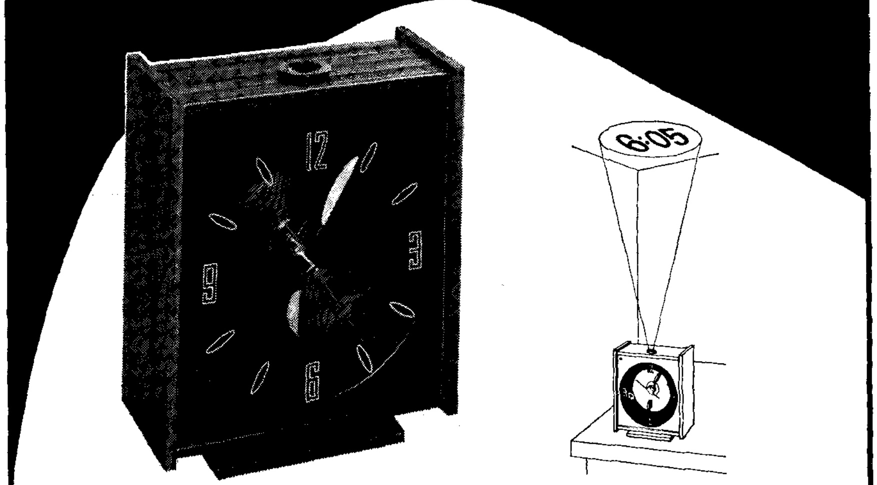

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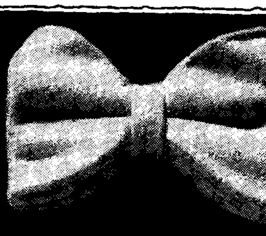

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had become, the father thought, possessed by demons, for he was restless, hysterical in thunderstorms, and in ceremonies to the gods was so frightened that he could not perform the rituals. Magic that conjured up nightmares had been practiced upon him; he fell into epilepsy and tried to kill himself. The Emperor chose another heir, but as he listened to his advisers while he pondered the matter he was tormented by the intrigues, lies, and flatteries of his polygamous court, and his health was impaired.

On the subject of medicine and health, K'ang-hsi could have provided an excellent chapter for Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." An old gentleman who had fathered a child at the age of eighty and lived to be ninety-six handed down a formula for pills that someone at the court had taken for fifty years, which he said accounted for his sprightliness. The ingredients were two-tenths of an ounce of ginseng (an aromatic plant tasting of licorice), lotus root mixed with milk and steamed, oxlip and raspberries fried in wine, scallions, dried buds of the white lotus, dog rose, steamed and dried knotgrass, and peach pits—good to take in dank or muggy weather, and a protection against malaria if taken with slightly salted water. But K'ang-hsi saw that one man's medicine is another's poison. He himself stuck to early rising and retiring, a moderate, plain diet, and refusing fruit not at the peak of ripeness. He was impressed by Western surgeons, but he was not impressed by the Taoists. They "chill the heart" when they talk of arrogating "to oneself the cosmic creativity and rival the shaping forces," or claim to "bring together the Five Phases and reconcile the Eight Trigrams," though he did practice sitting still; nevertheless, owing to his active temperament, he could not attain "true quietness." He was a neo-Confucian. About the old, he was reverent; he was indulgent toward his aging advisers. For thirty-five days and nights, he sat at the bedside of his adored grandmother when she was dying, and he sent friends to cheer an old Jesuit who was dying of dropsy. He knew that nothing delights old people so much as presents: to his grandmother he gave some tiger flesh, a chiming clock, and a foreign mirror; to someone suffering from the bad water of southern Peking he sent pure water from the palace springs.

K'ang-hsi has been portrayed from the outside by travellers and historians; Professor Spence has been scrupulous in fitting together what the Emperor

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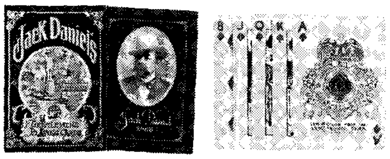

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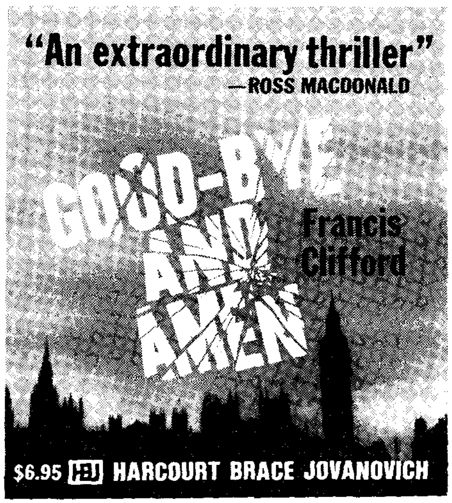

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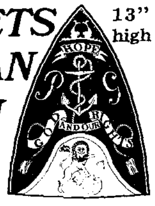

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himself said. There is nothing much about his consorts: he sends them melons when he is travelling; he tells a eunuch to send underclothes and socks to two of the female companions on one of his journeys, because they feel the cold; he orders that the consorts shall not come out on parade when his return is celebrated, because the sun will be too much for them. Tender, yet a large number of his children died in infancy, and he makes no mention of this. He is horrified by his old age, but he does not rage; his chief worry when he goes through state papers is that his memory is weak; it is hard lines to lose the mastery of detail that is responsible, in a man of his character, for the success of his long reign. One is left astonished by the sight of a Son of Heaven who for the first time—as far as we know—is fascinated by himself as a man. —V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PAPERHANGER, by Suzanne Prou, translated from the French by Adrienne Foulke (Harper & Row). In this very lush, poetic, and elusive book, a French bureaucrat, confined to his sitting room by an unnamed "illness," recalls (or dreams about) certain crucial moments in his life. The scenes are repeated over and over, but through different prisms. He dreams about his wife, Régine ("a swan once, perhaps, or a dove; now a parrot"); he remembers a cruel lover named Juliette and a little girl, also called Juliette, with whom he had his first furtive sexual encounter. Fantasies about alienation and cruelty, his domineering mother, his weak father, and a woman named Hélène preoccupy him. A vaguely sinister character named Antoine—the paperhanger of the title—shows up under mysterious circumstances and "leads" him, like the white rabbit in "Alice," to still deeper regions of fantasy. In the end, all these strange elements fit together like a picture puzzle of an opium dream. Mme. Prou's style (and the translation) is as clear and direct as her subject matter is shadowy, and her book is peculiarly moving.

THE LAST DAYS OF LOUISIANA RED, by Ishmael Reed (Random House). It's not always easy to understand what is going on in Ishmael Reed's fourth novel, and even when you do gain a slippery foothold, it is not necessarily for long. The pyrotechnics are all here, but the mix-

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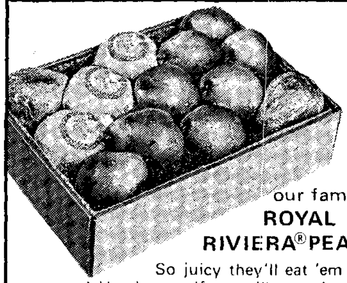

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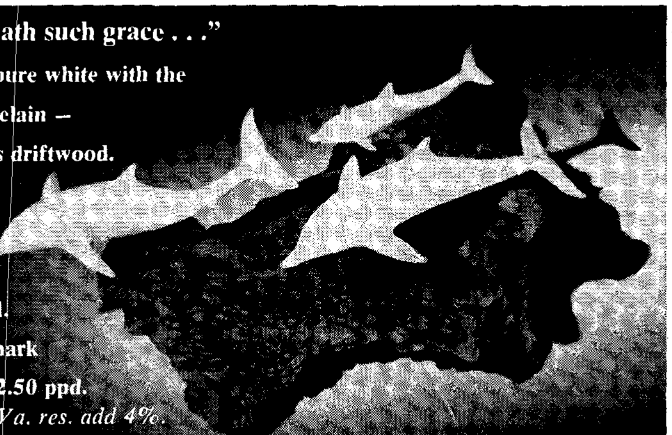

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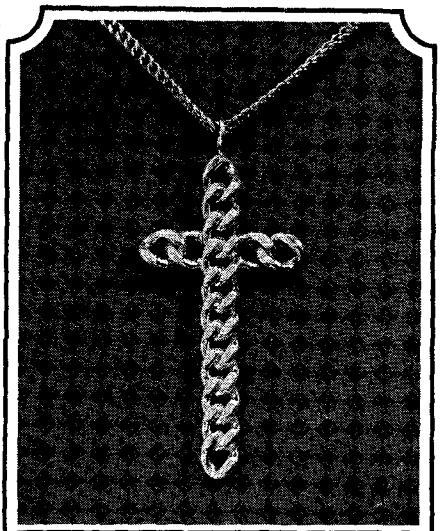
ture of savage jokes, scathing social commentary, folklore, and black history that coalesced so well in his last novel, "Mumbo Jumbo," is a lot less funny and a lot more self-conscious and stagey. "Louisiana Red" is the author's euphemism for all the venal, cruel, competitive, self-deceiving, and self-defeating instincts in black men and women, which divide them and keep them enslaved. In the story, a huge, evil corporate entity called the Louisiana Red Corporation is pitted against an equally huge, but good, highly secretive company called the Solid Gumbo Works. Spies, double agents, liars, and hypocrites abound, and the antagonists drop like flies. Sometimes the social commentary is impressive and the satire quite funny, but the book hits out in so many directions at once that it eventually self-destructs.

FIGURE 8, by Mark Dintenfass (Simon & Schuster). A thin, self-conscious book about a thirtyish, divorced New York silversmith named Silversmith and his love for a twentyish young woman whose father (a famous mediocre poet) once cuckolded him. The book starts out winningly, and has some inspired descriptions of the upper West Side, but there are a few too many silly, contrived scenes, and far too many stylistic catastrophes like "a small energetic mechanism of a girl nearly impinged him on the foreskin of her umbrella."

GENERAL

C. S. LEWIS: A BIOGRAPHY, by Roger Lancelyn Green and Walter Hooper (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Admirers of the late Clive Staples Lewis, perhaps the best-known modern Christian apologist in the English language (his "Narnia" series is among the best-loved works for children), may be familiar with his story; there is his own primarily religious memoir, "Surprised by Joy," and much of his other work draws on his own experience. This biography, however, has more to tell: of Lewis's early struggles as writer, of his areas of noninterest and ignorance—any kind of performing art, high- or lowbrow, and politics. It is a relief to learn that this accomplished writer, polyglot, and polymath did not know *everything*. The book describes his downrightness—he was a demanding teacher at Oxford and Cambridge, and a blunt controversialist—yet suggests that he was essentially diffident. The affecting



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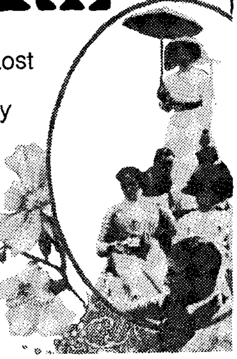

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story of his late marriage, undertaken to save a stranded, ailing American woman from deportation, but which became an intense love affair that ended only with her death, portrays a shy, wallflower heart dancing at last.

I GIVE YOU MY WORD, by Françoise Giroud, translated from the French by Richard Seaver (Houghton Mifflin). The author of this book has recently been appointed France's first Minister for Women. She has been a magazine editor (*L'Express*, *Elle*), a Gestapo prisoner, a writer of stories and scenarios, and a script girl, having started working in her teens to help out an impoverished, appealing, but financially overoptimistic widowed mother. The form of the book is an interview, tape-recorded by a French journalist, Claude Glayman, and then shaped and edited by Mme. Giroud herself. Her experience of work and life has been varied, and (though not without effort) invariably successful, so it is no surprise to meet in her pages a gallery of famous people—authors (Gide), directors (Jean Renoir), actors (Louis Jouvet), politicians (Mendès-France). Yet the most exciting person in the book is Mme. Giroud herself. She is practical, professional, and down-to-earth. She is enormously intelligent, yet modest, with a wonderful openness and a wish to learn. All this, plus her editorial skills, has resulted in an absorbing book.

NOTE: "Guilty Pleasures," an assortment of literary creations and graphics by Donald Barthelme, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, and "A Concrete Look at Nature, Central Park (and Other) Glimpses," by Eugene Kinkead, has been published by Quadrangle. Much of the contents of both books first appeared here.

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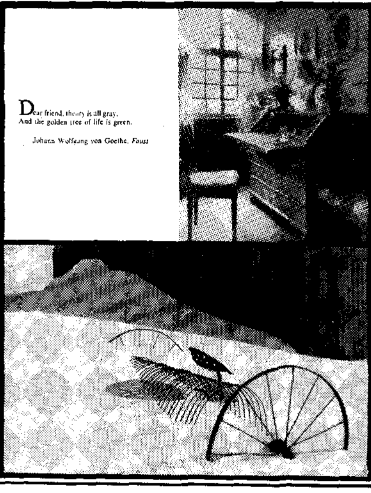

Dear friend, theory is all gray,
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Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*

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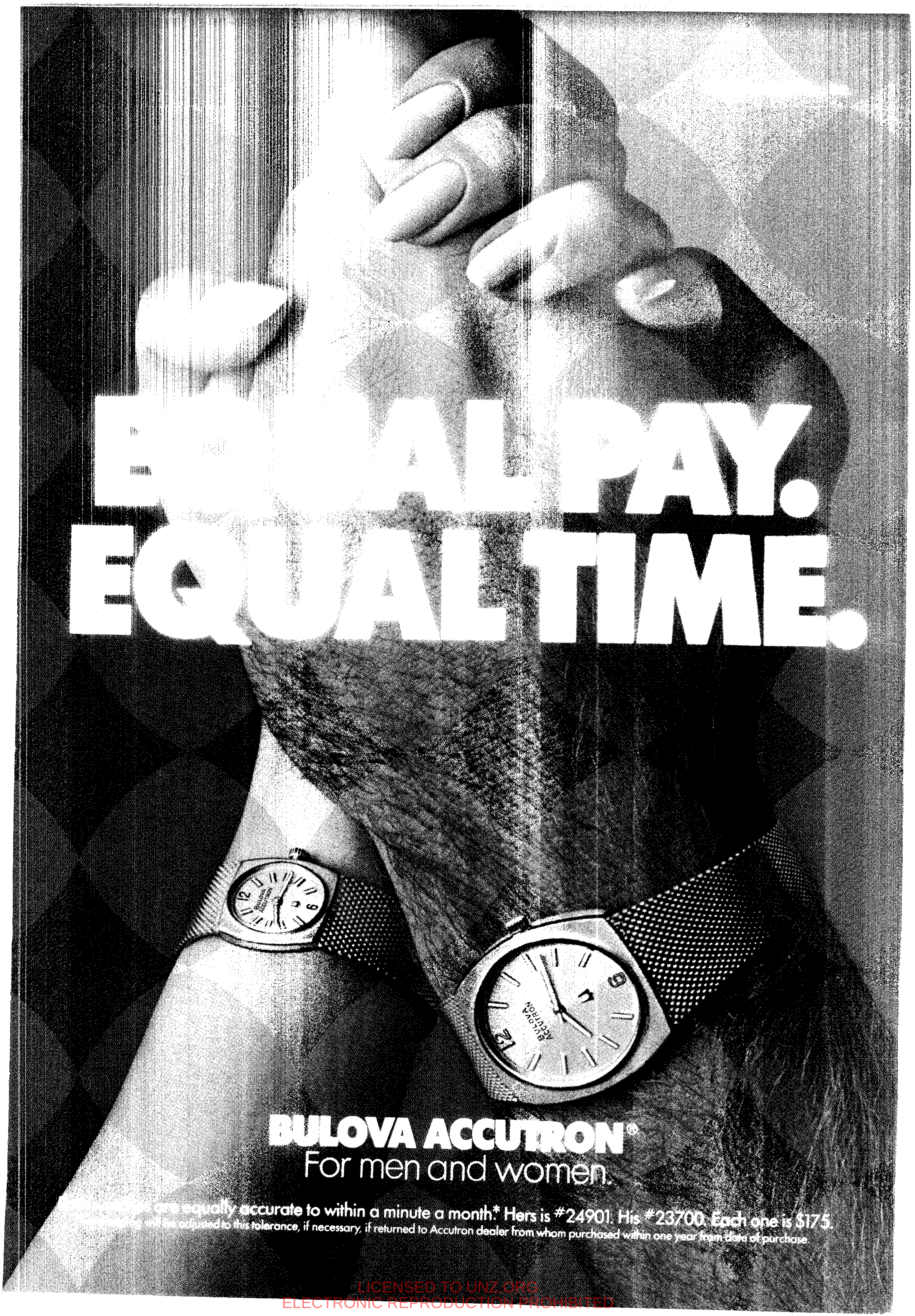
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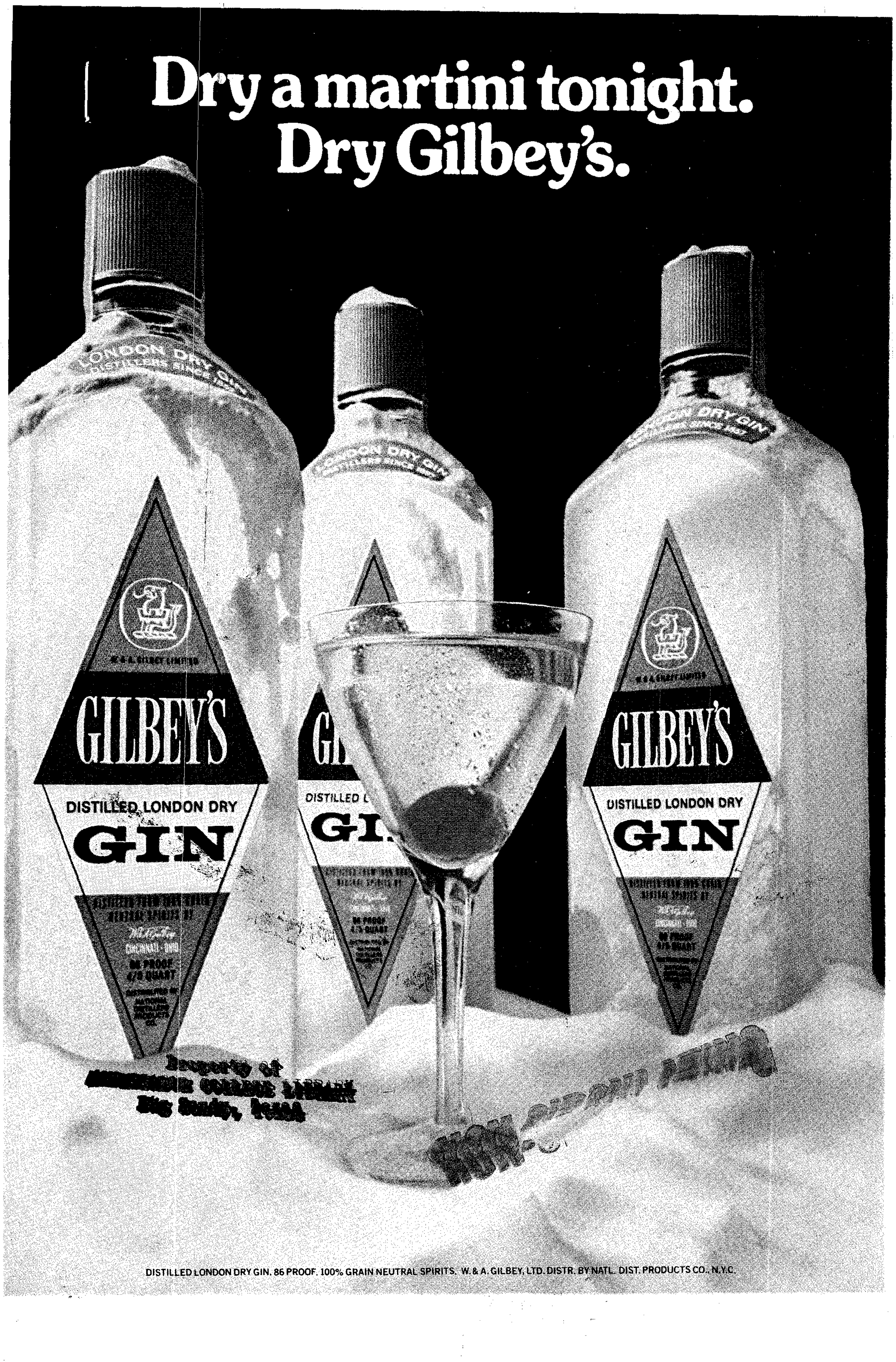
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